[redacted]

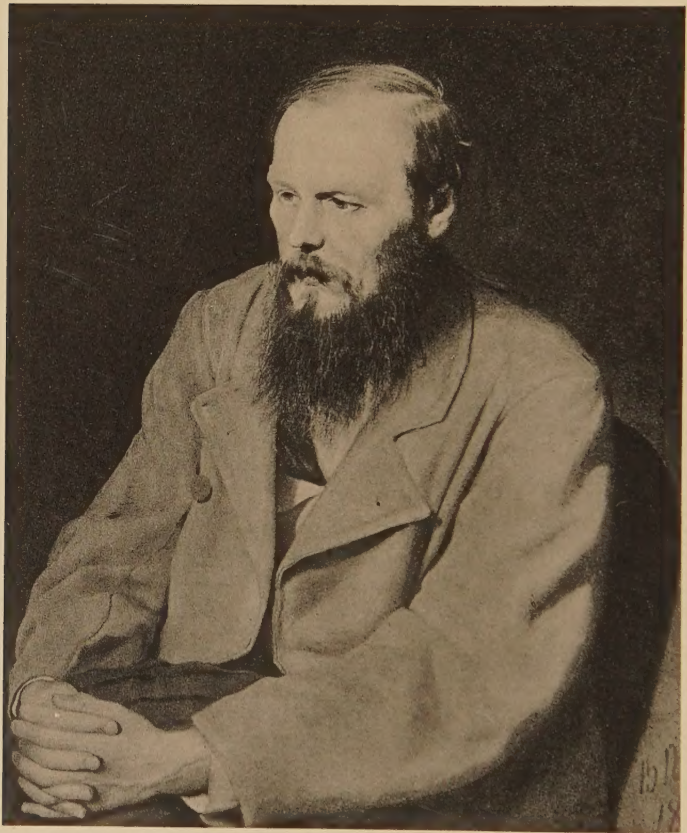
[redacted]

[redacted]

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-CEE-001

THE LETTERS OF DOSTOYEVSKY
TO HIS WIFE



F. M. DOSTOYEVSKY.

From the portrait by V. G. Perov.

THE LETTERS
OF DOSTOYEVSKY
TO HIS WIFE

Translated from the Russian
by
ELIZABETH HILL
and
DORIS MUDIE

With an Introduction
by
PRINCE D. S. MIRSKY

WITHDRAWN
From EOU Library

Pierce Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

RICHARD R. SMITH INC.
NEW YORK

First American Edition 1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION - - - - - - - - - ix

THE LETTERS :

1866 - - - - - - - - - - 1

1867 - - - - - - - - - - 3

1868 - - - - - - - - - - 29

1870 - - - - - - - - - - 37

1871 - - - - - - - - - - 38

1872 - - - - - - - - - - 47

1873 - - - - - - - - - - 69

1874 - - - - - - - - - - 102

1875 - - - - - - - - - - 151

1876 - - - - - - - - - - 203

1877 - - - - - - - - - - 231

1878 - - - - - - - - - - 243

1879 - - - - - - - - - - 256

1880 - - - - - - - - - - 293

NOTES - - - - - - - - - - - 327

INDEX - - - - - - - - - - - 385

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky - - - -	*Frontispiece*
Dostoyevsky's Handwriting in 1873 - - - - - -	100
Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky - - - - - -	250

INTRODUCTION

I

Dostoyevsky was married twice. His first marriage took place in 1857 when after his liberation from prison, though restored to officer's rank, he was still a political exile in Siberia. His first wife, Marie Dmitrievna Isayeva, was a widow, sensual and dissolute, who married him for the sake of convenience and gave him neither happiness nor peace. The story of this first marriage is told in Mlle. Dostoyevsky's biography of her father. In spite of an abundance of cheap melodramatic detail, the narrative seems true as to the essentials. At any rate by the time Dostoyevsky settled in Petersburg, they had ceased in fact to be husband and wife. She died in 1864, leaving on his hands a semi-defective boy, her son from her first marriage.

Before Marie Dmitrievna's death Dostoyevsky had entered on the most, probably the only, intensely passionate affair of his life. His new mistress was Pauline (in correct official parlance Apollinaria Prokofievna) Suslova, an emancipated and highbrow young girl, a typical specimen of the Radical and free-thinking " young generation " of the Sixties (she was born in 1840). She was a strong personality, intellectually as well as emotionally. She wrote and published stories and her diary relating to the period of her intimacy with Dostoyevsky is a document of outstanding interest, and that not only on account of her relation to the great writer. In these relations she invariably played the active and leading part. The culminating point of their *liaison* was the summer of 1863 when they travelled together in England and France (it was this tour that served as material for his *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions*, published in the following year). Soon after that Pauline discarded Dostoyevsky. Her egotistic and passionate nature refused to be satisfied by his tortured spirituality. He did not forget her so easily. Her powerful personality is reflected in the " proud girls " of his later novels. The Pauline of *The Gambler* appears to be practically a portrait of Pauline Suslova, and Rozanov—who for his sins became her husband when she had matured already into a conservative and fiercely selfish middle-aged tyrant—recognised her features in the Aglae of *The Idiot*, and—with a difference—in Dunya Raskolnikova, in *Crime and Punishment*.

The years that followed the death of Marie Dmitrievna, and the rupture with Pauline were among the darkest in Dostoyevsky's life. The death of his brother Michael and the failure of the review the two brothers had founded, left Theodore Dostoyevsky crushed by a burden of commercial debts, and the obligation to support, besides his miserable stepson, all the family of his brother. To meet even part of his obligations he had to work at top speed at novel after novel. It was in these circumstances that he wrote *Crime and Punishment, The Gambler* and *The Idiot*. He was never further down than in the autumn of 1866. He had just signed a ruinous contract with the publisher Stellovsky that obliged him to deliver by the new year the MS. of a full-size novel he had not yet begun writing. It was impossible to meet the obligation without recurring to shorthand, and the only way out was to engage a shorthand secretary. The shorthand school to which he applied sent him one of its best pupils, Anna Grigorievna Snitkina. She came on the 4th October, 1866, and owing to the fierce energy of Dostoyevsky and the high efficiency and patience of the secretary, *The Gambler* was finished and the MS. delivered in due time, and Stellovsky, much to his regret, had to disburse the money. In the course of their work on the novel Dostoyevsky proposed to Mlle. Snitkina and in the beginning of the following year they were married.

Anna Grigorievna may be described as the exact opposite of Pauline Suslova. Simple, modest, unassuming, not over-intellectual and by no means "emancipated," neither sensual nor passionate, but unswervingly loving, devoted and unselfish, she consecrated her life to her husband with unqualified wholeheartedness. To these traditional "feminine" virtues she united a steadiness of character, a coolness of mind and a degree of common sense that more than neutralized the unbalanced genius of Dostoyevsky and slowly but surely brought him up to a settled bourgeois life, giving peace and the maximum available prosperity to the last ten years of his life.

This change in Dostoyevsky's life was not, however, an instantaneous effect of his marriage with Anna Grigorievna. On the contrary, the first four years of their married life were a period of further decline in circumstances. To avoid his creditors he had to leave Russia. 1867 and the following years saw the culminating point of his gambling frenzy, which he interpreted—with what degree of subconscious sincerity?—as merely the outcome of his desire to mend matters as quickly as possible, but which only contributed further to ruin him. Only gradually, by dint of his own hard labour, and of Anna Grigorievna's unalterable patience, courage, devotion and sense was Dostoyevsky able, by the end of 1871, to stand once more on his feet, and to return to Russia, free from the oppression of debts, and to set to work in more congenial conditions.

The simple and attractive personality of Anna Grigorievna is seen to best advantage in her own diary and recollections which have been translated into English, and are a natural complement to this volume. The present letters are of course more revelatory of their writer than of their addressee—and as Anna Grigorievna for all her virtues is (unlike Pauline Suslova) interesting only because of her relation to Dostoyevsky, they are naturally a document of greater general interest than her journals and memoirs. But however great the writer, a letter is always the outcome of a kind of collaboration between him and his correspondent. So it is well to discount the personality of Anna Grigorievna in drawing any general conclusions as to Dostoyevsky himself from the letters here reproduced.

II

Dostoyevsky's letters to Anna Grigorievna are very unevenly distributed over the fourteen odd years that they knew each other. From the moment of their first acquaintance they were seldom apart, but when they were, Dostoyevsky became an assiduous, even voluminous correspondent. The letters naturally fall into four chronological batches. Numbers 1 to 3 belong to the winter of 1866-67, when Anna Grigorievna was still only his fiancée and when he had to leave her for several days to go to Moscow on business connected with their forthcoming marriage. They already strike the note that is to be so apparent in the greater part of the later letters, a note of detailed, prosaic and somewhat fussy domesticity—begotten by the nervous temperament of Dostoyevsky on the quiet and sensible character of Anna Grigorievna. One of the constant accompaniments is a bewildering number of first and second names of a host of relatives and friends.

The domestic and family note will reappear once more in the letters of the third period ; but it is almost absent from those of the second group, which includes numbers 4 to 24, dated from May 1867 to May 1871. These four years that the Dostoyevskys spent abroad were certainly not a period of quiet happiness, though it was through them that Anna Grigorievna persevered till she succeeded. The greater part of these years Dostoyevsky and his wife were together ; and is consequently not reflected in the present correspondence. For information about it we must go to the remarkable diary that Anna Grigorievna kept in shorthand so that her husband could not read it. The letters belong to those short intervals when Dostoyevsky left his wife to seek luck in some gambling resort of Germany or Switzerland (Homburg, May 1867 and April 1870; Saxon-les-Bains, October-November 1867; and April 1868; Wiesbaden, April-May 1871). It was at the height of his gambling accesses that Dostoyevsky became particularly voluminous: from Homburg in May 1867 he wrote letters at an average of little under 2000 words a day. The letters are of enormous importance for the understanding of his gambling passion. It remains for psychologists to find out how far the idea, constantly uppermost in his mind, that he played only because he was anxious to earn money to pay off his debts and to make his wife comfortable, correspond to any subconscious reality. It is difficult to imagine anything more pathetic than these letters with their attempts to demonstrate the certainty of his winning and the impossibility of losing if such or such a "system" were adopted. When after Anna Grigorievna has sent him her last thalers to enable him to pay his debts and leave the gambling-den, and when instead of paying his hotel bill and booking his ticket he goes to the Casino and stakes all she has sent him in a last desperate hope of retrieving his losses—the letters he wrote to her in their shameless humility and complete abandonment of human dignity are poignantly reminiscent of his own hysterical "humiliated and downtrodden" heroes, of Marmeladov (*Crime and Punishment*), and of Captain Snegirev (*The Karamazovs*), rather than of the irresponsibly noble repentances of Dmitri Karamazov. Though the spirit of homeliness is of course entirely absent from these letters, the hall-mark of his epistolary style—a fussy abundance of detail—never forsakes them. There is in this obsession of detail (see for instance the repeated accounts of how he received or did not receive the money he was expecting from her), there is something morbid, and something on the other hand that strikes one as the biographical material out of which much of his artistic methods grew up, for an exaggerated importance attached to the infinitesimals and details of life is one of the essential features of Dostoyevsky's style that runs through all his masterpieces from *The Double* to *The Karamazovs*.

The third group is the largest of all, for it includes one hundred and twenty-three letters (numbers 25 to 147, dated from January 1872 to August 1879). By that time Anna Grigorievna had at last succeeded in settling her husband's life, and they lived in something like comfortable middle-class circumstances. The letters date from the, for the most part short, periods during which Dostoyevsky was away from his family. As a rule they spent the summer months (and sometimes other times of the year) in the North Russian health resort of Staraya Russa (near Novgorod). Sometimes, instead of migrating all together, Dostoyevsky would be left behind alone in Petersburg, or either he or his wife would go to Staraya Russa or return to town before the rest of the family to prepare things for the others. The letters exchanged on these occasions between Staraya Russa and Petersburg (May-June 1872, June-August 1873, June 1874, December 1874, February 1875, April 1875, July 1877, June 1879) are the most purely domestic and matter-of-fact in the whole volume. Household affairs, the state of the children, and the condition of the family purse are practically the only topics referred to during these short absences. On other occasions Dostoyevsky had to go to Moscow to see Katkov, the publisher and editor of the very influential reactionary daily *Moskovskiya Vedomosti*, and of the monthly *Russky Vestnik*, where the novels of Dostoyevsky (as well as those of Tolstoy) almost invariably appeared as serials before coming out in book-form. Dostoyevsky bitterly resented, and complained of being paid twice as little as Tolstoy (and that though Tolstoy was much the richer of the two !), but nevertheless Katkov's review was one of the mainstays of Dostoyevsky's relative prosperity. The letters written from Moscow (January and October 1872, May 1873, April 1874, June 1878) are almost entirely devoted to his business with Katkov. One of them (9th November 1878) contains a suggestive glimpse of the life of the Russian upper-middle-classes of the time. He called on Katkov to congratulate him on his saint's day, and was on the verge of taking offence for not being invited to dinner ; but as he left he passed through the dining-room and " noticed that the table was laid for no more than twenty, or perhaps eighteen persons. And as no fewer than twelve of Katkov's own family sit down to his table every day I concluded that he was not giving a party, but was only having his nearest relations to dinner." So Dostoyevsky found it possible not to interpret his not having been invited as a personal slight.

But the most remarkable of the letters of this group are no doubt those he wrote from Bad-Ems, where he went almost every summer (June-August 1874, May-July 1875, July-August 1876, July-August 1879), not as he had done to Homburg or Wiesbaden to lose at the gambling tables the little money he had, but to see doctors and follow a cure. As he had obviously little else to do at Ems than write home these letters, they are the most voluminous in the whole correspondence. The earlier years and the earlier letters inside each year are for the most part filled with the usual fussy details, with advice about the children, with household and business matters, with information about his health, gossip about the *Kurgäste*, and expressions of disgust—obligatory for a Russian—with the compatriots he met there. But the later letters, especially those of his last stay in 1879, stand out for their intensely passionate character and will no doubt attract much attention from the psycho-analysts and psychological biographers.

The fourth and last (except for two unimportant notes dated Staraya Russa, August 1860) batch of letters includes numbers 148-160 written at the end of May and beginning of June 1880 from Moscow, where Dostoyevsky went to assist at the unveiling of the Pushkin memorial. To Russian literary historians these letters are the most interesting in the whole collection, for they are of primary importance as showing Dostoyevsky in the literary and political *context* of his time. The preface to the original Russian edition of the present book is mainly taken up by a discussion of these letters. To the English reader, on the contrary, they will seem the least generally interesting and intelligible part of the book, for they cannot be really understood without an understanding of the literary and political situation and state of parties at the time. The student of Dostoyevsky's personality will, however, recognise in them the characteristic fussy agitation, and that curious social maladjustment of Dostoyevsky's, oscillating between a hostile mistrust of all surrounding him and an unguarded, uninhibited naive joy in the success of his ideas and of his person. But for the general student of Russian life and history the letters will be an enormously important addition to the *Address* itself and will throw important light on one of the most famous—and strangest—episodes of Russian public life, the unexpectedly and unprecedentedly triumphant success of that eloquent and ambiguous utterance.

III

The present letters were preserved by Anna Grigorievna, who carefully annotated them, explaining the obscure names and patronymics and the allusions dispersed in them. They were first published in 1926 by the Central Archives Commission of the Russian Socialist Federation Soviet Republic, under the general editorship of the distinguished Dostoyevskian scholar, V. F. Pereverzev, and with a preface and further notes (added to those of Anna Grigorievna) by N. F. Belchikov. The present edition reproduces in full that publication, except for the preface (for which is substituted this introduction) and except for some of the notes, that refer in too great detail to minor personages mentioned in the letters, familiar or interesting to the Russian literary student, but hardly so to an English reader.

D. S. MIRSKY.

1866.

1

MY DEAR ANYA,

My sweet name-day girl—don't be angry with me, for God's sake, for being so absurdly cautious, but I have decided not to visit you to-day; I don't feel quite well yet. It is nothing to worry about, but I still feel a little weak and my tongue is not yet right. The fact is, my angel, I absolutely must go to see Bazunov (1), but Bazunov lives only a mile away, whereas you are four times as far. Would it not be better for me to be careful to-day and get really well for to-morrow, rather than be ill for another week? Really, I ought not to go to see Bazunov. Last night I sat up until after one o'clock altering the fifth chapter (2) (I did not sleep after dinner, they would not let me, they kept disturbing me and that finished me) I only fell asleep towards 4 a.m. I feel rather limp to-day and my face does not look very festive (2 *a*) so I had far better stay at home. I shall only have soup again for dinner. Don't be angry with me, my darling, for writing about such silly trifles, I feel too stupid for words to-day; and, for God's sake, don't worry about me. If only I could get some sleep to-day. I feel it would do me good. Please come to-morrow morning as promised. Good-bye, my dear friend. I kiss you and send you my good wishes.

Your ever loving and ever trusting,
All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

My whole future depends upon you, you are my hope, my faith and happiness and bliss. You are everything to me.

9 *December* '66. [Petersburg.]

2

MOSCOW,
29th December 1866.

Don't be angry with me, my precious and eternal friend Anya, for only writing a few lines to you this time just to greet you, to kiss you and to tell you about my journey and arrival and nothing else, for I have not yet shown my face anywhere in Moscow. I arrived safely. The sleepers were disgusting, disgracefully damp, cold and smoky. All through the day and night until dawn I had very bad toothache. I sat or lay without moving and continually evoked memories of the last six weeks (3). Towards morning I fell sound asleep, and awoke with the pain dulled. I arrived in Moscow at twelve o'clock and at half-past twelve I was at home (4). They were all very surprised and pleased to see me. Elena Pavlovna (5) was there. She has grown very thin and plain looking. She is very sad, and greeted me rather casually. After dinner my toothache began again. Sonya (6) and I remained alone for half an hour. I told Sonya *everything*. She is very pleased. She fully approves ; she fails to see any of the objections, which Junge (7) raises. She had evidently been told about it without many details. She and I will have many things to discuss. She shakes her head and rather doubts my success with Katkov (8). She is sorry that *such* a matter should hang by such a thread. I asked her if Elena Pavlovna had been thinking of me while I was away (9). She replied, " Oh ! of course, continually ! ", but I don't think that that could really be called love. In the evening I learnt from my sister and from Elena Pavlovna herself that she had been unhappy all the time. Her husband is hateful ; his health is better. He does not allow her out of his sight. He loses his temper and plagues her day and night ; he is jealous of her. From all I have heard I have come to the conclusion that she has had no time to think about love (that is perfectly true). I am glad and the matter can be considered as at an end. And now about my marriage with you. I shall announce it to my relations at my first hope of success with Katkov. The whole of the first day, *i.e.* yesterday, my teeth ached, my face swelled up overnight and as a result I have no pain to-day. I shall go to see Lyubimov (10) to-day, but in any case I don't think I shall go to see Katkov. Altogether I don't yet know what my plan of action will be. It will depend on circumstances. I will do my utmost to return to you as soon as possible. I shall not stay a day longer than I need. I am often very sad, vaguely sad, as though I had committed a crime against someone. I picture you to myself and think of you every minute. Yes, Anya, I love you very much, and Sonya loves you too. She is longing to meet you. She is excited and interested.

And now, I hold you close and kiss you—until an early letter and our meeting. I will write to you more fully and better in two or three days' time—as soon as I get something done. I am in a great hurry now. I feel I shall be late everywhere (how terrible that would be !). But what can I do ? It is a holiday to-day and time does not count.

How did you spend yesterday ? I thought I would dream of you, but I didn't. I told your fortune by a book, *i.e.* by opening a book and reading the first line on the right-hand page ; it was very amusing and appropriate. Good-bye, sweet one, until we meet again soon. A thousand times I kiss your little hand and lips (of which I often think). I feel depressed and worried, somehow all my impressions are jumbled. Masenka (11) is nice and quite a child. Fedya (12) has also arrived. All the other children are delightful and jolly. Yulya (13) did not deign to appear, but in the evening she sent someone from her rooms to ask if she might tell my fortune. Some of her friends were there, fortune-telling through the looking glass. I said I should like it. My fortune was a brunette in a white dress. I sent them a message to say it was all nonsense and that they had not guessed right.

I wonder, dear, if you will see Pasha (14) ? Remember me to him and tell him that Sashenka (15) and Khmyrov (16) asked a great deal about him and were very sorry that he had not and would not come ; they expected him and even told fortunes to see if he would come.

I kiss you a countless number of times. A happy New Year to you and *New Happiness*. Pray for us, my angel. Now that it is so near I am anxious. But I shall work with all my might. I shall write to you in two or three days' time. Besides, I have not lost faith.

I am wholly yours, your true, truest and faithful one. And I believe in you as my future. You know that when away from happiness one values it more. At this minute, more than ever before, I long to kiss you. My sincere regards to Mamma (17). Greetings also to the little brother (18).

Your infinitely loving,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Sonechka advises me and *orders* me to go to the post office myself, for if I hand the letter in there it may go off to-day.

1867.

3

MOSCOW,
2 *January* '67.

YESTERDAY I received your dear letter, my precious and *eternal* friend Anya, and was terribly happy. Probably you also received my letter on the same day you posted yours to me (or on the next). I hasten now to tell you about my business affairs. I have settled the matter (that is I faced it) sooner than I thought and now the main points are practically settled. I had thought of acting through Lyubimov (the editor of the "*Russky Vestnik*"), I went to see him on the day after my arrival and—fortunately—he was out. Then I went to the editorial offices of the "*Russky Vestnik*" and, again fortunately, went in to see Katkov (I had not intended seeing him then, for I thought I would let Lyubimov see him first). Katkov was terribly busy; I sat in his room for ten minutes. He received me *magnificently*. At last, after ten minutes, I got up as I could see he was terribly busy and I told him I should like to speak to him on business, but as he was so busy would he name a time when I could see him and put the matter before him. He suddenly began to insist that I should tell him my business there and then. I explained everything to him in three minutes. I began by telling him that I was going to be married. He congratulated me sincerely and in a friendly way. "In that case," I said, "I will tell you quite frankly that my whole happiness depends on you." "If you want me to collaborate (he said "why, of course!") then pay me 2000 roubles in advance" and so on and so on, and I explained everything. "Writers always receive money in advance," I concluded, "but as this sum is very large and as such sums are not usually paid out, everything depends on your good will." He answered: "I will consult Leontiev (19). It all depends on whether we have such a sum available. Please come again in a day or two, and I will do all I can." Two days later he gave me the final decision. I could have 1000 roubles now and the other thousand he would ask me to postpone for two months. I agreed to this and thanked him.

Now, my precious Anya, this is how the matter stands. Our fate has been decided, the money is there and we will get married as soon as possible, but at the same time, there is a terrible difficulty before us. The payment of the second thousand has been postponed to such a late date, whereas we need the *two thousand* now, down to the last kopeck. (You remember how we worked it all out.) How we are to settle this —I don't yet know, but, at any rate, whatever happens, our wedding can take place. And thank goodness, thank goodness! I embrace you and kiss you a hundred times.

Well now, I think that one of these days, either to-morrow or the day after I shall receive either the money or *money orders* (the holidays are a dreadful nuisance) and then I can come straight to Petersburg, to you. I am very sad without you, although everybody here loves me very much. I think I can say I shall be in Petersburg on the 6th or 7th. I will not say *for certain* because the payment of the money depends on them, but there are ninety chances to a hundred that on the 6th or 7th I shall be embracing and kissing you, your hands and your feet (which you don't allow me to kiss). And then the *third period* of our life will begin.

And now, a few words about life here. Oh! Anya, how I have always hated letters! What can one say of certain matters in a letter? I shall, therefore, only write the dry and bare facts to you: to begin with, I have already written to you that I told Sonya everything on that same day and how glad she was. Don't worry, I did not forget to give her your greetings and she already loves you very, very much. She feels she knows you a little from my stories and she likes them. I told my sister on the following day, after having Katkov's first answer. She was very glad. I told Alexander Pavlovich (20) on the third day. He congratulated me and made one rather original remark, which I will pass on to you later. Then we had a fairly happy time. We brought in the New Year very merrily with the whole family. Elena Pavlovna and Marie Sergeyevna (21) (an amazingly witty person) were also there. Exactly at twelve o'clock, Alexander Pavlovich stood up, raised his glass of champagne, and proposed the health of Feodor Mikhaylovich and Anna Grigorievna. Mashenka and Yulenka, who did not know anything about it, were very surprised. In a word, all were very glad and send their congratulations.

Until now, I have not seen anyone except Yanovsky (22) (a friend of mine) and Aksakov (23), who is terribly busy. When Maykov (24) was in Moscow he said to Yanovsky about us that he "had seen her and *judging by her* he expects complete happiness for Feodor Mikhaylovich." I was very pleased that Maykov had said such a thing. Yanovsky asked many questions about you; he is also very glad and sends his congratulations.

I have discussed the question of collaboration with Aksakov.

Just imagine, until now I have not yet *had the time* to look through the last two chapters (25). The November number (26) is just out. Yesterday, on New Year's Day, Elena Pavlovna invited everyone for the evening. We began to play a game. Suddenly a letter (sent to Elena Pavlovna's flat by messenger from the Institute of Land Surveying) was handed to Alexander Pavlovich, and he passed it on to me. Some of them asked me who it was from. I said: "from Milyukov" (27) and got up and went away to read it. The letter was from you; it made me very happy and excited. I returned to the table feeling happy and said the news from Milyukov had been unpleasant. A quarter of an hour later I felt something like the beginning of an attack. I went out on to the landing, sprinkled some water on to my head and applied a wet towel to it. Everybody was rather upset. I let it calm down and then called Sonya out and showed her your message. Then when we were home again I read out the whole of your letter to Sonya and Masha. Don't be angry with me, my joy, they saw and are the witnesses of how much I love you—how endlessly I love you and how happy I am because of it!

Elena Pavlovna took everything fairly well and only said to me: "I am very glad I did not give in to you last summer and did not say anything definite to you, otherwise I would have been lost." I am very glad she has taken it all in that way and I am now *completely* at rest on that score.

To-morrow I shall begin to see about an early and immediate payment of money. Every day and every hour I want to see you more and more. Thank Pasha from me for going to see you straight away. I embrace you and kiss you a countless number of times and as I am writing this I am suffering terribly because for the present it can only be in a letter. Oh! how I would kiss you now! Good-bye, my precious friend Anya, always be cheerful and love me. Be happy; wait for me; greetings from everybody.

I don't think I shall write to you again—unless anything special happens. Remember me to your Mother.

Again I kiss you (I shall never tire of kissing you).

Your happy

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—With such a wife—and still not to be happy—how could that be possible! Love me, Anya; I shall love you for ever.

4

HOMBURG,

Friday, 17 *May* [1867] (28). 11 1/2 *a.m.*

GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR ANGEL,

I kiss you many, many times. I thought of you all the way.

I have only just arrived. (29) It is now half past eleven. I am rather tired and I am sitting down to write to you. They have brought me tea and some water for washing. In the meantime, I will write you a few lines. I had to wait at Leipzig from half-past five until 11 p.m.—but such is the express. I sat in the station and drank some coffee. I walked up and down an enormous waiting room, which was filled with clouds of smoke and reeked of beer. My head began to ache and my nerves were on edge. I thought of you all the time and wondered: why ever had I left my Anya? I remembered *every bit of you* down to the last corners of your heart and soul, just as I have known you all this time, beginning from October, and I realised I was not worthy of such a perfect, pure, gentle, quiet, beautiful and innocent angel as yourself, who believes in me. How could I possibly leave you? . . . Why am I travelling? Where am I going to? . . . God has entrusted you to me so that none of the possibilities and riches of your heart and soul should be lost, but on the contrary that they might flourish and blossom. He gave me to you so that I might expiate my enormous sins through you by consecrating you to God, you who are guided and protected and saved from all that is low and deadens the spirit; and I (although this thought about myself used to creep into my mind continually before, especially when I was praying)—and I, by such weak, futile things as this stupid journey of mine to Homburg, can hurt you. I was terribly sad yesterday. If you had been with me, I would have embraced you. But I did not turn back, although I had the fleeting thought of doing so. When I remember all those Vrangels, Latkins, Reislers (30) and many other matters more important than them, then I become quite upset and muddled. I am doing a foolish thing, a foolish thing (this is folly, folly!) and above all it is evil and weak, but there is the tiniest chance and . . . damn it, I will stop!

At last we got into the train and set off. The carriage was full. The Germans are most polite, although they look terribly fierce from outside. Just think of it: the night was as cold as in our October in bad weather, the windows were steamed over, and I was in my thin overcoat and summer underclothes; I managed to sleep for about three hours, but I woke up from cold. At *three in the morning*, numb with cold, I drank a cup of coffee at one of the stations on the way and warmed myself for about ten minutes. Then back again into the train. Towards morning it grew much warmer. There are some lovely places here, but the weather continues to be dull, cloudy, damp and cold, colder than in Dresden. I hope it will clear up. I was not more than two minutes in Frankfort, for I was afraid of missing the train to Homburg—and here I am in the Hotel Victoria. My room costs 5 francs a day—obviously they are thieves. But I shall only stay for about two days, or at the most, three, otherwise it will be impossible—even if I am *lucky*.

Anya, darling, why did you weep when you were seeing me off? Write to me here, darling. Write about everything, but not *very* long letters (don't tire yourself) and don't sign your name in full (in case I leave and the letters remain here).

Anya, my bright light, my sunshine, I love you! It is when I am away from you that I discover, feel and realise how much I love you. Yes, we are becoming inseparable.

Comfort me, perhaps to-morrow I shall find a letter from you, you will probably receive mine to-morrow.

Don't write to me unless you hear again from me!

Good-bye, my joy, good-bye, my light. My nerves are a little upset, but I am quite well and I am not too tired. And how are you?

All yours, to the last atom, and I kiss you without end.

Your loving D.

5

HOMBURG,

Saturday, 18 *May* [1867]. 10 *a.m.*

GOOD Morning, my angel Anya, here are a few more lines—of daily news. I shall write to you every morning for the present; and I need to do this, because I think of you every minute. All last night I dreamt of you and, curiously, enough, of Masha (31) my niece, Fedya's sister. We made friends in the dream and I was very pleased. But now to sense:—

All day yesterday it was cold and it rained; I felt weak and my nerves were so upset I could hardly stand on my feet. Luckily I managed to get about two hours sleep in the train. I was sleepy all day yesterday. And then I gambled, I could not tear myself away from it: you can imagine in what a state of excitement I was. Just think; I began playing in the morning and by dinner-time I had lost 16 imperials. There were only 12 and a few thalers left. I went back after dinner, with the intention of being as sensible as possible, and, thank goodness, I won all the 16 back and *over and above that* I won 100 gulden. I could have won 300 for they were in my hands, but I risked and lost. Anya, this is what I have definitely noticed. If you are sensible, *i.e.* made of marble, cold and *inhumanly* careful, then inevitably, *without any doubt*, you can win *anything*. But you must play for a long time, for many days and be content with little if your luck is out and not force your luck. There is a Jew here: he has been playing for some days now, with terrible coolness and inhuman calculation (he has been pointed out to me) and the bank is beginning to fear him. He rakes in the money and each day he brings away with him at least 1000 gulden. So I shall try to make a superhuman effort to be more sensible, but on the other hand, I cannot possibly stay here for several days. Without any exaggeration, Anya, all this disgusts me to such an extent, it is so awful, that I could run away—and when I think of you, then my whole being aches for you. Oh! Anya, I need you, I have felt this acutely. When I remember your bright smile, that happy warmth, which floods my heart when I am with you, then I long to return to you. You usually see me, Anya, moody, gloomy and capricious, but that is only the outside; I have always been like that, broken and spoilt by fate, but within I am different, believe me, believe me!

At the same time, this earning of money here, for nothing (not quite, for nothing, I pay by suffering) has something enervating and intoxicating about it, and when I think of what I need the money for, when I think of the debts and of all those others who need the money as well as myself, then I feel I dare not move away. But I can imagine the agony if I were to lose and achieve nothing: to have to submit to so much vileness all for nothing and to go away still poorer than when I came. Anya, promise me, you will never show these letters to any one. I do not want the sordidness of my situation to be gossiped about. "A poet is a poet."

I embrace you, Anya, my light. Perhaps, my only friend, I shall hear from you to-day. Good-bye, until to-morrow. To-morrow I shall write again for certain. In any case nothing will make me stay here for long.

Yesterday, towards evening, I ordered a fire in my room. It smoked and I was roasted. I slept through the night like a log although my head ached. But to-day I am quite well. The sun is shining and it is a beautiful day.

Good-bye, my joy. Yours for ever F. D.

P.S.—If one day for some reason or other you don't get a letter from me, don't worry. You will get one the next day. But I don't think that will happen.

6

HOMBURG,

Sunday 19 *May* [1867]. 10 *a.m.*

GOOD Morning, my dear precious angel, I am writing you my daily message. First of all about business.

Yesterday was a very horrid day for me. I lost far too heavily (judging relatively). What am I to do my angel? Gambling is not intended for a man with nerves like mine. I played for about ten hours, and ended by losing. I lost during the day and won again, then my luck turned—but I will tell you all about it when I see you. And now I want to make a last attempt with the money I have left (which is very little). To-day will decide everything—*i.e.* whether I return to you to-morrow or stay on here. In any case I will let you know to-morrow. I should not like to pawn my watch, but I am very hard up. What is to be, will be. I am making my last attempt. You see: as long as I am cool and sufficiently collected to follow my system I win each time, but as soon as I begin to win, then immediately I take risks; I cannot control myself; well, to-day's attempt will decide something. The sooner the better.

Yesterday, my angel, at about twelve o'clock I went to the post office to post my second letter to you, and the postmaster handed me a letter from you. Sweetheart, thank you. I read it there and then in the post office and how happy I was that it was written in pencil (my stenographer). All the past came back to me. Don't grieve, my love, don't be sad, my angel! You touched me almost to tears when you described your day. What a mad position we are in! Would any of our people in Petersburg dream that you and I are separated at this moment and for such a purpose? A mad situation, absolutely mad! If only it would come to an end, if only there were some result! Will you believe me, my angel, I am terribly tired of this place—*i.e.* I am actually tired of the gambling. I mean, not that I am tired of it, but my nerves are terribly tired, I have grown more impatient, I am straining for quick results, I hurry, I risk and because of that I lose.

In spite of all this, my health is good.—My nerves are upset and I grow tired from sitting still, but nevertheless I am in a *very good condition*. An excited, worried condition—but my nature needs this sometimes. What a wonderful day it was yesterday; I managed to go for a short walk in the park. I must admit the country here is enchanting. The park is magnificent, also the Vauxhall, the music is beautiful, better than in Dresden. A fine place to live in, if it were not for the cursed roulette.

Good-bye, my angel, my quiet, sweet, gentle angel. Love me. If only (I am wishing now), if only I could see you for a minute—how much we should have to say to each other. I have gathered so many impressions. It is impossible to put them all into a letter; and, besides, I have often told you before, I cannot write letters. I am incapable of it. Still, after having written you a few words, I do feel a little better. For God's sake, take care of your health, do try to distract yourself a little. Remember my requests: if anything happens to you, send for the doctor and let me know at once. Well, good-bye, my joy; I kiss you a thousand times. Think of me and wish me luck.—To-day will decide everything. The sooner the better. And don't get excited or worry too much. I kiss you.

All yours and for ever,
Your husband
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—I am not giving you details of what I have lost or won; I will tell you everything when I see you. In a word, it is bad so far.

7

HOMBURG,

Monday, 20 *May* [1867]. 10 *a.m.*

GOOD Morning, my dear, my precious, *my only one*, my treasure and my joy.

My dear friend, yesterday decided nothing. I am still at the same point and am dragging on somehow, and have got no result, so again I am not leaving ; what will happen to-day ? Perhaps there will be something decisive. In any case, you will hear definitely from me to-morrow, *i.e.* whether I am leaving or no.

My angel, you can't believe how glad I was and with what happiness I read your two tiny little letters of two short pages in the post office. I kissed them and was so glad, so glad of your love. I can see it in each line, in each of your expressions ; and how well you write letters ! I could never write like that and express my heart and my feelings. Even when you see me, when we are together, I am not communicative, I am gloomy and have absolutely no gift of self expression. I have no form, no gesture. My brother, Misha, now dead, used often to reproach me about it. Dear one, will you ever forgive me for torturing you so, I have deserted you and still I am not returning. On that account, your letter yesterday was absolute torture to me, although you don't reproach me either in word or thought, on the contrary, you cheer and console me. But you know I feel everything. To begin with, I never realised before what difficulties and suffering my beloved would have because of my decision to come here. I was *firmly* convinced I was only coming here for four days and I never asked myself what would happen to both of us if external circumstances, which do not depend on me at all, were to detain me. When I was with you, close to you, I did not realise then how much I loved you and how hard the separation would be for both of us. We are growing used to one another, and it seems we have come closer to each other, so much so, Anya, that I for one had not noticed it. For instance, you cannot imagine how much I longed to be with you yesterday. I prayed for you last night and wept—I could not help myself.

But yesterday was an absolutely vile day, an awful day. The main thing about it all is, that it is so senseless, stupid and vulgar and yet I cannot tear myself away from my idea, *i.e.* I cannot leave absolutely everything and return to you. But now, for the present, things are almost impossible, *i.e.* at this moment. What will to-morrow bring ? Can you believe me : I lost everything yesterday, everything to the last kopeck, to the last gulden, and in the end I decided to write to you at once to ask you to send me some money for my journey home. But I remembered *my watch* and I went to the watchmaker either to sell or to pawn it; it is a terribly common practice here, *i.e.* in a gambling town. There are jewellery shops here which live by it entirely. Imagine how base the Germans are: he bought my watch and chain (they cost me at least 125 roubles) and gave me only 65 gulden for them, *i.e.* 43 thalers, *i.e.* almost 2 & ½ times less than its value. But I sold them on condition he would allow me a week and if during the week I returned to redeem them, then he would let me have them, of course with commission. And, imagine it, I managed to win some back with that money, and I shall go straight there to-day to redeem my watch. Then I shall have 16 Frederics d'or left. I won them back because I restrained myself yesterday and absolutely did not allow myself to be carried away. This gives me some hope. But I am afraid, very much afraid. What will to-day bring me? To-morrow I shall let you know something *definite*.

Can you forgive me for all this? Oh! Anya! Let us endure this time together and perhaps later on it will be better. Don't suffer too much because of me, don't grieve. Above all, don't be sad and keep *well*: for, in any case, I shall be home *very soon*. And then we shall be together for ever. This is a momentary separation, which is good for our happiness. It has taught us much, it has made us realise much. Write me a few more details about yourself, don't leave anything out. If you are ill, don't hide it from me, but write to me about it. I am perfectly well here. Yesterday the weather was beautiful, and it doesn't seem too bad to-day. Yesterday was Sunday and all these Homburg Germans and their wives appeared in the Vauxhall after dinner. Foreigners usually play on weekdays, and there is no crush. But on Sundays there is such a crowd, it is stuffy and there is so much jostling and rudeness. Oh! how vile these Germans are! Good-bye, Anya, good-bye, my joy, be bright and happy. Love me. Good-bye, until to-morrow. I hold you close, I love you for ever.

All yours till the last ounce,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I will write to-morrow for certain.

P.S.—For God's sake, Anya, don't *forward* me any letters here, there cannot be anything of importance, especially from Moscow and they can wait. I may leave here any day now and letters may arrive too late.

8

HOMBURG,

Tuesday, 21 *May* [1867]. 10 *a.m.*

MY DEAR ANGEL,—I suffered terribly yesterday: on finishing my letter to you I went to the post office. I was suddenly told there was *no* letter from you. My legs gave way under me. I could not believe it. God only knows what passed through my mind, and I swear to you I have never experienced greater suffering or fear. I kept on thinking you were ill and dying. For nearly an hour I walked about the garden trembling all over; at last, I went to the roulette tables and I lost everything. My hands trembled, my thoughts were confused and although I was losing I almost felt glad and kept on saying: it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter. At last, having lost absolutely everything (and it didn't surprise me at all at the time) I walked about in the park for nearly two hours. God knows where I went to: I realised my absolute helplessness; I decided that if I didn't hear from you to-morrow, *i.e.* to-day, then I would return to you at once. But with what money?

At that point I turned back and went once more to pawn my watch (which I had managed to redeem on my way to the post office). I pawned it at the same place as two days ago and then it suddenly dawned upon me that you could not possibly have written, *i.e.* you could not have sent me a letter to reach me by Monday. You received my first letter on Saturday, you wrote an answer to me at the post office and *then on Saturday you didn't write to me again*, because you had already answered me from the post office (the two little notes). You, therefore, did not send me a letter on Sunday; but after receiving my (second) letter on Sunday you answered me on the same day and could only post it to me on Monday, and, therefore, I could not possibly hear from you before Tuesday (*i.e.* to-day). At last it was all quite clear to me and will you believe it, I felt as if I had risen from the dead. And as I am writing to you I am trembling all over. What if I have made a mistake and there will not be any letter from you to-day? What will happen then? God forbid! I am hurrying now to get to the post office. Anya, my dear, why do you mean so much to me that I must suffer like this? I have never, never suffered to such an extent or been so afraid as I was in that terrible hour yesterday. Yes, Anya, a man must love passionately to feel like that! My God! what if I don't hear from you to-day either? I am hurrying to finish this letter and then I shall run. What shall I do if again there is no letter from you? I must leave here, but I have no money. I have lost almost all the money I received for my watch. I have only 25 florins left and I must settle my hotel bill and pay for the railway fare. My God ! yesterday's fears are almost beginning again.

If you are not ill and everything is as it should be, my friend, then see to my business at once, as soon as you get this letter. But listen, I have stopped gambling. I want to return as soon as possible. Send me 20 imperials at once, as soon as you get this letter, immediately, the same day, the very same minute if possible. Don't lose a single second. That is my greatest request. First of all, I must buy my watch out of pawn (for it must not be lost for 65 gulden), then I must pay the hotel, then the fare and all that is left over I will bring back. Don't worry, I am not going to play any more. But, above all, do be quick and send the money. To-morrow or the day after to-morrow they will present the hotel bill and if there is no money from you I shall have to go to the proprietor and apologise and he will probably send for the police. Do spare me this suffering, *i.e.* send it quickly. And see to all this yourself. Don't tell the landlady, *i.e.* don't ask anyone for advice ; there is no need for them to know our business. It is quite simple ; go to some good banker, to his office (make enquiries at the post office about the banker, ask the clerk who gives out the letters) and when you get to the banker's office, give him 20 imperials and ask him if they can transfer the money at once to Homburg (give the address in detail to so and so, *i.e.* to me, poste restante) (Presumably they can do it). Then they will take your money and deduct a little, no doubt, as commission and hand you a *bill of exchange* drawn on some banker here in Homburg (don't worry, they will know of one, for they have bankers' agents everywhere). You will enclose this bill of exchange in my letter, seal it and take it to the post office, and register it and tell them there is money in it. That is all. While I, on receipt of your letter and bill of exchange, will go to the banker and he will pay the money over to me. For God's sake, be sure to give the banker the exact address *Homburg* and not *Hamburg* and write the address down on paper. I shall wait impatiently, but on receiving the money I shall leave here at once.

My dear friend, we shall have very little money left, but don't complain, don't be depressed, and don't reproach me. As to our money affairs, I feel almost confident : we shall have 20 imperials left and 20 more will be sent to us. Then, when we return to Dresden, I shall write immediately to *Katkov* and ask him to send another 500 roubles to me at Dresden. Of course, he will frown a little, but—he will let me have them. Having given me so much already (3000 roubles) he won't refuse me this now. And really he can hardly refuse, for how can I finish my work without money? Of course it's a bad business, but after all it's only for 23 sheets and, besides, he will make money out of me. We will wait in Dresden for his answer. It will be a month before we get it. My angel, I am already suffering at the thought of your having to sit in such boredom in Dresden. I will set to work on my article on Belinsky (32) and finish it while I am waiting for Katkov's reply. And then we will go to Switzerland and set to work quickly. My angel, perhaps all this is for the best: this cursed monomania and thought about gambling will leave me. Just as it was two years ago (before "*Crime and Punishment*") I shall win through by work. What is to be, will be. But I am afraid you will be bored. It is about you, only about you that I am worried. My sweetheart, if only we could see each other again soon. Don't be cross with me for this muddled letter; I am hurrying with all my might to learn my fate at the post office, *i.e.* will there or will there not be a letter from you? I am already trembling about it. How happy I shall be if I get your letter! I kiss you, my friend—don't grieve, don't be sad, and don't worry about me. If only I could hear from you to-day. I would be so happy. Good-bye, until we are together again. I kiss you, don't suffer, don't be sad. Besides, all this is not really so very important. Such misfortunes may happen to anyone, to the happiest man in the world. With this money I shall free myself from a mad idea and perhaps I have even been let off lightly. Well, what is to be, will be. I hold you close, I kiss you a countless number of times.

All yours, your husband who adores you.

FEOD. DOSTOYEV.

P.S.—For God's sake, hurry up and send the money. If only I could get out of here quickly! Address the money poste restante.

Oh! how I have tortured you, my angel!

9

HOMBURG,
Wednesday, 22 May '67. 10 *a.m.*

GOOD MORNING, my dear angel! I received your letter yesterday and I went almost mad with joy, but at the same time I was horrified. Anya, what is happening to you that you are in such a state? You weep, you don't sleep and you torment yourself. What do you think I feel like when I read about all this? And that, after five days, but what are you like now? My dear, my precious angel, my treasure, I don't reproach you; on the contrary, you are all the sweeter to me, all the dearer because of such feelings. I understand it cannot be helped if you are absolutely unable to bear my absence and are so suspicious about me (I repeat I don't reproach you, and I love you for it twice as much, if that is possible, and *I know how to appreciate it*), but, at the same time, my love, you must agree I was mad to come here without considering your feelings. Just think it out, my darling; first, I was not free in spirit, for there was my own longing for you, which greatly prevented me from finishing this cursed gambling successfully and returning to you; and secondly, how can I stay here when I know your condition? Forgive me, my angel, but I will now go into a few details about this business of gambling so that the matter may be quite clear to you. On twenty different occasions, when I have gone to the gambling tables, I have made an experiment. If you play coolly, *calmly* and with calculation, then it is *absolutely impossible to lose.* I swear there isn't the slightest risk. Others play blindly, while I play with calculation; therefore I have a greater chance than they have. But what happened? I used to begin *with* 40 *gulden.* I would take them out of my pocket, go up to the table and stake one or two gulden at a time. Usually (*always*) after about a quarter of an hour I had won double. I should have stopped then and gone away—at any rate until the evening, so as to calm my excited nerves (I have noticed I cannot keep cool and collected *for longer than half an hour at a time*). But I used only to move away to smoke a cigarette, and then run back to the table. Why did I do this, when I knew almost for certain I shouldn't be able to withstand playing, in other words lose? Because each day, on getting up in the morning, I would decide it was to be my last day in Homburg, that I would leave on the morrow and consequently I had no right to lose any time at the tables. I hurried with all my might to win as much as possible at one sitting (because I should be leaving the following day), my composure would vanish, my nerves go to pieces and I would take risks and grow angry, laying stakes without calculating and then lose (for he who plays without calculation, for mere chance, is a madman). The whole mistake is that we ever separated and that I did not take you with me.

Yes, yes, that is the truth. And here am I longing for you, and you are almost dying without me. . . . My angel, I repeat, I don't reproach you; you are dearer to me for missing me so much. But judge for yourself, my dear; this is what happened to me yesterday, for instance. After posting my letter to you, in which I asked you to send me some money, I went to the tables. I had only 20 gulden left in my pocket to cover everything and I risked 10 gulden. I made an almost superhuman effort to remain calm and collected *for a whole hour* and the result was I won 30 Frederics d'or, *i.e.* 300 gulden. I was so happy about it and so terribly anxious to finish everything off to-day as quickly as possible. I wanted to win as much again and then to leave immediately—I didn't give myself a minute to come to my senses or rest, but I rushed to the table and began to stake gold. And I lost *everything*, *everything* to the last coin, *i.e.* I had only 2 gulden left for tobacco. Anya, my dear, my joy! You must understand I have debts which must be paid or I shall be called a scoundrel and you must understand I shall have to write to Katkov and wait about in Dresden. I had to win. *It was absolutely necessary!* I am not playing for my own amusement. It was my only way out—and now I have lost everything because of bad calculations. I do not reproach you, but I curse myself: why didn't I take you with me? By playing daily, with a little at a time, you *cannot* lose. It is quite true; I have tried it twenty times, and now, knowing it for certain, I am leaving Homburg, having lost heavily. But I also know that if I were to give myself even four more days, then in those four days I should probably win everything back. But, of course, I shall not play any more.

Dear Anya, do understand (I beg you again) I am not reproaching you. On the contrary, I am reproaching myself for not having brought you with me.

N.B.—In case my yesterday's letter goes astray in some way or other I will repeat briefly what was in it: I asked you to send me *immediately* 20 imperials, drawn on a banker, *i.e.* to go to a banker, tell him how much to transfer to such and such an address in Homburg, (make sure of the address) poste restante to so and so, 20 gold pieces and the banker will know what to do. I asked you to be as quick as you could, and if possible, that it should be posted on the same day (the bill of exchange, which you would receive from the banker should be put into an envelope and sent to me by registered post). All this, if you hurried, would not take you longer than an hour, so that the letter could leave on the same day.

If you manage to send it to me on the same day—*i.e. to-day* (Wednesday)—then I ought to get it to-morrow, Thursday. If it is posted on Thursday, I will get it on Friday. If I get it on Thursday, then I shall be in Dresden on *Saturday*, but if I get it on Friday, then on *Sunday*, that is for certain, *certain*.

Then perhaps I will return on the second and not on the *third* day. But I doubt if it will be possible to finish everything off, to leave (to receive the money, to collect and pack my things, to arrive in Frankfort and not to miss the express). Of course, I shall do my best, but most probably it will be on the third day.

Good-bye, Anya, good-bye, my precious angel. I worry about you dreadfully, but it is quite unnecessary for you to worry about me. My health is *excellent*. This nervous strain of mine about which you are so anxious—it is only physical and mechanical. After all, it is not a moral disturbance. Besides, my nature needs it—I am so complex. I am nervous. I can never keep calm, whatever happens. The air here is magnificent. *I could not be in better health*, but I really am worried about you. I love you, that is why I suffer.

I hold you close in my arms and kiss you a countless number of times.

Your F. D.

10

Homburg,
23 *May* '67. 10 *a.m.*

It is not I who am the saint, my bright angel. You are the saint. What a delightful letter you sent me yesterday and how I kissed it ! In my situation here such a letter was like heavenly manna. At least I know there is some one who loves me for ever. You are a kind, bright, beautiful soul. All my life I shall love you endlessly.

I am writing you only a few hurried lines, because I want to run to the post ; perhaps you have already sent the money and I shall receive it to-day. And how I need it ! I haven't a kopeck, and it is more than likely that they will present the hotel bill to-day, for it is a week to-day since I came here and they always render weekly accounts. Well, and if I don't receive the money to-day—it can't be helped—I shall wait another day, don't worry, my dear. And then I wanted to tell you : the weather turned cold yesterday, so cold that it is really quite unusual —nothing but wind all day long. Although it is not raining to-day, it is dull, windy and very cold. I don't know how I managed to do so, but I caught cold in my ear and in the evening my teeth began to ache. The nerve jumped for about five minutes. I sat at home all the evening and lay down wrapped up in whatever I could find. To-day, although my toothache has disappeared, my earache is no better, and if I were to catch cold my toothache would begin again. And, therefore, my darling, even if I do get the money to-day, I shall probably not leave. I am afraid to, my love. I spent a wretched night when coming here, I was terribly cold in the railway carriage in a light overcoat. And now it is still colder. Let me wait a little, my angel, or I shall have toothache for years. Let me wait, darling, don't scold me, don't be angry. I love you for ever, but what would it be like if I were to arrive back home all moans and groans? Besides, I hope my teeth have calmed down for good. Please God. Then I won't wait a minute. And in any case I will do my best.

Believe me, believe me, I am longing to kiss you just as much as you long to kiss me. Still more perhaps. My angel, forgive me too for yesterday's letter, don't take it as the slightest reproach. Good-bye, until very soon. I kiss you with all my soul.

Your ever loving husband,

F. D.

I have no pencil, otherwise I would open the letter at the post to tell you whether or no I have received the money to-day.

If you sent it in time yesterday, then I shall most likely receive it to-day. I kiss you again, my precious.

P.S.—Half-past eleven.

I have received your letter, but *not* the banker's. The postmaster told me to come in again at *five* in the afternoon and perhaps it would be there then. But I doubt it. I shall probably get it to-morrow. *In any case,* it is impossible to leave to-day; don't worry, my angel, I won't stay. I will do my best to hurry.

It is a good thing you are sending me German money, that is quite right. But I am afraid they might refuse to change it because it is drawn on Frankfort. But, of course, they will change it.

I thank you, my dear, I kiss you with all my heart.

P.S.—Read this letter carefully, my love. The cold weather is dreadful and my teeth ache. What if I fall ill? Do be patient for a little while. I *swear* I will do all I can to come back as soon as possible.

II

HOMBURG,

24 *May* '67.

ANYA, my dear, my friend, my wife, forgive me, don't call me a blackguard, I have committed a crime, I have lost everything you sent—everything, to the last kreutzer. Yesterday I received it and yesterday I lost it. Anya, how shall I ever be able to look you in the face again, what will you say to me now? One thing and *one thing only* horrifies me: *what will you say,* what will you think of me? It is only your judgment I fear. Can you, will you respect me now? And what is love without respect? Our very marriage is shaken by this. Oh! my friend, don't condemn me completely! I loathe gambling, not only now, at this moment, but yesterday, and the day before yesterday I cursed it: on receiving the money and after changing the bill of exchange I went there expecting at least to win something back to increase our funds just a little. I was so confident of a small win. At first I lost a little, but as soon as I began to lose, I wanted to win it back. I lost still more, then *I was compelled* to continue playing, at least to regain the money necessary for my departure—and I lost everything. Anya, I will not implore you to take pity on me, better be dispassionate, but I am terribly afraid of your judgment. I am not afraid for myself. On the contrary, now, now, after such a lesson, I have suddenly become absolutely calm about my future. Now to work and toil, work and toil, and I will prove to you yet that I can do it. How our future circumstances will turn out—I don't know—but Katkov will not refuse me now. I believe that all the future will depend on the merit of my work. If it is good, then money will be forthcoming. If only the whole matter concerned me alone, then I wouldn't even think about all this. I would laugh, shrug my shoulders and depart. But you cannot help passing judgment on my behaviour and that is what upsets and tortures me. Anya, if only I don't lose your love. Our circumstances are bad enough as it is, and yet I have wasted money on this journey to Homburg and lost more than 1000 francs—nearly 350 roubles. It is a crime !

But I didn't waste it by being thoughtless or greedy, it was not for myself. Oh ! I had other aims ! But why should I attempt to justify myself now ? What I must do now is to return to you as soon as possible. *Send me quickly, this very minute (at once) some money for my journey, even if it is your last.* I cannot stay here any longer. I don't want to stop here. To you—to you, as soon as possible, to kiss you ! You will embrace me, you will kiss me—won't you ? If it hadn't been for this bad, cold, damp weather I should have left here yesterday and gone to Frankfort. And nothing would have happened. I would not have gambled. But the weather was so awful that, what with my teeth and cough, it was *absolutely impossible* to leave and travel through the night in a thin overcoat. It could not be done, it would have been asking for trouble. But I will not be deterred even by that now. As soon as you get this letter, send me 10 imperials (*i.e.* in exactly the same way as the bill of exchange on Robert Thore and there is not even any need for imperials, but simply a bill of exchange, as last time. In short, exactly the same way as last time) 10 imperials, *i.e.* 90 odd gulden just to settle everything here and to return to you. To-day is Friday, I shall get it on Sunday, and *the very same day I shall go to Frankfort.* There I shall take the express and on Monday I shall be with you.

My angel, don't for a moment think I shall lose these too. Don't insult me to such an extent ! Don't think so basely of me. After all, I too am a human being, there is something human left in me. Don't take it into your head, because you don't trust me, *to come here for me.*

Such suspicion that I might not arrive would kill me. I give you my *word of honour*. I will come at once without taking count of anything, not even of the rain or cold. I embrace and kiss you. What do you think of me now? If only I could see you now, at this minute as you read this letter!

Your F. D.

P.S.—My angel, don't worry *about me*! I repeat, if I were alone I would simply laugh and not care. Only you and the thought of *your* opinion of me are painful. That is the only thing which tortures me. And I—I have tortured you to death. Good-bye.

Oh! if only I could come to you quickly, to be with you again, then we could come to some decision.

12

Homburg,

Saturday, 25 *May* '67. 10 *a.m.*

Anya, my angel, my *only* happiness and joy—will you forgive me for everything, for all the torture and torment I have made you suffer? Oh! how I need you. All last night I sat alone, I tried to read my three little books, which I had read before, and one thing kept beating in my mind, one thing only. What is happening to you? What will happen to us now? I am not speaking of the distant future. The distant future is simply unknown, but God will save us somehow or other. All my life I have never made plans for more than six months ahead, like any other man who lives from day to day, depending entirely on his own labours. It is on my work that I must now depend. You must understand, Anya; it must be brilliant, it must be even better than "*Crime and Punishment*" and then the reading public of Russia will be mine and the booksellers too.

I believe in our *distant* future, if only God gives me health. (I have not had any fits here.)

But the *immediate* future is uncertain (the time when we shall have to return to Russia without debts, etc.), I really don't know what will happen. But at the moment I absolutely and positively believe in Katkov's assistance. (Having helped me once and seen that I mean to finish the work by the winter, he will help me again, he will also help me in the winter when he comes. The trouble is, it will still not be enough.) But if only I could bridge over the time until then. If only I could be provided for until Katkov sends the money, but how? We have probably no more than 30 thalers between us. There is one hope left, that Mamma may possibly send us some money. I cannot under-

Pierce Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

stand what is happening there and why they don't send us something. But one thing cheers me ; if they could not send us anything they would probably have written to say so. Besides, not one of them has written. It is strange. It is possible that they don't know how to send it. Perhaps they will let us know.

To you, Anya, to you ! My only thought is to return to you as quickly as possible. We will then get together, we will discuss everything and talk everything over. I am waiting for to-morrow with feverish impatience. I shall travel whatever the weather is like and I shall begin packing this evening. There is one difficulty ; I shall probably not get a letter before twelve o'clock (if there is money in it) and perhaps not until four o'clock in the afternoon. But in any case I shall leave here, nothing will keep me. There is one other anxiety. They presented me with the weekly hotel bill yesterday. A terrible bill. I made the excuse that I was leaving on Sunday and would pay for everything then. They frowned, but they have not said anything yet. Now this is my trouble : the bill will have mounted up by Sunday and I am afraid that the money sent me will not be sufficient to cover both the railway fare and the hotel bill. I shall travel third class. I wonder whether I shall catch the express at Frankfort. I cannot get to know anything here. I hope I shall not have to spend the night anywhere. The weather is awful ; it is cold and rainy. The nights are like ours in October, but it doesn't matter—I shall certainly leave. I shall wear two sets of underclothing, two shirts, etc., but perhaps everything will turn out all right. Anya, my angel, if only I could come to you quickly. After that, everything would straighten itself out by degrees. As soon as I arrive I shall write immediately to Katkov. We may have an answer within a fortnight, but we ought to give him a month. I have decided to ask him for a *thousand* roubles even if it is delayed. Then we can move and hurry off to Switzerland. The journey will cost 50 thalers, but what does that matter ? Once there, I shall set to work.

Good-bye, Anya, my dear heart ! I shall be with you the day after to-morrow, in less than forty-eight hours. I count the hours. Please God that everything turns out all right !

Forgive me, my angel, forgive me, my dear heart.

Your F. D.

13

HOMBURG,
26 *May* '67. 10 *a.m.*

DEAR ANGEL,

I am writing on a scrap of paper ; I haven't any notepaper left so I have borrowed some from the hotel. If I receive the money from you to-day, then I will do my very best to leave to-day. The train leaves at 3.20 p.m., but whether I shall catch the train at Frankfort—I cannot say. I have been told that there is no third class on the express; if I travel third class (not on the express) then I should have to spend a night on the way: so it would come to one and the same thing. And the express is expensive. My bill here including to-day will be nearly 70 gulden: I shall have 20 gulden left and the express costs at least 20. I cannot travel without some money; but as I *definitely* want to leave I will manage somehow. One thing worries me more than anything else; the intense cold. If I catch cold—it will be worse. I see from the papers there is cholera in Berlin, and that in Paris, on the night of the 24th of May, that is the day before yesterday, there was such a frost that all the apples and cherries were ruined. It will never be forgotten. Everything was covered with hoar frost and during the day of the 24th May, there was snow and hail. Yesterday in Homburg one's very breath was frozen. I shall try to wear a double set of underclothes and trust to God. In any case, my faithful angel, don't worry, with all my heart I *want* to leave here, but if I do not arrive to-morrow and instead of me you get this letter, then you must know that something has prevented me, some trifle, some obstacle, but that, nevertheless, *I am on the way*. I kiss you passionately, my precious, I kiss you; love me, be a good wife and forgive me. Don't bear me a grudge, for after all we have a whole lifetime before us to spend together.

Faithfully and for ever your

FEOD. DOSTOYEVSKY.

To-day is Sunday—I don't think there will be any place open where I could change the money. And supposing I don't get the money until five o'clock in the afternoon? I should not like that to happen.

My friend and angel, forgive me.

14

BAINS-SAXON,

5 *October* 1867. 6 *p.m.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, my beloved angel, Anichka (and Sonechka) (33). From the very outset, I had an unpleasant and comic adventure. Just think of it, my friend, in spite of all my staring I passed Bains-Saxon without even seeing it. We passed three stations and I only realised my mistake at the small town of Sion—where I got out and had to pay the robbers 1 fr. 45 centimes excess fare. What do you think of that? I can't imagine how it happened. I looked out at every station.

The journey was awful: cold, terrible rain and hail. As if on purpose the weather cleared up as we approached Bains-Saxon. But I missed the station.

I read in the train and spent 90 centimes on food. The views were delightful. Strictly speaking, Geneva stands in the worst part of Switzerland. Vevey, Montreux, Vernex, Chillon and Ville-Neuf were all delightful. And that was in the rain and hail. What must they be like in the sunshine? The mountains are very high and snowy. It was cold.

I waited for an hour in Sion and had something to eat. I had some soup and sausages in the station restaurant. It was horrible! It was terribly expensive.

At five o'clock I bought a ticket, paid another 1 fr. 45 centimes, and *only now* at six o'clock we have arrived at Saxon les Bains. I have not seen anything of it yet. It is quite dark. Saxon is a miserable little village. But there are many grand hotels here. Almost at once, and without my asking, I was told there was roulette here and I was asked if I would care to play.

I made enquiries about the post. I was told it left the hotel at ten o'clock and that it was impossible to send letters any earlier. So I began to write, after having ordered myself some roast beef and coffee, for I was hungry.

And that is all, Anichka, I don't know what the future has in store for us—it will be as God ordains.

Angel, my sweet angel, take care of Sonya, take care of yourself and be cheerful.

What a lot I have to tell you! All the way I pictured you before me. I saw a face in a picture at Sion, which was the image of you. The manageress has a daughter 9 months old, she laughs and stretches out her little hands to me. I immediately thought of you. My dear, are you well? I shall suffer dreadfully—in the evenings.

I think I shall probably arrive *to-morrow*.

There are *three* trains from here: at 5 a.m., 11 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.

Good-bye, my dear angel, I embrace and kiss you and Sonya. Take care of Sonya! I kiss your hands and feet.

Your faithful and loving husband.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—I shall drop this letter into the hotel post box *at once*. It will be taken to the post office to-day at 10 o'clock. But the post will not leave for Geneva before 5 o'clock to-morrow morning, so you will not get this before 12 o'clock. While I, if I *travel to-morrow which I think is certain*, shall not leave before 11 a.m. I shall, therefore, be in Geneva at 5.30 p.m. But if I *leave here* by the last evening train at 6 p.m. then I shall be with you at about midnight. (34)

Good-bye, my sweet angel.

Your F. Dostoyevsky.

15

Saxon les Bains,

Sunday, 6 *October*. *7.30 p.m.*

Anya, my dear, I am worse than a beast ! Last night by 10 o'clock I had won 1300 francs. To-day—I have not a sou. I have lost absolutely everything, everything ! And all because that rascal of a servant at the Hotel des Bains did not wake me up, although I had told him I wanted to leave for Geneva at 11 o'clock. I slept until half past eleven. There was nothing to be done, I had to wait until 5 o'clock so I went to the tables at two o'clock and lost everything, everything. I had 14 francs—just enough for my fare. So I went to the railway station at 5 o'clock, and was told that I could not travel direct to Geneva, but would have *to stay the night at Lausanne*. What a shock ! And I had only 14 francs left in my pocket. I took my ring and found a place where I could pawn it ; they promised me the money by eight o'clock, but they only offered me ten francs. I have now gone to another pension (Monsieur Orsa) for the night. I want to leave at *five o'clock* to-morrow morning. I shall be in Geneva at eleven. If I don't come then, it is because something has detained me. I am sending you this letter although I may arrive before it does. I am quite well. Anya, fate is persecuting us. I have received your sweet little letter. You are my good soul, my happiness. Don't think too much about me, don't worry. Swear at me for I am a brute, but love me. Because I love you madly. I feel now how very dear you are to me.

Good-bye, until we meet.

All yours, F. Dostoyevsky.

16

Saxon les Bains,

Sunday (16), 17 *November* '67.

My dear Love, my Joy, Anechka (with Sonechka and Mishka) (35). I kiss all *three of you* (if necessary) and you, Anya, I kiss fifty times. How are you, my love ? What have you been doing ? Are you well ? You have not once left my thoughts. I arrived at a quarter to four. What a day ! What views on the way ! It was even better than last time. What charm in Vevey for instance, not to mention Montreux. I explored Vevey thoroughly. It is a fine town, in which there are probably fine flats, doctors and hotels. We may need the doctors, we may need them, although our wise old women are also worth something and will help when you need them. Oh ! my love, you should never have allowed me to go to play roulette. As soon as I woke up, my heart began to beat fast, my hands and feet trembled and grew cold. I arrived here at a quarter to four and I discovered that the roulette did not close until five o'clock (I had thought it was four). So I had an hour. I ran there. I lost fifty francs straight off, then suddenly I began to win. I don't know how much I won, I didn't count ; after that I lost heavily almost to the last coin. And suddenly with my last bet I *won back* the 125 francs I had started with and an additional 110 francs. So now I have 235 francs in all. Anya, my dear, I thought very seriously of sending you 100 francs, but, after all, that is too little. If only it had been 200 francs. I give you my *word of honour* that from eight until eleven o'clock this evening I shall play like a Jew in the most sensible manner possible. I swear to you. If I add anything at all to my winnings then I shall certainly *send you* some money to-morrow, and I shall arrive *the day after to-morrow, on Tuesday.*

I don't know when this letter will reach you. I have just been interrupted. Dinner was served, but they forgot the bread. I went down to ask for it and, suddenly, the hotel proprietor met me and (surmising that I was a Russian) said, "Isn't this telegram for you ?" I almost fainted. I looked at it. "A Monsieur Stablewsky." "No," I said, "it is not for me." I went to dinner, but my heart was beating. I thought that perhaps something had happened to you and that either the landlady or the doctor had sent a telegram for you. Russian names are always confused and mine had probably been mutilated in the post office. And what if it were from you to me ? I went downstairs again : I asked them if it would be possible to know where the telegram came from (I should have liked to open and read it). I was told it was *from Prussia*. Well, thank God ! What a fright it gave me !

Anechka, my dear, my happiness, I shall think of you all the time. Take care of yourself, I implore you ! I kiss you. My love, how I repent. A short time ago I was so irritable, so angry and shouted at you. My angel, you know how I love you, how I adore you. Only love me too.

Good-bye, my dear, until *Tuesday for certain*. I kiss you a million times and I adore you for ever.

Your faithful and loving

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.

My health is very good. I feel really splendid. The pleasant journey has helped me. I pray *for you and for them.*

Anya, my dear, don't count too much upon my winnings, don't dream about it. Perhaps I shall lose, but I swear I shall be as careful as a Jew.

17

SAXON LES BAINS,
Monday, 18 *November* '67.

ANYA, my dear, my precious, I have lost everything, everything, everything! Oh! my angel, don't be sad, don't worry. Be confident, a time will come when I shall be worthy of you and I shall stop robbing you like a wretched low thief! Now for the novel: the novel will help us, and if only you knew how I depend upon it! Rest assured I shall reach my goal and deserve your respect. Never, never shall I play again. Exactly the same thing happened in 1865. (36) It would be difficult to imagine a worse condition (I cannot imagine anything worse) but work saved me. I shall set to work with love and with hope in my heart, and you shall see what will happen in two years' time.

And now, my angel, don't worry. I hope and long to return to you, but it is impossible for me to move before Thursday. And this is why: you can know everything.

I pawned both my ring and my winter coat and I lost everything. I shall have to pay 50 francs for the ring and the coat and I shall redeem them (you will see how). But that is not what I want to talk about. It is now *three* o'clock in the afternoon. In half an hour's time I shall hand this letter in at the post office and see if there is one *from you* (I went to the post office this morning, but there was no one there). So my letter will leave here to-morrow—either at five o'clock in the morning or at eleven—I don't know which. But in any case, you will receive it to-morrow. All this time my bill at the hotel is mounting up and it will be impossible for me to leave. So I implore you, Anya, my angel, my saviour, send me 50 francs to settle my hotel bill. If you are able to send it to me on Wednesday early in the morning or to-morrow, Tuesday evening, then I shall receive it on Wednesday evening and I shall be with you on Thursday morning or *at six o'clock in the evening*.

My friend, don't weep because I have ruined you. Don't worry about our future. I will put everything, everything right.

My friend, I shall ask Ogarev (37) for 300 francs until the 15th of December. For a start, he is not a Herzen (38) and, secondly, although this is painful to me, even to the point of suffering, I will not bind myself by anything morally. *I shall say that* to him when I borrow the money. I shall say it to him honourably. Besides, he is a poet and a man of letters. He has a heart and, moreover, he is interested in me and respects me. He will not refuse me the money for these three weeks. At the same time, I shall write to Katkov, who will also not refuse me and I shall ask him, as an exception, to send me not 100 roubles in December, but 200 (and the remaining 200 roubles monthly, as was arranged). We shall return the 300 francs to Ogarev on the 15th December and we shall have 380 francs left. Meanwhile, with the 300 francs borrowed from Ogarev we will pay 50 francs for the coat and the ring, 80 francs for your clothes and 150 francs for the jewellery (39): 280 francs in all. There will be scarcely anything left, but, instead, we shall have our things. By not paying for our rooms we shall be able to live on the diamonds and the rings until we receive our money. On the 15th December we can buy them out and pawn them again, and this will continue for *three* months, and in *three months' time* I shall send Katkov the novel for 3000 roubles and then he will surely send, at my request, at least 300 to cover the expense of your confinement (40), and another five hundred two months later.

As for the expenses of our future little guest and angel, I shall invent something between now and then, and find some money. We will do our utmost bit by bit at first, then quicker and quicker, and we shall succeed.

Anya, my dear, for God's sake don't worry! I am quite well at the moment, but how shall I be able to sit here until Thursday waiting for the minute when we shall see each other again? Anya, I am unworthy of you, but forgive me. I shall leave here with great hopes, and I vow and promise you happiness in the future. Only love me as I love you. I love you infinitely and for ever. Don't think of my present behaviour as being weak or showing a lack of love for you. God knows how I have been punished and how I have suffered. But, most of all, I suffer for you. I am afraid you will be *alone* and sad (until Thursday) and you will weep and torment yourself and not take care of yourself. My holy angel. Anya, do understand that I am serious when I say another life is beginning. You will see me at last as I really am. I shall save money and put everything right. Last time when I arrived home I was almost dead, but this time there is hope in my heart. My only torment is: how can I wait until Thursday! Good-bye.

My angel, Good-bye, I hold you in my arms and kiss you. Oh! why, why did I ever leave you? I kiss your hands and feet.

Your ever loving,

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Send the money in this way: fold a 50 franc note into the letter, put it into an envelope and send it to Saxon les Bains, poste restante, registered.

P.S.—But for goodness' sake, don't grieve, don't be sad. My heart bleeds when I think you may fall ill any day now! And to think that I left you! I don't know how to wait until Thursday.

For God's sake, don't think I shall gamble with these 50 francs.

Oh! for God's sake, don't think that! I shall come straight to you.

I shall arrive at about *six o'clock* (and not in the morning) because it is impossible in this cursed hotel to be sure *of being wakened at four o'clock in the morning.*

1868.

18

SAXON LES BAINS,
Saturday, 4 *April* [1868].

MY DEAR ANGEL, NYUTA, I have lost everything. Half an hour after my arrival I had lost everything. What can I say to you now, my good angel, whom I tortured so? Forgive me, Anya, I have poisoned your life! And this, when we have Sonya now!

I took the ring to the pawnbroker, she took it with great disgust but did not give me any money for it. She said *she hadn't any,* but she told me to come for an answer at 7 o'clock. It is now 6.15 p.m. But she said she would not give me more than 10 francs. It is quite obvious that she is frightened and has been forbidden usury by the local authorities. She almost said as much.

I shall beg her to give me, not ten, but 15 francs. But with 15 francs, even with 20 (which she will certainly not give me) I cannot leave here. I must reckon at least 17 francs for the hotel and 8 for the journey, in all 25 francs, while I—I have nothing—absolutely nothing—only a few centimes.

But in any case, Anya, I *cannot* stay here. Help me out of this, my guardian angel (Oh! my angel, I love you *infinitely*, but it is my destiny to torture all those whom I love!).

Send me as much money as you can—not for gambling (I would swear to you but I dare not, for I have lied to you a thousand times before). This is the story in its worst colours. It may not be as bad, but I take the *worst* view, because it is nearer the truth.

If your money arrives the day after to-morrow, then we must reckon

a minimum total for *four days* at the hotel	60 francs
the railway fare	10 francs
for redeeming the ring	20 francs
Total:	90 francs

My angel, send me 100 francs. You will have 20 francs left or even less. Pawn something. If only I could get back to you quickly!

I won't gamble with it. I used to receive your other letters (with money in them) in the morning (last time it was before 9 o'clock) so that I was able to leave at once. If I get it again in the morning then I shall have time to think things over and *I will not go to play* (roulette begins at 2 o'clock).

I have taken the worst view. But I may not spend the 90 francs. Even if there are only 40 francs left out of the 100 francs you send me after everything has been paid, *I will not go to play.* I shall bring the rest of the money back to you.

And listen: at 7 o'clock the old hag will give me 10 to 15 francs. Since I cannot do anything with that money, and since living *here* is a *nightmare* to me, I shall gamble with it. Even if I only win 10 francs, then to-morrow morning, without waiting for your letter, I shall come back to you both. As for the letter, I can leave my Geneva address at the post office so that if your registered letter with the 100 francs arrives after I have left, then they can forward it to my address in Geneva.

So there is a chance that I may return to-morrow. But, my God, what a slender one!

Forgive me, Anya, forgive me, my dear! No matter how bad, how base I may be, I *do* love you both, both you and Sonya (a second you) better than anyone in the world. I cannot live without either of you.

For God's sake, don't be sad without me (I swear I am more cheerful than you think—but you love me so much that you will probably be sad about me).

Don't grudge the 100 francs, Anya! Including Maykov's (41) money we shall still have 200 and as soon as I arrive I shall do what I intend; you know I must write to Katkov. Now I know what I shall say to him. And you can rest assured, for I am hopeful. I have had this in mind for the last three days.

Forgive me, forgive me Anya! I kiss your feet; forgive your wicked husband. Sonya, Sonya, my sweet angel!

Oh! don't worry about me! But how worried I shall be about you, about you! What if it is four days instead of one!

I hold you in my arms, I kiss you both, I love you for ever, take care of Sonya, take very great care of her. Tell the landlady and everyone that you have heard from me and that I *may not* be back for another *day or two*. How shall I be able to live without you!

I have plenty of work to do. I shall either do some writing or send some letters to Russia. But you, you! You will weep all the time! Oh! Anya, what am I risking? It may affect your milk. Don't begrudge those 100 francs—I will return them. If only I could get back to you as quickly as possible.

Yours and Sonya's for ever—I will repay you by love, I will repay!

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Anya, don't think my request for 100 francs is mad. I am not mad! And don't think I am vicious: I will not play you false, I won't deceive you. I won't gamble. I am only asking for the money so as to be on the safe side.

Now I shall work day and night. When we came to Geneva in September last year, we were in a worse position.

19

BAINS-SAXON,

4 *April*. 9.30 *p.m.* [1868].

ANYA, my angel, instead of me, it will be this letter which will arrive at five o'clock, that is, if only you will think of calling at the post office in the evening. It is quite possible you may not think of it in your worries of looking after Sonya (of whom I am unworthy, for what sort of a father am I?) And especially because you will have had a letter from me in the morning. Still, it would be nice if you could also read this one to-morrow! The truth is that at 7 o'clock to-day I received 20 francs from that vile Madam Dubuc, but as I only had 50 centimes in my pocket, and those 20 francs would not have been sufficient to settle up here and return to you, I went to play at 8 o'clock and—I lost everything! Now I am left with the same 50 centimes. My friend! may this be my last and final lesson. Yes, the lesson is terrible.—Listen, my dear, once, that is the last time, you sent me some money very promptly, so that I was able to leave here by the morning train. At the latest I shall return on Tuesday. But if God so arranges that the money comes early on Monday, then I may perhaps arrive on Monday! Oh! if only that might happen!

N.B.—(By the way, in case my letter of to-day posted to you at six o'clock does not reach you, *i.e.* if it goes astray, which I don't believe is possible, then I shall tell you now what I said in it. I told you I had lost everything, down to the last coin, that I had pawned my ring and that I needed 100 francs as soon as possible. I also begged you not to be sad that I had lost so much as 100 francs, which is almost everything, and I gave you my last and final word of honour not to play any more, but to return to you as soon as I had received the 100 francs).

Now, my darling sweet angel and beloved, listen to the *chief thing* I want to tell you.

For a start, you must know, my angel, that if it were not for that vile miserable business of spending the 220 francs uselessly I should not have had the amazing and magnificent idea, which has just come to me, and which will contribute to *our final and mutual salvation* ! Yes, my friend, I believe that God, in His infinite Mercy has done this for me, a low, miserable and petty gambler, so as to bring me to my senses and to save me from gambling, and thus save not only me but you and Sonya, all of us and our future !

Just listen :

This idea came into my head before I came here ; but it was only just dawning then, and I should not have put it into action had it not been for this *shock*, had it not been for this absurd loss of our last crumbs. And now, I shall carry it out. I confess that I purposely put off writing to Katkov, which should have been done a week ago (to apologise for my delay). I was waiting to see the result of my journey here. But now having lost everything, I shall spend all to-morrow over this letter and write it here, *i.e.* I shall prepare it. As soon as I return to Geneva, on the very same day, I shall post it to Moscow. In that letter I shall explain my whole position to him, absolutely sincerely and frankly. The letter will be so sincere and frank that I think I shall be able to write it without any difficulty.

I shall begin by explaining to him the reason for my delay. The reason is accidental, namely your confinement. It (namely the delay) will not occur again, he will understand that. Then I shall tell him that as your health and mine went to pieces in Geneva, the doctors advise me, and especially you, to go to a better climate and only that would make us well again.

But as I cannot *in any circumstances* count upon any large sum of money, and as I have no time for moving, I intend (*i.e.* I very much wish) to settle quite near to Geneva, in *Vevey*, on the right bank of the lake, where there are no *cold winds* or sudden changes of climate.

In that little town, which is very like a village, and where the climate is beautiful and very healthy, I shall live in complete isolation until I have completed my novel (42). Isolation and quietude are absolutely necessary. The novel will be ready by the autumn, and I shall send it to him regularly. During that time my wife's health will improve and we shall rear our child without fear of her catching cold as we do now when we take her out into these gusts of wind.

Then I shall tell him it is hard for me to be living abroad, but that I have a 3000 rouble debt in bills of exchange. I set my hopes on the novel and on its success. I want to put my soul into it and perhaps it will be successful. Then my future will be saved. The novel will be ready by the autumn and if it is good they will buy it from me for a second edition (assuming that my debt to Katkov will be covered, *i.e.* written off). Then on my return I shall offer the second edition to my creditors.

And I shall say to him : " Mikhayl Nikiforovich, all my future is in your hands ! Help me now to finish this novel well (and I have a feeling it will be good)—help me now, give me the chance to live in a good climate, and in solitude until the autumn. And this is what I want :

Up to the present time, Mikhayl Nikiforovich, I have taken from you, a total of 5060 roubles (43) in advance, but since I have already sent you almost twelve sheets of my novel, we can say that I only owe you now approximately 3600 roubles, but in less than two months I shall send you another ten to twelve sheets and there will thus be only about 2000 roubles of my debt left.

I promise not to ask you for any more money until the complete despatch of those ten or twelve sheets, *i.e.* the whole of the second part (or by our former reckoning the third and fourth parts). Two months after the despatch of the second part I shall ask you for more money, but two months after that you will receive the third part, that is, the fifth and sixth, and then my debt will be no more than 1000 roubles and possibly less. Then there will still be a fourth part (that is the seventh and eighth) and my debt will be completely wiped out.

(*N.B.*—I absolutely cannot remember what was decided at my last interview with Katkov, whether it was 150 or 125 roubles a sheet (44). I will say to him that if the novel is good, that is if it is successful, then he must pay me 150 roubles a sheet (if that is what was arranged, but if it is not *very* good, but only good, then on account of its length (40 sheets) I will agree to accept 125 roubles).

As for the 300 roubles, the main thing is I want them now (if it is at all possible for our move to take place) and, no matter how my wife and I have calculated, it is impossible to live for two months, settle in another place and pay our minor debts under 1000 francs.

And so, Mikhayl Nikiforovich, practically my whole fate is in your hands.

In any case the second edition of "*The Idiot*" will still belong to you until such time as I pay everything off, that is until I have completed the novel, and then I shall turn to you again with the request to send me money so that I may return to Russia this autumn."

These will be the contents of my letter. (45) And I shall also add that, in view of your and my health and our circumstances, I would ask him to reply by return. Almost everything depends on that answer and I shall say to him "You are too noble a man to be offended by my request for an answer by return. All this time you have been almost like Providence to me, and it is only through you that I am happy, because a year ago you made my marriage possible. That is how I look upon you!"

And so, Anya, my sweet angel, that is the letter I propose sending to Katkov on the very day I return. I swear to you, my friend, I hope to receive a favourable reply!

Now listen further.

Katkov's reply and the 1000 francs will arrive (I firmly trust they will arrive) on the 1st May, new style. I am as sure of this as I am of God. To tell you the truth, the whole question actually depends upon us now, that is on you and me and the way God will help us to settle the matter. The whole question is this: shall we be able by the 1st May, new style (when Katkov has answered us), to arrange matters so that after having paid all our expenses and paid for the move to Vevey we can save 400 or at least 350 francs? Listen.

I reckon it this way: 200 francs for our pawned things; Madam Rolland (46) and others, another 100 francs; Josselin (47) 200 francs (at the most); and finally, 100 francs for your summer dresses (whatever happens!) (48).

In all, therefore—600 francs. There will be 400 francs left (but when I return we can work this out in detail together. Perhaps Madam Josselin will ask for more, but that doesn't matter! The main thing is to get out of Geneva quickly!). Now:

We shall have much to discuss about Vevey, but I don't think we shall have to pay 100 francs as we do here, but at the most, perhaps 50. And, of course, food is cheaper. We shall cross the Lake and take Josephine (49) with us.

Even if we have only 300 francs left after paying all our expenses and our journey to *Vevey*, that is not so little, because life at Vevey is much cheaper than it is in Geneva.

Now, my angel, my darling, my joy, my infinite heaven, my good wife, I have only one worry. Listen:

That worry is—what will you do with yourself? As a town, Vevey is even smaller than Geneva. True, its position is picturesque and the climate is beautiful, but there is nothing else except perhaps a library. It is true that Vernex Montreux is not more than six miles away where there is music, a Vauxhall, fêtes, etc., but even so it will again mean isolation until the autumn! It will be dull for you, my angel, and that is what I am afraid of! Was it for this I took you away from your mother, to make you unhappy and to suffer so much? But, my dear heart, think of what is the most *important* thing for us now: the success of my novel! (away, away with gambling, the cursed illusion, there will never be anything like that again!). But if the novel is successful—then everything is saved. Besides, it *must* be finished as soon as possible, definitely for the autumn. So in any case I shall not be able to travel about *until then* and I shall have to stay in one place. I am tired of Geneva. But in Vevey it will be like being in the country. I shall write day and night and the change of place will calm me for a long time, and my fits will quieten down in such a beautiful climate. The Geneva gloom will perhaps leave me. I shall bear in mind the fact that if the novel is finished both successfully and soon, then I shall be freed all the sooner. In two months' time I shall ask for another three or four hundred roubles. Consequently we shall have something to live on. Meanwhile, your health will improve in a good climate and by the time the novel is completed Sonya will be fatter and stronger (if only Mamma could come! (50) How she would help us in everything!). Then in the autumn, when the novel is completed and *the whole debt* to Katkov (or nearly all of it) is paid off, I shall ask for 1000 roubles, and by the middle or end of September we shall be able to leave Vevey and travel to Russia, via Italy, which I want to show you, through Florence, Naples, Venice and Vienna—to Russia. (If your mother is with us then we can first of all visit two or three places in Switzerland.) Of course, we shall arrive in Russia without any money, but if the novel is successful (which I shall see for myself, hear and be told), then I shall get orders and also be able to sell "*The Idiot*." I shall say to the creditors point-blank: "If you want to imprison me now, that is by insisting on my selling the novel at once, then I will sell it for next to nothing. Trust me for another four months and I shall then be able to settle with you."

What shall we live on in Russia? I shall find means in Russia. I shall find new work, new commissions.

And so everything depends on the novel, on its success and on our move to Vevey. Perhaps our whole future depends on it and as the years pass it will be very much easier. And perhaps in about three years' time we shall be able *definitely* and firmly to stand on our own feet.

Anya, my darling! I don't know what you will think of all this, *but I like my idea.* Katkov will certainly help. I am convinced of it, I am sure of it. As soon as I get back, and after having kissed you and Sonya I shall read you the letter, which I shall write here to-morrow. Oh! my darlings! But you must agree with me, my darling, that if this awful loss had not happened to me now, I should never have decided on *this move,* which will save us from everything and which I now consider is right. Heavens! we may even have to thank God for this affair, which has compelled me to pin my last hope on my work. Don't think, you must not think, my angel, that I shall gamble away a single franc out of those 100 francs, which you will send me! Even if I knew for certain that at this instant I should win something and I risked once again, I would be ashamed of the winnings both before you and before myself, after my resolution and my new hopes.

And if only you knew how all this has suddenly calmed me, and with what faith and hope I shall write to Katkov to-morrow. It won't be a letter like any of the others. I am so optimistic, so optimistic! There is only one thing, one thing, which hurts me, and that is the thought of the time I must wait before I can see you and Sonya.

Perhaps not until Tuesday. I shall do nothing but think of you both day and night! But the main thing which tortures me is that you will despair, that you will weep, fall ill and perhaps have milk fever. And why, why did I not write all this to you instead of that desperate letter? But although it had already dawned on me, I had not definitely worked out this excellent idea, which has now come to me. It came to me at about nine o'clock after I had lost, and when I was wandering along the avenue (it was exactly the same in Wiesbaden, where, after having lost at roulette, the idea of "*Crime and Punishment*" came to me and I decided to get into touch with Katkov. It was either fate or God).

Anya, believe in God, my darling, believe in His mercy and know that I have never been more hopeful or so full of courage as I am now. Only I miss you both terribly. What will happen to you and Sonya? Perhaps you will wear yourself out with worrying? Sonya, Sonya, if only I could be with you now!

My dear one, until the first of May we shall live on credit by pawning things, and on the money from Maykov. And I shall set to work immediately. I shall settle down to it and then hurrah!

But you, the two of you—oh! my God! We shall live in love and mutual harmony. I am so confident now, so certain that we shall go to Vevey. I swear to you, it is better than winning at gambling (and above all, if your mother were to come! There would be enough money for all of us. That goes without saying).

I hold you in my arms and hug Sonya. Be cheerful and bright. Wait for me. I tremble for you.

Don't worry, eat more, sleep more. By the way, tell them quite casually at home, that I am returning on Monday and that I shall be a day late. Oh! my darling! I bless you! If only we could meet again soon and happily.

I am quite well.

I am only afraid of one thing, that you won't go to the post in the evening and this letter won't reach you to-day. Perhaps I shall address it direct to the house.

Good-bye, my angel, until our *happy* meeting! I kiss you both.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

We shall *certainly* go to Vevey, only have faith and hope.

1870

20

HOMBURG,

29/17 *April* 1870. 11 *a.m.*

MY PRECIOUS ANYA—I have just arrived. I have neither washed yet nor eaten anything and my hand is trembling. I am tired and terribly worn out. I did not sleep at all in the night. The cold is so intense here (although the sun is shining brightly) that I cannot get over my astonishment. We were frozen stiff with cold in the railway carriage during the night and did not know what to do with ourselves, for after Leipzig we were packed like herrings. Just imagine, towards the morning there was hoar-frost over the fields and all the fields, roads, woods and houses seemed to be in a thick coat of snow right up to seven o'clock. The first thing I ordered here was a fire. But I don't think I have caught cold. The sun is glorious, but there are only two degrees Réaumur outside. I have just been told that there were more than 20 degrees of heat here last week. This hotel is called "The Park Hotel" and is close to the Vauxhall. It seems rather a poor hotel: the hotel porter brought me here. It is untidy and my room is wretched, although it costs one and a half florins. I am in room number 10. Well, my friend, that is all the news about me so far. I am feeling rather faint and I am very depressed. I shall wash, eat, change and go to the Vauxhall. As I passed it, there was a concert going on, and I think there was quite a number of people at it.

And now, about you, my dear love: write to me without hiding anything, write everything about yourself. Above all, are you well? I hope you have not caught cold. For I suppose it is just as cold where you are. Is there any news? My dear, write fully to me about Lyuba. Kiss her for me and give her my kind regards. When you kiss her then do so twice, once for yourself and once for me. What have you settled about the rooms? Is your Mother sleeping in your room? You ought to have fires in such cold weather. I forgot to tell you, Anya, that when you go to the post office for my letters it would be better if you went late in the day, for I may post my letters in the evening and in that case they would probably arrive late, somewhere about four or five o'clock.

Don't be cross with me, my precious angel, for sending you such a short letter. I tell you I am so tired that the pen is almost dropping out of my hand. Perhaps I shall leave this hotel—it seems too awful. What shall I write to you about to-morrow, my precious? Will it be of success? It is not good to arrive with jangled nerves, but what is to be, will be; I have made up my mind to keep calm.

I kiss you a thousand times (for a start) and Lyuba also. I don't know whether you will want to greet your Mother and Ivan Grigorievich (51) for me. If you don't think it will be awkward, then do so. Don't leave this letter and envelope lying about or they may guess where I am.

I would write more to you if I were not so dead tired. It was not only cold on the journey, but some funny things happened too. After Eisenach (at dawn) the views were extraordinarily good. What beautiful country! Don't write to the hotel, Anya, but write poste restante. It is safer.

I hold you in my arms and kiss you. I love you with all my heart.

Your husband, Fedya,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Bless Lyuba (52) for the night and kiss her for me.

1871

21

[Dresden 1871.]

ANYA, my dear love, don't copy what you took down in shorthand yesterday; I have decided to destroy it. But instead, if it is not asking too much of you, copy the last page (you will find it in the "*Russky Vestnik*"). If you don't feel well, then leave it: I will simply cross it out. Please note, it is not wanted until five o'clock and, therefore, don't kill yourself over it and don't hurry too much. Kiss irrepressible Lyubka and also Mr. N. N. (53), who is in *solitary confinement* and obscurity, and who is still silent, but like Lyubka will one day make himself known.

Yr. F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

1st *February*. 4.45 *a.m.*

Wake me at two o'clock, but look in before that.[1]

22

WIESBADEN,

Friday, 28 *April* [1871].

ANYA, for God's sake, for Lyuba's sake, for the sake of our future, don't worry, don't be upset, and read this letter carefully to the end. You will then see that the trouble is not actually worth such despair. On the contrary, something will be gained and will be worth more than was paid for it. And so, my angel, keep calm, listen and hear me out. For God's sake, don't kill yourself.

My precious one, my eternal friend, my heavenly angel, of course you have understood. I have lost everything, everything. All the 30 thalers which you sent me. Do remember that you are the only soul who can help me and there is no one else in the whole world who loves me. Remember too, Anya, there are misfortunes, which carry within themselves their own punishment. As I write, I wonder what will happen to you? How will it affect you? I hope nothing will happen to you. And if, at this moment, you pity me, don't pity me, that is not enough! . . .

I did not dare send you a telegram and I would not dare to after your last letter in which you said you would worry. Just imagine if a telegram were to arrive to-morrow. . . . "Write to me" (54) . . . well, what would happen to you?

Oh! Anya, why ever did I come here?

This is what happened to-day: first I got your letter at about one o'clock, but I did not receive any money. Then I went home and wrote an answer to you. It was a base and cruel letter in which I almost reproached you. You will probably receive it to-morrow, Saturday, if you go to the post after four o'clock. I went to post my letter and the man again told me that there was no money for me: it was already half-past two. When I went there for the third time at half-past four he gave me the money, and when I asked him at what time it had arrived he calmly replied: "It was about two o'clock." Then why didn't he give it to me at half-past two? When I realised that I should have to wait until half-past six before I could leave here, I went to the gaming tables.

---

[1] Anna Grigorievna (Dostoyevsky's wife) adds a note to this letter "written in 1871 at Dresden." Feodor Mikhaylovich used sometimes to leave notes on the table at night when he had something urgent to say, but did not want to wake people in the house.

Believe me, Anya, or believe me not, but I swear I had no intention of gambling. So that you should believe me I shall confess everything to you. When I telegraphed to you for 30 thalers and not 25 it was because I wanted to risk 5 thalers, but I am not even certain of that. I calculated that if I should have any money left over I would bring it home. But when I received the 30 thalers to-day *I did not want to play* for two reasons: (1) your letter had impressed me too deeply; I could just imagine what was happening to you (and I can imagine it at this moment), and (2) last night I dreamt of my *father* (55). He looked terrible. Only twice before in my life he has appeared to me and each time he has warned me of a terrible calamity, and each time the dream has come true. (My heart stands still when I think of the dream I had three nights ago in which your hair had turned grey. My God! what will happen to you when you get this letter!).

But as I stood at the gaming table I began to lay stakes mentally. Should I be able to guess correctly or no? And what do you think, Anya? About ten times running I guessed aright. I even guessed the zero. I was so impressed by this that I began to play and in five minutes I had won 18 thalers. Then, Anya, I forgot myself. I made up my mind I should leave by the last train and spend the night at Frankfort, but at least I would bring some money home. I was so ashamed of having *robbed* you of those 30 thalers. Believe me, my angel, the whole year I have dreamt of buying you a pair of earrings to replace those which I have not yet redeemed for you. You have pawned everything for me during these last four years and you have been roaming about abroad with me and longing to be at home. Anya, Anya, do remember I am not a cad, I am only a passionate gambler.

(But please remember, Anya, that this craze is over for ever. I know I have said this often before, but I have never had such a feeling as I have now. I would gladly free myself of the dream and would even thank God that things are as they are, despite all the troubles, if it were not for my anxiety about you at this moment. If you are furious with me, Anya, remember how much I am suffering and shall suffer for *another* three or four days. If ever in your life you find me ungrateful and unfair, then show me this letter !).

By half-past nine I had lost everything and I left the tables in a stupor. I was suffering to such an extent that I ran straight to a priest. (Oh ! don't worry, I didn't go anywhere near him and I won't either !) I thought as I ran to him along the unknown streets in the dark : after all, he is God's minister, I shall talk to him not as to an ordinary person, but as at confession. But I lost my way in the town and when I reached the church which I had thought was Russian, somebody in a shop told me it was not a Russian church but a Jewish synagogue. It was like a bucket of cold water over me. I ran back to the hotel. It is now midnight and I am sitting up writing to you. (I won't go to the priest (56), I won't, I won't, I swear to you I won't !)

I have one and a half thalers (15 groschen) left in small change, which is enough for a telegram, but I am afraid of sending one. What would it do to you ? That is why I have decided to write this letter and post it to you to-morrow at eight o'clock in the morning. I am sending it to your address and not poste restante so that you may get it without any delay on Sunday (but what if, because you are expecting me to arrive, you decide not to go to the post office at all !). To-morrow I shall probably send you another letter poste restante. I shall post it late ; and the day after to-morrow, Sunday, I will write to you again.

Anya, for the last time, save me. Send me 30 (thirty) thalers. I can make that do : I shall economise. If you can manage to send it to me on Sunday, even if it is late, I shall be able to return on Tuesday or at the latest Wednesday.

Anya, I lie at your feet, I kiss them and I know you have a perfect right to despise me and to think " he will gamble again." By what shall I swear to you that I won't, I *won't* ? For I have deceived you before. But, my angel, do understand : I know you would die if I were to play again. I am not absolutely mad. I know I should be lost if that were to happen. I won't gamble, I won't, I won't. I shall come back *at once*. Believe me. Believe me *for the last time* and you will not regret it. Now I shall work for you and for Lyuba without sparing my health. You shall see, you shall see. All my life I shall work and I shall do *what I intend to do*. I shall provide for you. If you have not sent the money by Sunday, send it early on Monday. Then I can be with you by mid-day on Wednesday. Don't worry if you can't send it to me on Sunday, and don't think too much about me, I am not worthy of it.

But what will happen to me ? I can stand a very great deal. I am morally reborn (I say this both before you and God) and if it were not for my worrying about you these three days, if it were not for the constant thought of what will happen to you, then I might even be happy. Don't think I am mad, Anya, my angel, my salvation ! A great thing has happened to me—the hideous illusion (57) which has *tortured* me for almost the last ten years has vanished. For ten years (or rather ever since my brother's death when I was suddenly crushed by debts) I had been hoping to win. I hoped seriously, passionately. But now it is all over ! This was *absolutely* the last time ! Will you believe me, Anya, my hands are now free : I was tied to gambling, but now I shall think of my work, and cease dreaming for nights on end about playing, as I used to do. Besides, *work* is better than gambling, it will go quicker and God will bless it ! Anya, keep me in your heart, don't begin to hate me or cease to love me. Now, when I am so renewed, let us go forward together and I shall make you happy.

Ah ! Lyuba, Lyuba, what a scoundrel I have been ! But I am only thinking of you. I can just imagine what will happen to you when you read this letter ! And how worried you will be before you get it—while waiting for me to arrive—what thoughts you will have ! Will this letter reach you in time ? What if it goes astray ? But how can it go astray when the telegram reached you at the same address. In any case I shall send a few lines to you poste restante. And I shall post them some time to-morrow.

I am wondering whether I shall or shall not hear from you to-morrow ? Probably not ! You are expecting me in person to-morrow and you may not write.

If you are *not* able to send me the money on Sunday, then write me a letter. I should be so happy to read if only a few lines written by you, even though you may have cursed me. If you are not able to write to me on Sunday, then send the letter early on Monday, together with the money (if you cannot send the money on Sunday either). In any case the letter will arrive before the money. And I should be so happy to hear from you ! Anya, when I think of the state you will be in when you get this, my heart almost stands still. That is my only suffering. All the rest, the boredom, sadness and suspense, all that I can bear.

I can stand more than that. I shall try to occupy my mind with something : I shall sit down and write two necessary letters—to Katkov and to Maykov ! Believe me, Anya, our good days are at hand ! Believe me, from now on I shall achieve my ambition—I shall give you happiness ! I kiss you both, I embrace you. Anya, forgive me !

All yours from now on,

Feodor Dostoyevsky.

P.S.—I shall *not go* near the priest, not for anything in the world, not in any circumstances. He is one of the witnesses of the past, of the old days, of what was and has now vanished. It would hurt me even to meet him!

P.P.S.—Anya, my eternal joy, my only happiness in future, don't worry, don't suffer, take care of yourself for my sake.

Don't worry about those damned insignificant 180 thalers. It is quite true that we are again without money—but it won't be for long, not for long (perhaps Stellovsky will help us out). (58) Of course the date for our pawned things will expire soon—those pledges which I loathe so! But this is the last time, absolutely the last! Then I shall get some money—I know I shall! If only we could return to Russia quickly!. (59) I shall write to Katkov and implore him to *hurry* and I am sure he will do as I ask. I shall write to him in such a way that he will accept. (60)

Only for God's sake don't worry about me (for you are an angel and although you will curse me, you will pity me and you will, therefore, worry). But don't be anxious: I shall be reborn in these three days, I am beginning a new life. Oh! if only I could come to you quickly, to be together again soon! Only one thing frightens me: what will happen to you when you receive this letter? Believe in one thing only—in my boundless love for you. And now I shall never torture you with anything ever again.

P.P.S.—I shall remember this all my life and each time I shall bless you, my angel. Yes, now I am yours, yours inseparably, all yours. Until now *half of me belonged* to that cursed illusion.

23

WIESBADEN,
Saturday, 29 *April* '71.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANECHKA.—This morning (9 a.m.) I sent you my letter of last night to the Moritz Strasse address, but I am sending this one on the assumption that the last one may not reach you or be delayed, and I am addressing it poste restante as usual, and in that way I shall be certain of your hearing from me to-morrow, Sunday.

I told you everything in my letter; that I had lost your last 30 roubles, and I implored you to save me once more and to send me, for the last time, another 30 roubles.

This morning, my friend, I awoke at 8 o'clock, and as I had only fallen asleep at 4 a.m. I had only slept for four hours. I had to run to the post with my last night's letter. My fears for you are even greater during the daytime. My God! what will happen to you and what have I done!

(I did not dare send you a telegram for fear of frightening you and I decided it would be better to send you a letter to Moritz Strasse which would probably reach you sooner and more safely. I explained all this to you in my last night's letter.)

There are three whole days before me of unbearable suffering, moral suffering of course. Physically, I think I am well. But you, are you well? That is what is breaking my heart!

I shall not go to the priest. I forgot to add in that letter something which may be important. If you receive my letter at home (that is, the one addressed to Moritz Strasse), and as you were expecting me to arrive instead of a letter, then you might tell your mother, who probably knows you were expecting me, that I have had an epileptic fit and because of my condition I could not risk travelling in a railway carriage for 17 hours in a cramped position and having to spend a night without sleep, and that I have, therefore, stayed here for another two or three days' rest so that the fit should not recur. This is how you can explain my delay to her. If she has discovered that you have pawned things so as to send money to me, then you can say something like this: that, as usual when I have a fit, I spoilt the overlay mattress and that I have had to pay 15 thalers for it. As I was ashamed to discuss the matter, and to avoid a fuss, I paid the money at once and I had no money left for the fare to Dresden, and that as it takes three days to receive money from you, and as those three days would mean extra expense, you had to send me more than the 15 thalers.

Anya, I think about you all the time and suffer. I think of our return to Russia. I have reckoned it all out—we shall be able to manage on Katkov's and Maykov's money, and Katkov will send some before June (I shall write to him and ask him), but I shall write to Maykov very insistently. I have worked out how we can manage with the money and we shall even be able to buy some clothes and travel back to Russia. And in Petersburg I shall get some money. Of that I am convinced. And, besides, I am quite certain Ivan Grigorievich will not refuse me the 4000 roubles loan (61) and it will all be settled in the first month. He will be living in Tsarkoe Selo during the summer. You cannot imagine, Anya, how much I hope matters will improve for us and we shall revive by the winter. God will help and I believe in that.

I am perfectly convinced that in our situation, with our extra expenses, no matter what money we receive, we shall always have too little, we shall always seem to be bankrupt, and to cure this we need, apart from our means, a considerable sum—say four to five thousand roubles. Then, once on our feet again, we shall be able to go forward. That is what I shall do. I have thought a great deal about the matter and I have decided it is impossible for Ivan Grigorievich to refuse me. It is absolutely impossible.

But the first important step for us now is to return to Russia! That is what we should do before anything else. I shall sit down and write to Katkov to-day.

Anya, don't be sad about the money. I understand how hard it is for you to pawn things, but soon, soon, it will all come to an end and we shall be renewed. Believe me.

Do take care of yourself, for the sake of our future child, for Lyuba, for my sake. Don't fret and don't be cross with me for writing as I do. I know that I have no business to tell you to "take care of yourself," when I don't take care of you.

Anya, I am suffering so much now that, believe me, I have been punished too much already. I shall remember it for a long time! But if only God will protect you now. Oh! what will happen to you! My heart stands still when I think of it.

It is rainy, damp and very wet to-day. Everything is so depressing and sad—but I think cheerfully of the future. The thought of the future revives me. If only I could have just a little peace, then my novel would be magnificent. There would then be a second edition (62): money in advance from the periodicals (recognition once again), and we would be on our feet.

If only we could get back to Russia quickly! Oh! to put an end to this damned business of being abroad and to these illusions. Oh! with what loathing I shall look back on this time.

Only do forgive me, and don't stop loving me.

Good-bye, my love, I kiss you and Lyuba—I shall write again to-morrow.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—I understand only too well that you cannot possibly obtain or send me the money on Sunday. I shall wait until Tuesday, but I shall enquire at the post office on Monday on the off-chance. I go to the post office at least twice a day. Perhaps I shall see you all on Wednesday, *i.e.* if God helps me, and I receive the money not later than three o'clock on Tuesday.

I asked for my account at the hotel. It was 18 florins—the charges are outrageous. This means that by Tuesday it will be 30 florins or slightly more: I shall travel third class on the rest of the money.

Good-bye, my angel, good-bye. I kiss you. F. D.

24

WIESBADEN,

Monday, 1 *May* '71.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA.—I am writing only a few lines to you in anticipation of your letter. I am just going to the post office and if I don't hear from you, not even a few lines, then I shall be very unhappy. Of course, I don't expect to receive any money from you to-day.

I am only thinking of how I could possibly get back to you quickly. I am living in a fever—and it is very upsetting. Yesterday was a very difficult day for me and to add to it all—it was raining. It cleared up towards the evening and I went out for a walk. But I am always much more unhappy in the evenings for I am always thinking of you. I keep imagining how it has all affected you. I don't sleep well and have bad dreams.

How is Lyuba ? Kiss her and tell her that her daddy kisses her. Talk to her about me now and again so that she should not forget me.

I am terribly afraid I shall not have enough money for everything. But I shall manage somehow. (Rest assured—I shall not go there. Besides, it is quite unnecessary even to mention it.)

It is a week now since we have seen one another.

Well, good-bye, my dear, I am in a fever. What will the post bring ? The cursed postmaster may not give me the letter or mislay it. If you only knew how careless and haughty they are at the post office !

If I have anything to add to my letter then I shall come back here and reopen it.

Good-bye, my precious friend.

I kiss all three of you. Your

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Half past one.

Just now (exactly at one o'clock) I received your precious little note and I am adding a few words to my letter.

What upsets me more than anything else (and I am not joking) is that Lyuba should mistake the landlord for me. Can she possibly have forgotten me so soon ? But then she calls all men *papa*, the frivolous creature ! And a light-hearted one too : but women are all like that.

You are the only exception.

Thank you, Anya, for rescuing me—I shall repay you.

And now about the most important matter.

I have received your letter, but so far no money.

I explained everything to the postmaster and he told me *most positively* (after having questioned me sensibly) that I should not receive the money before 7 o'clock this evening. Still, I shall look in at the post office at 3 o'clock.

And now what am I to do, Anya? If I don't leave here at 4 o'clock, then I shall not be able to leave Frankfort to-day! There is no train.

I shall have to spend the night in Frankfort (it is expensive here and noisy, my hotel bill is terrible, and I don't know if I shall have enough money for it). If I am to spend the night somewhere—then where? In the hotel? But will they wake me in the morning? Am I to sit up all night at the station? But the station is closed at night.

Still, I shall manage somehow. The best thing would be for you to expect me to-morrow some time before midnight. The train gets in at about 11 o'clock. For God's sake don't be so silly as to come to the station at that hour! For God's sake, do you hear, I ask you not to!

A most important remark: if I don't come to-morrow, *i.e.* on Tuesday by midnight, then *for God's sake* I implore you, don't lose heart and don't think I have again gambled the money away! *That will not, that cannot happen.* And if I am late, then it is because, for some reason or other, I have been delayed on the journey. One never knows what may happen, what delays there may be.

And finally: I shall probably arrive hungry, because I don't think I shall have *enough* money for food on the journey. So I would ask you to prepare something for my arrival (it does not matter what it is). And if you are a true Christian, my beloved Anya, then don't forget to buy *a packet of cigarettes* for my arrival, because I shall probably have nothing to smoke.

At the moment I am drenched through. It is still pouring with rain and I have no umbrella. It will be awful if I don't get dry by the time I have to leave here.

Good-bye, until we meet.

I kiss you.
Your,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

1872

25

MOSCOW,
2 January '72.

MY DEAR, MY PRECIOUS ANYA.—Yesterday I was delighted to receive your letter and one from Lyubochka. My little angel, I can imagine how she wrote it. Kiss her and be kinder to her if she is naughty. Fedka (63) has truly rejoiced me by getting well again. But are you all well at this particular moment? Kiss my boy for me. I bet he will recognise me when I come and will smile at me. Listen Anya, the 13 degrees you are having worries me (we have had about the same here, but it is 8 degrees to-day). Your coat is not fit for 13 degrees. For God's sake, don't catch cold, take care of yourself, and if anything happens wire to me! I am very anxious about you all and I am longing to see you. Meanwhile (because of holidays) I have realized how much time I am wasting here, which is both boring and expensive. Yesterday I only left cards at the Katkovs; but to-day, in spite of the fact that Katkov is terribly busy and has a crowd of people constantly disturbing him by their visits, I went to see him at one o'clock to talk *business*. It was only after great difficulty that I was able to see him. There were three other people waiting. At last I went in and stated quite frankly my request for money and a settlement of our (former) old accounts. He promised to give me a final answer on the day after to-morrow (the 4th January). And so it will only be on the fourth that I shall have his answer, and then the paying out of the money and all the other matters will take up still more time. It will be all right if I can leave on the 5th, but what if it has to be the 6th or the 7th? And, moreover, I shall be spending money.

Averkiev (64) has invited me to dinner to-morrow. As for Verochka (65) I only spend the evenings there, because I am ashamed to dine with them; they seem to be *very hard up*, and it is quite obvious, so I dine at my own expense. The day after to-morrow I shall write to you about the final result, and if anything else happens I shall also write to you to-morrow. I think Katkov will give me something—I am sure he will. I am judging by his tone, and he would not want to keep me here to no purpose. After seeing Katkov, I went to see Aksakov who received me most warmly.

I sat with him for three hours. He invited me for Thursday evening, but only some unforeseen circumstance will keep me here until then. All the time, my love, I am wondering whether Polyakov (66) has harmed you in any way, but for God's sake don't worry! He will not have time to make any false moves before I come even if he would wish to hurt you. But we ought to have come to some understanding with Hinterlach (67); that worries me far more.

Where did you bring in the New Year? I was, of course, at Verochka's; Sasha Karepin (68) was there, and it was fairly amusing. Still I am very sad. Pleshcheyev (69) is away. I am thinking of going to see Chayev. (70) I don't think I shall go to the "*Besseda*." (71) I have not had time to visit Elena Pavlovna and, besides, her children have got scarlet fever. Take care of our children, for God's sake, take care of them! My eye has begun to ache again (but not so badly as in Petersburg). Good-bye, my angel, I don't think you need write to me after the 4th, because your letter would miss me. But write to me on the 4th, and if *anything* happens, then write or wire. But I pray God no such extreme will be necessary.

I kiss you with all my heart. I love you very much. I kiss and bless the children and I thank Lyuba very much for her letter. Kiss her hand for it, buy her some sweets and tell her they are from *Daddy*.

I kiss little Fedya's gaping mouth.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

26

MOSCOW,
4 *Jan.* 1872.

MY KIND, PRECIOUS LOVE, MY ANYA.—I was at Katkov's to-day, and again there is a difficulty; he apologised and asked me to wait until their accounts were made up, which they have not yet had time to do. I think the matter will be settled to-morrow, but even if the answer is favourable (with their delay and carelessness here) I doubt if it can be settled in a day. However, I don't think I shall stay longer than the 6th or at the most the 7th, especially as I am spending a terrible amount of money here and I shall probably not have enough. The worst of all will be if the decision is unfavourable. And I am afraid it may be, although Katkov is very anxious to do all he can for me. I went from Katkov to Voskoboynikov (an old acquaintance in the same house who is now working for Katkov in the editorial offices of the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*"). I heard from him that my accounts were in great disorder, but that at Averkiev's request he had looked through them the day before yesterday, and the result is there ought to be 1300 roubles to my debit. Please notice that the two last sheets of the novel, which were suppressed by them (72), were not taken into account.

Then he told me that, dating as from last year, no payments of money were being made without Leontiev's consent, for Katkov had voluntarily ceded this absolute power to him. Consequently, everything depends on Leontiev, and I am not at all certain that that man is well disposed towards me. Voskoboynikov (73) thinks the only reason that Katkov did not give me an answer yesterday was because he had not had time to talk it over with Leontiev, who is very busy in the Lyceum.

So I am again doubtful and, moreover, if they refuse me I shall be compelled to break with them, which will be a very bad thing.

How sorry I am that I told you not to write to me after the 4th. You could quite well have written on the 5th without your letter missing me.

Your letters, my angel, make me very happy. But is everything all right with you? I am glad you and Lyuba had such a happy time at Christmas. Kiss her for me. I am afraid she will forget me. How is Fedya? Is he well? Is it warm at home? Do have fires, my love, even if it is only slightly cold! We have 20 degrees of frost here to-day. Yesterday morning, Averkiev brought me a ticket for the theatre and I went to see his play. After that I dined with him, but I went to see Verochka in the evening. They are very depressed and have absolutely no money. I offered to lend her some in a brotherly way, but she refused. But to-day Sonya was expecting to receive 140 roubles from the "*Russky Vestnik.*"

On the whole I am very dull here and it is chiefly due to the great uncertainty. *In any case* I shall write to you to-morrow.

Good-bye, Anya, my love, my joy. I kiss you with all my heart. I confess I am still very hopeful. Here is one point; I told Katkov in confidence the subject of my next novel and I have heard from Averkiev that he has already told this to two people.

If that is so, then he surely cannot treat my request for money casually (but Leontiev is another matter).

I kiss the children, Lyubochka and Fedyurka. Feed them better, Anya. Don't stint them of meat. I am afraid that creditors are bothering you. I am terribly afraid of Polyakov.

Good-bye, my angel. I kiss Lyubochka and Fedya. I kiss you.

All yours, your loving,

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.

It is a good thing you are making an inventory of your brother's estate.

Everybody sends greetings. My kind regards to Olga Kirilovna (74) and to her husband.

27

STARAYA RUSSA,

Saturday, 27 May '72.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.

At one o'clock to-day I saw Fedya. I think he is quite well and very jolly. He recognised me at once and tried to pull off my hat. I am afraid he will go mad over hats. The priest has already given him absolute possession of a very, very old one of his, but it is not so much the hat which interests him as the possibility of pulling it off the head. At this moment (3 p.m.) he is being rocked to sleep, but for the last two hours he has been crawling all over me and babbling without ceasing. He also loves to crawl about on the floor. He is not in the least thin. But he has many small spots on his face the size of a pea, though not very bright. I have been told that the spots were larger and redder at first and that now they are rapidly disappearing. His bowels are quite in order and regular. He looks very cheerful. They said he was sad for the first few days, *i.e.*, he crawled from room to room looking for you. Nurse says he didn't sleep at all the first night, but that he has a good appetite. But he sleeps well now, in fact everything about him is perfectly all right. The Vauxhall was opened here yesterday. I shall wait another day and if the spots don't disappear I shall ask Rokhel (75) and Shenk (76) for advice.

The priest was delighted to see me again. He asked me many questions and I told him everything. Nurse also seems pleased that the operation has been successful, but I think she is disappointed that you are not returning.

At this minute my head is going round for I have had hardly any sleep. We missed the boat at Novgorod, because it had been making a special journey with the Governor on board on the occasion of the opening of the Vauxhall. However, it came in at six in the morning, but we were not allowed on board until a quarter to eight and then only after we had bought our tickets. I spent from two until six o'clock in Soloviev's hotel, where I slept for about an hour and a half. On the whole the weather is quite fine here, it drizzles every day, but it is not so close as it was in Petersburg. Still, the weather is wonderful.

Now, the chief point is about Lyuba. I am very anxious about her. What if you go out into the street with her and then faint ? Or you might fall. Also, will the little hand be straight when they take the bandage off in three weeks' time ? Quite enough evil has come of our carelessness through our having trusted people too much. The bones must set properly. I hope the heat and the stifling weather will not affect her and that she won't fall ill. And what if you too were to fall ill ? For God's sake, ask your mother not to leave you ! Your position with Lily is incomparably worse and more trying than Olga Kirilovna's. She will be surrounded by all the aids and refinements of science. Besides, I am sure they wouldn't even allow Mother to bath their child. I am also wondering how you will be able to return here : the journey is so trying with so many delays and changes.

I miss Lily. I left her at such a critical time ; and even though I could not have done anything for her, at least I could have seen her and I would not have been so wretched now.

Be careful when you take her out into the streets. There is so much jostling in Petersburg, so many drunkards—for God's sake, don't go to the fête on the 30th May or she will again have her hand broken in such a crowd! I think of it all the time and about a thousand other things, and I am very depressed.

Your note has also puzzled me. To begin with, we have no washerwoman. To whom then did you mean I could *immediately* give everything to be washed? I thought we had found a washerwoman long ago. Mariya brought one along and I gave her a few things to try her (of course after making a list). Then, secondly, it is quite clear from your note, which is at this moment before me, that I should find all the linen, both clean and dirty, and the house linen in the large trunk. Absolutely worn out and broken by the journey, and hardly able to stand on my feet, I began to look for it in the large trunk, and with what result? I found absolutely no linen whatever. (77) That is to say, in the fullest sense of the word, it was as if someone had played me a practical joke. There are two or three of your chemises, which I believe were washed in Dresden, and nothing else except a few old cloths. It is true there are a few serviettes of sorts in which some pieces of cloth are wrapped, but that is all. There is no linen. There is some sort of linen in a cupboard; my dirty linen is in the large clothes cupboard, and there are some odd garments on chairs, and there are two or three serviettes and some dirty sheets in the second drawer of the chest of drawers—in fact, everything is lying about scattered and in terrible disorder. The washerwoman will be here again on Monday and I shall then collect all the remaining oddments; give them to her and make a list. And now my legs are simply doubling under me. I was rummaging in the trunk for about an hour and a half. I didn't disturb anything. But I will hunt there again. Still without any list of our linen it will be very difficult for me to get it into order.

I have to hand my letter in at the post office before 9 a.m. for it to leave here *on the same day*. And so in no circumstances can this letter leave here to-day, but it will probably do so to-morrow.

I am not bothering about all the other matters. I am far too tired and I am terrified lest something happens to one of you. I feel I shall not be able to rest all the three weeks.

When children are first bathed in the salt baths here a rash appears on them after a fortnight, but after about three months it disappears (*i.e.* the rash passes). Perhaps Fedya has got scrofula? Or perhaps his spots appeared before the baths and are simply a result of the air here? He ought to have had the baths. But if the spots disappear of their own accord, there will be no need to go either to Shenk or to

Rokhel. Apart from the spots (which are disappearing), I repeat—he is absolutely well and cheerful.

I kiss Lily many times—talk to her about me, remind her of me. Has she even once asked about me? Well, good-bye, I do ask you to write to me even if it is only five lines; but write oftener, and above all with perfect frankness.

I kiss you very often, your absolutely tired out,

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.

The spots on Fedya's face are much smaller than the size of a pea (I made a mistake); they are pale brown in colour—but at first they were red. He has scratched his hands and feet badly. He is biting terribly. He is just awake and very jolly.

Just think of it! The priest has not yet had my second letter.

28

STARAYA RUSSA,
Sunday, 28 *May* '72.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.—I want to write to you again, and after that I shall begin writing every other day as agreed. I am anxiously waiting for a letter from you, but it is already 7 o'clock and it is not likely that I shall get one to-day. How is Lyuba? I am terribly worried about your stay in Petersburg. Last night Fedya had a hot bath, but in the night he woke up several times. Still, he is quite well, his bowels are in splendid working order, he is wonderfully bright, drags off people's hats and laughs. I suspect he is beginning to cut his teeth, because he bites so much, but he has no temperature. It seems to me that nurse is too fond of rocking him to sleep. I think it only causes the blood to thicken. He ought to be taken out into the fresh air oftener. The priest's family, and especially the priest himself, seem to be very fond of Fedya. The spots are still there; they are quite small, and are almost the colour of his hair. To-day, there are three new large red spots. But I see now, and I am *quite convinced* it is no illness at all; but it is simply a rash. There were three great changes here for him: the air, water and food. The priest has just been telling me that he met some doctor or other and asked him what the spots, such as Fedya has on his face, could be. He said children always get them after such changes, and it is sufficient to have only one change—such as a change of air for instance—to give him not only a flush for a few days, but even a rash. He then asked if the boy was fat or thin. If the child was fat, then he would certainly be slightly flushed for a few days. But when he heard that he was cheerful and had a good appetite, and that his bowels were in order and that he had no temperature, then he said there was absolutely nothing to worry about and that it was exactly as it should be. Still, if the spots don't disappear by to-morrow or the day after to-morrow, then, in spite of his perfect health, I shall ask Shenk to come and see him. I confess I am afraid of consulting doctors before you come back. One may easily chance upon a fool, who would shout at once that he has to be treated for scrofula, whereas Fedya has not got it. That often happens with bad doctors.

Take care of Lyuba and try to pay greater attention to the physical side of your own health. Sleep more, for example. You cannot help going out—but I am terrified that something may happen to you in the street.

I am dreadfully bored here. The weather is fine and not too hot, the sun is shining, but we have had showers all day. This morning Rumyantsev (78) and I went to call on the Archpriest (Ivan Smelkov). (79) His wife expressed a great wish to make your acquaintance. The Archpriest seemed very pleased by my visit, but he seems to me to be ten times worse than our Rumyantsev.

I went to the station and to the Vauxhall, and I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing more difficult here than to try to get some information. You have to find out everything for yourself. There weren't many people walking about in the gardens. But quite a number of officers have arrived. There are many children with scrofula here. However, people continue to come here, they go round the town looking for rooms.

I am convinced that it will be very dull here until you return. I shall set to work to-morrow. The important point is that you are not here to help me with your shorthand and I should like to send my work off to the "*Russky Vestnik*" as soon as possible. (80) The priest has returned the money to-day. (81) I took it at last without arguing. It was 21 roubles, 4 of which I have spent. In all, I have 72 roubles in my pocket. Oh! Anya, I must work, and finish the work, and the money will come to us.

But I am terribly worried about you all. What if you fall ill, or fall asleep by mistake—what will happen then to Lyuba? If only you would write. How is Mother? Has Olga Kirilovna had her baby yet? (Fedya has just woken up and is chattering away to nurse, he loves talking, but it is all "Llia, dlia, dlia, lee, lee, lee," or else he roars with laughter, but he can't say anything yet. He has pulled off my hat and the priest's too about ten times to-day.)

The people here are obviously terribly conventional, all trying to be society, and they speak abominable French. The ladies are all trying to show their fashions off, although most likely it is all poor stuff. The garden theatre opened to-day. There is a play on by Ostrovsky—the seats are expensive, but I should like to go because of old associations. There are very few cafés or pastry shops here. What miserable places these watering-places are, and I don't like the park at all. Besides, the whole of Staraya Russa is awful. Still, the air would do both you and Lyuba good and I am waiting for you.

I kiss you, and I bless Lyuba and pray for her. Talk to her about me. Hurry up and come here, both of you, and then we shall think of the immediate future.

For God's sake, write frankly to me about everything! You see I always write very frankly to you.

Your,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Kiss Lyuba. I kiss you. Please don't get thin.

29

STARAYA RUSSA,
30 *May* '72.

MY FRIEND.—I have just received your news about Marie Grigorievna's death. (82) I am terribly shocked and I am very sorry about it. Poor soul! But how is it she only died on the 1st of May, when we had heard of her illness about 3 months ago? I am sorry for the children. Pavel Grigorievich will marry as soon as the year is out. (83) I am absolutely against your decision about Mother. It is against all laws of experience and knowledge of the human heart. If you bring her to Staraya Russa and only break the news to her here, then the shock will be all the greater, *i.e.*, she will be most terribly shocked; and you have chosen the most dreadful way of breaking the news to her. Pavel Grigorievich is in despair, the children are crying, and if you were to tell Mother now—half her grief would be spent on sympathy for them and on the *thought* that, after all, their loss is not less, but more than her own, especially the children's. *Her* grief would inevitably abate before their grief and it would be easier for Mother to weep with and over the children. Whereas, if it were concealed from her now, then after the first moment of grief, she would rush to Petersburg to weep over the children, for she would feel convinced she could be of use to them. And how resentful she would feel towards you if she remembered she had not seen the children for a long time, or perhaps had scolded or thought badly of Masha! In fact, she should be told at once, and to lighten her grief she should be taken at once to see Pavel Grigorievich and the children, especially to the children, who are crying. Otherwise you may be the cause of her falling ill.

But I know you Snitkins, it does not matter what is said to you, you will have your own way and I am perfectly certain you will not listen to me. I would most certainly advise you to bring Mother down to Staraya Russa after breaking the news to her (when you return yourself). This is a lonely spot, there are many rooms here, she can live as if she were in her own home in Saxony and she can rest. But see that you *invite* her and insist. To do that you must certainly break the news to her now.

I am very worried about Lily and suffer because of it. I can imagine how stifling or cold it is in Petersburg. You don't say anything about the weather. Will the hand be straight? I see from the papers that there is smallpox in Petersburg. Beware of the Vassilievsky Island and the Petersburg-side districts—there is smallpox there. Please write about Lily.

Fedya is well and happy. I called Shenk in yesterday.

He examined him thoroughly and said that the rash did not mean anything at all, that all children have it. He does not need to have any salt baths, but it would not do him any harm to be bathed in a tub with soap from time to time. As Fedya laughed while he was here he could not help admiring the child, and said he was a splendid boy for ten months.

Our nurse is good and loves Fedya, but she likes to have her own way and has also to be watched. She never likes to tell me whether Fedya's bowels have moved or not, and so on. The evenings are slightly damp after 7 o'clock, but she takes Fedya out in the same little vest and even without a hat, and sits him down on the ground. Both the priest and I have seen her do this. But don't worry.

Where are you now? Perhaps you are staying somewhere else? I hope the death of a healthy young woman will not have a bad effect upon Olga Kirilovna and make her nervous on the eve of her confinement.

Yesterday I received your first note, your letters are a bit too brief, Madam.

I have at last managed to find two sheets and some serviettes in the trunk. But that is all. There was no linen of mine there, but I have found it all in various other places.

I kiss Lily. It would be nice if you were to write a little oftener.

I kiss you.

Your,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—I am terribly sorry about Masha. If only there were no such thing as death!

I am afraid that troubles never come singly.

If only we could be together again. I am constantly having bad dreams.

Fedya's spots are much smaller—but he has scratched his legs terribly so that they are quite sore, *i.e.* he has scratched the old mosquito bites he had in Volkhov and the bites from bugs here. Shenk saw all this and said there was no disease, that the mosquito swellings would disappear of themselves and that the spots were nothing, and that if they itched it was all for the best, for the more a child's rash itched the less harmful it was. Those were his words. But Fedya has no rash.

Lily's "sugar-doll"[1] will be seven days old to-morrow. . . .

30

STARAYA RUSSA,
3 *June* 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANNA GRIGORIEVNA.—

I received your letter of the 30th only yesterday. For some reason or other there was no post. And to-day I don't expect to hear from you either, because it is already 7 p.m. You say that I worry unnecessarily. But how can I help worrying when there are so many unexpected complications at every turn? You say you have been ill; but you may be ill again. And what will happen with your mother's illness and her ignorance of Marie Grigorievna's death? Besides, will everything go well with Olga Kirilovna? All this must surely worry you—and too, you are Lily's sole protector. Who will look after the poor little patient, if you fall ill? How can I help worrying here? I am not writing anything about Lily. At any moment she may break her hand again, for it has not set yet. One has only to leave her alone for a second. . . .

Your letter of the 1st June has just been brought to me for which I am very grateful, because I cannot express how much your news cheers me. But the worst part of it is that you don't sleep. Listen, Anya; can a sick nurse help you in any way? You should send for one and she would sit with Lily. Otherwise you will not be able to manage alone. Altogether your situation is not at all bright and the end is a long way off. Poor Lily, of course she is dull and sad. Fedya too seems dull and you know what a simple boy he is and not at all fractious. He loves me tremendously, as soon as I go into his room he goes mad, he yells and struggles to reach me. He loves being in my arms. I think you will find he has grown and is stronger. Nurse does all she can to amuse him. I am almost sorry for her. Her health is better, but Fedya wakes up in the night. It would be all right if he cried, but he wakes up and simply roars with laughter. Children need life and sunshine, they need to grow, but there is no sun here. Lily is in that stifling shell of a town, while we are in a heap of mud here. We are having disgusting weather for the fourth day. Yesterday and to-day we had such rain—I have never seen anything like it in Petersburg. And it has not stopped yet. Everything is wet and sodden. You can't imagine the filth there is outside and to-morrow it will be just the same. Also, it is cold : I have had fires both yesterday and to-day, and finally, the wind changes frequently. Fedya asks to be taken out, but I daren't even think of it. He is dull and cries. I show him horses when they pass by our window, he is terribly interested and loves horses, and shouts " Tprru." But now I cannot even take him to the windows because there is a terrible draught at each window. One couldn't live here if the place were not heated.

---

[1] Lily's bandaged hand.

I should like to know what you have decided about the clinic, where you are thinking of living, and if something could not be done so that you might return here sooner without taking any risks.

About Mother ; I still continue to think that she should be told now. Otherwise, she may secretly blame Ivan Grigorievich for not having taken care of her so that she might look after Olga Kirilovna, and that it was for this reason he did not tell her of Masha's death before Olga Kirilovna gave birth ; whereas if she were told now, then believe me, her anxiety for Olga Kirilovna would be increased twofold at the crucial moment out of a demand for an inner rebirth of energy after such grief, and this anxiety would heal the grief itself by deflecting it on to another object. . . . I only feel doubtful about one thing—whether her foot is really better. It sometimes happens that grief increases and complicates an illness even if it is only a physical one.

What sort of weather are you having ? The same as ours ? Ours is awful. There is nothing more unbearable than trees and wooden houses in the rain and under such a terrible sky.

If only you knew how bored I am here. It is pleasant enough to write when it flows, but I write with difficulty. And I have no desire to write. Also I have nothing to read. Which Alexandra Mikhaylovna (84) was it who came to see you ? Was it my sister ?

I don't know whether I shall have time to post this letter for it to leave here to-morrow morning before eight. The post office is a long way away and besides, I cannot go to it ; it is so dirty underfoot and wet. Don't laugh. It is almost impossible to walk here in such weather.

The people are not very nice here. All of them except our priest are terribly queer, stupid and common.

For God's sake, take a cab and don't walk here! Don't be so foolish as before, don't carry Lyuba. Please be sure to take a cab, and see you get enough sleep. The lack of sleep will kill you.

We shall have to see to all that again. You must rest for at least two months.

My money is also vanishing although I keep accounts and don't allow myself anything extra. This week I have already spent 20 roubles.

Good-bye, Anya, my love. I kiss you and Lily. Give her 1000 kisses from me. I pray for her.

Your,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

31

STARAYA RUSSA,

Monday, 5 *June* '72.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.—I have just received your Saturday letter. All this news is simply killing me. Above all you, your condition: of course, you won't be able to stand it, you cannot live like that. It is physically impossible to go on without sleep, wearing yourself out over Lyuba. We must come to some decision. My opinion is that you should come here whatever happens, and come here at once. You must ask Barch (85) for a note or for verbal instructions about Lyuba's hand and bring her here with her hand in a bandage. Then let Shenk remove the bandage after a month. I don't think anything serious would happen. Ask Barch and Glama. (86) Ask them what could happen? (I don't think anything would.) And explain to them that you *cannot possibly* stay in town any longer. I am really very worried about you. Remember that if you fall ill, matters will be worse for all of us and all our plans will be upset. This is what I think about your mother: if she can, then let her come here with you, if she cannot then surely she would not like to lose a second daughter? You have children and your own responsibilities; you cannot spend all your time in looking after others. I feel they ought not to keep you in Petersburg. You should only get as much money as you will need for the journey and Ivan Grigorievich can send us some later on. Do realise that if you are going to stay in Petersburg then you won't be able to leave before a month after the operation, for the bandage should not be removed before 3 weeks even if they agreed to do so.

I well remember that both Barch and Glama pulled faces when I first asked them about the 3 weeks and they advised a month. But you won't be able to stand a month in Petersburg.

Hadn't you better return and leave the whole matter to Shenk, especially as there will probably be nothing else to be done ?

You want to move over to Ivan Grigorievich's to-morrow (*i.e.* Tuesday) and I can imagine how nice that will be for you ! It seems that Olga Kirilovna was a whole month out in her calculations. You will be living in a house in which there is chaos, where everyone is ill, where Ivan Grigorievich will probably lose his head, where you will have no room to move round in, where Lyuba will be a nuisance to everybody and especially to Olga Kirilovna. No Anya, better come straight here to Staraya Russa, but come at once, now.

Do realise that indecision is much worse for everyone. After all, what is there to keep you ? By the time you read this letter Lyuba's bandage will be exactly two weeks old, that is a very hopeful sign. After all, she is quite well, has a good appetite and wears herself out because she is bored and then wears everybody else out too. If after two weeks here Shenk finds something else when he removes the bandage then you can go to Petersburg again. But that will not happen. So do come.

Perhaps you don't want to leave your mother and Pavel Grigorievich's family ? But you must realise that on the other hand you will be a burden in his house. As for Mother, implore her to come to Russa, and if she cannot come now, then she should come when her foot is better.

I promise you, Anya, if you don't come I shall come for you myself. I cannot imagine anything worse or more wretched than your present position, but if you fall ill—it will be too late then. I shall not be able to write anything all summer and what shall I do then—hang myself ?

I cannot go on living in such a chaos. All your reasons for staying in Petersburg are fictitious. Actually, why are you there ? Any question of risk for Lyuba's hand is over. Is it money ? Then borrow a *little* (a very little) money from Ivan Grigorievich, enough to get here and the matter is settled.

Therefore, after receiving this letter, I beg you, I insist on it, begin packing at once, go to Barch or Glama and leave for Russa on the same day.

Besides, as I am suffering indescribably from all manner of doubts—answer me the minute you get this letter (and I think we ought to write letters daily—otherwise it is impossible).

Any excuses or false tales that you are well and that everything is all right—will be dishonest towards me and Lily (not to mention poor Fedya). In any case Lily is longing for the country, only she can't say why, but it is quite possible she may fall ill in the stifling heat of Petersburg.

Well, and will it be any better if I have to lose time by coming for you myself in three or four days' time? Quite enough money and time have been wasted already without the slightest profit.

But I don't want Lily's bandage to be taken off for another month, *not on any account.*

Your mother cannot bear you a grudge for being an ungrateful daughter (Ed. *next sentence crossed out*).

Fedya is well, but I wish you would return. He quite obviously misses something and is very sad.

Above all, I ask you to let me know at once, this very second, don't put it off, and write to me daily even if it is only three lines.

The weather has cleared up since yesterday. Anyway it is healthier here than in Petersburg. I will also add: if you were here less money would be spent. I have 57 roubles in all, which includes the 21 roubles paid back by the priest. But I am very economical.

Yesterday I went to a service at the Cathedral. The Archpriest has already been to see me twice. I have been to see him once. I shall go again.

Life is unbearably dull here. If it were not for Fedya, I should probably go mad.

I am writing terribly badly. Perhaps one day we shall have a month of peace, without any need to worry or to be immersed in work. Otherwise I shall not be in a fit state to earn money or to live without being cursed at. What a gipsy life this is, full of pain and sorrow, without the slightest joy and nothing but suffering, suffering, suffering!

Don't be angry—this does not refer to you. But do understand it would be better to live with common sense than without it. So weigh up my suggestion and return here *at once.* I cannot possibly understand the reasons which could keep you. Unless you are ill. Pray God that may not happen! For everything would then be lost, and above all we have not any money to bless ourselves with.

For God's sake, answer me at once!

Your very loving,
FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—I have re-read this letter. For God's sake, don't be angry with me! I am not reproaching you. But it may become so unbearable in the end that you won't be able to stand it. I foresee the very possible calamity of your not being able to stand it and falling ill, and hence my despair in advance. But if, by chance, your mother falls ill and you have to stay with her—then stay, but let me know immediately and write every day. If you fall ill yourself—even slightly—write at once, the very minute, or ask someone to write for you (ED. *a word crossed out*) but don't tell me " lies."

Don't worry, I shall wait for your answer, only send it *immediately* and write every day (don't bother about style, just three lines).

I kiss the little martyr, Lily, a thousand times and the Lily who martyrs others. Oh ! how hard life is ! It is enough to drive anyone mad !

32

STARAYA RUSSA,
Thursday, 8 *June '72*.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,

I have just received your letter of the 6th June. Letters seem to reach me later than anyone else in town. The post comes at one o'clock, but I don't get it until six in the afternoon. I complained about it to the postman, but he only shouted at me. People are terribly rude here. You write that Barch wants to remove the bandage on the 12th. I am glad if it is possible, but I am also anxious. What if the little hand is not quite healed yet and begins to grow crooked ? Perhaps Barch is going to do this because he does not see any other remedy, *i.e.* because it isn't possible for you to wait. Oh ! Anya, we may hurry now, but what will happen later on ? This is my insistent request : come to a decision only if Barch can fully and convincingly assure you that there is *not the slightest* danger.

And again : after the bandage has been removed you should take precise instructions from him. It is impossible for the matter to end like that. The hand should be looked after and taken care of for some time yet. Be sure to ask Barch : won't the hand begin to ache when the bandage has been removed (the skin may begin to peel for instance) for it has been hermetically sealed from the air for so long. And finally, won't it be dangerous after having taken off the bandage to allow the child to use the hand as if it were healed ? Would it be wise ? She may lean on it or knock it and the little joint, which has only just set, may be broken again.

It is a good thing you have moved over to Dr. Snitkin (87) and not to Ivan Grigorievich. I was absolutely miserable at your last decision. How could you have lived in those stuffy rooms, where there is so much furniture, where there is a woman expecting a baby, and with Lily who is capricious and cries ? It would have been absolutely mad. But

I doubt whether you will be comfortable at Dr. Snitkin's. Oh! Anya, it would have been much better to stay in the Maxmilianov Clinic until Wednesday if Barch has found it possible to remove the bandage. What are 35 roubles? At least you would have been in your own rooms, whereas now they may even scowl at Lyuba. There is also a child there, Lyuba will be in the way and will be a nuisance.

So I shall expect to see you very shortly. I am very dull here. The work is labour (and bad labour at that) and not simply a diversion. If it were not for Fedya, I should have died of boredom. Fedya is quite happy, but far too quiet. He is very sweet. The mosquito bites on his hands and feet are no better. Every night he scratches them, they are terrible to look at and I don't know what to do with them. Some kind of midge, just becoming lively here, is biting him again. Their bite itches terribly, a lump swells up and will not disappear. Perhaps it is mosquitoes again.

Don't forget to buy some paper. I'll soon have run out of it. Won't you get some large packets for me? Don't forget to bring the "*Russky Vestnik*" and the "*Besseda*."

There is absolutely no time to pay any calls, but I must go to the Archpriest. I have no time for walks. I only run in for a few minutes to read the papers. Money simply melts here.

I kiss you. I kiss Lily innumerable times. If only I could see her for a second.

All yours,

F. Dostoyevsky.

I shall count the days now until you return.

I don't know to which address I should write to you. I am sending this to the old one.

And won't you bring Mother? Invite her, insist on her coming. And do pay more attention to her foot.

33

Staraya Russa,

9 *June* '72.

My dear Anya,

Your letter of the 7th in which you try to reassure me has just arrived. I am quite reassured, only it was stupid of Barch not to explain the matter to us at the beginning. These gentlemen seem to imagine we all live like abstract beings without any troubles and with all time at our disposal. And now it turns out that the removal of the bandage is quite an important matter. Why didn't he say so at first? It would have saved much misunderstanding. I think it would be a good thing if the bandage were taken off on the 14th instead of the 12th, but it would be a pity to disturb it before that if the doctor finds it is not healed and has to put a second bandage on, a felt one. Of course, if you have been told to stay longer, then you must, but oh ! how I long for both of you to come back quickly. I feel I could die of boredom here. If you are bored when you come here, at least you will be happier than in Petersburg, and Lily even more so. You say you posted your last letter in a moment of annoyance, but the very fact that you have such moments of irritation signifies much. (Ed. *four words crossed out.*) I also think about Lily. Petersburg is worse for her now than in the winter, whereas the air here is pure, there is sand and perhaps the baths will help. You might speak to Mikhayl Nikolayevich (88) about the baths. *N.B.*—In order to take the baths here, you have to produce a permit given by a doctor, who must describe the illness on the certificate and state that the invalid should take at the outset so many baths (let us say ten) and that he will prescribe more later on. The ten baths have to be paid for in advance and a ticket is issued as a pass to the baths. Such a certificate can be obtained from a Petersburg doctor. Don't you think you should ask Mikhayl Nikolayevich for one if he thinks it would be helpful ? But it doesn't really matter. We shall not be able to manage here without Shenk.

Individual or family tickets are necessary for the Vauxhall, the music and the library. I think they cost between four and six roubles.

If Barch insists on personally removing the bandage, then that will be excellent, for the matter will be at an end once and for all. The fact that he *especially* insists worries me somewhat.

I simply must copy out all I have managed to write. The work will drag on terribly. Our little Lily has cost us dear.

The Archpriest has offered me the Vladislavlevs' cradle, which they left in his house when they lived there, and he has already sent it to us. It is an enormous cradle, in which even a grown-up could sleep : it is deep and does not rock. And so there are beds for the children. You say you are viewing flats. When do you find time for it ? You ask my opinion, but what can I say when I have not seen them ? I will only say one thing definitely : don't on any account take a flat in Shestilavochnaya Street. You know my principle about flats : pay a little more, but let it be comfortable and quiet, for in such a flat *I can get more work done*, otherwise, we save 200 roubles, but lose 1000 by not being able to write. From your descriptions I like the flat in the Saperny Street much better, but as there is little difference in price between it and the flat in Trotsky Street, I will, of course, leave it to you to decide ; and, by the way, please give preference to high ceilings.

The higher the better, even if the rooms are small, the ceilings should be high.

Six or seven hundred roubles will not be too much for us if God helps. But the trouble is from which date is the flat to be taken? From September or from the day of occupation? What are we to do? We must be patient, but we must work. The whole question and problem depends upon that. It would help if you could take it now and pay a deposit. Fedya is well and happy. But it would be better if you returned earlier. A little more distraction would be good for him. The weather here is not so bad. I kiss darling Lily. Does she remember me? Hasn't she forgotten me?

Your,

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.

34

STARAYA RUSSA,

12 *June* '72.

JUST now, at 7 o'clock, I received your letter of the 10th June. My letters are brought to me later and later, and it looks as if they have decided to bring mine last of all. The postal authorities here treat one according to rank! I will only answer you with a few lines. I absolutely agree with all your intentions as you already know, but I shall be terribly lonely if Barch makes you stay for a fourth week (although we cannot do anything except obey). You say you miss me probably more than I miss you, I answer I don't know whom I miss most; but would you believe it, I am so dull here I even feel annoyed I haven't had a fit. If I were to hurt myself during a fit, that at least would be a diversion. There simply cannot be anything worse or more disgusting than such a life as this or this Staraya Russa. Fedya is well. He cried a good deal yesterday and hardly slept all last night. It is perfectly clear now that it was his teeth. He cried terribly in the night, appallingly, but as soon as I went to him he cheered up, and when I held him in my arms he began to show me how cows moo and birds twitter. This afternoon, he was much happier. He has slight diarrhoea (but very slight). He enjoyed his food, he has just been to sleep and is now awake and cheerful. What will it be like to-night?

Dear Lily, how dull she must be! So you are living almost alone in Fonarny Street (89) and the family is away in the country! That's good. If you leave soon, for heaven's sake pay attention to what I have already written to you about the journey. Don't tire yourself and take care of Lily. When I got your letter yesterday I was very anxious about my brother Kolya (90) and I forgot to write to you. My dear, before you leave, could you find out about him and give him a little money ? What if he were to die ? I would be most distressed.

Good-bye, my friend. I thank you for missing me, even a little. I am working all the time and it is very difficult. It is already seven o'clock and I have not been out all day. The weather here is not so bad, only it is windy. I kiss you and your hands, and I kiss Lily a thousand times.

Yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

What if you leave on Wednesday and this letter does not reach you ? But you will probably not be leaving on Wednesday. I don't know whether to write to you again to-morrow and the day after or not. I shall see how matters stand.

35

STARAYA RUSSA,
Wednesday, 14 *June* '72.

TO-DAY I received your letter of the 12th, and I see, dear Anya, you are definitely coming back to us. I shall, therefore, only write a few lines in the melancholy hope that you have not been able to set off yet and may still receive this letter. Fedya is well and in a good mood. We are all waiting for you. On the night of the 13th I had a very severe fit so that my brain is still fogged and my limbs are shaken. This has stopped my work, so that I don't know what to do about the "*Russky Vestnik*" or what they are thinking of me there. (91) It is nonsense to say the steamer cannot put in. It came up to the very shore to-day. It won't be able to come in at the end of July or August when the river is low. It's useless to talk about money. Our money matters are in a very bad state. I am very anxious about you and Lyuba on the journey.—It is also dangerous that as soon as there is the slightest wind the steamer has to stop and wait. You should come by boat from Petersburg to Russa. Well, good-bye, I kiss you. Come soon. To-day is Wednesday. What will Barch say ? And when shall I know about it ? It is obviously difficult for me to believe you will arrive to-morrow, Thursday. I shall be lucky if I see you here by Saturday.

Well, good-bye, I kiss you and Lily a thousand times. I am anxious about her on the journey.

Your husband,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

My love to everyone. It is raining here to-day.

36

Moscow,
Monday, 9 *October* 1872.

My dear friend, Anya.—I received your kind letter yesterday evening, for which I thank you and kiss you with all my heart. So Lyuba and Fedya think I am sleeping in my room? I am sorry for them, the angels: let them forget me a little. Tell them I am buying them some sweets and shall bring them back with me. How are you? I moved over to Elena Pavlovna's (92) on Saturday after having paid the "Europe" for a day, and I am staying in one of her rooms in an annexe to her house. It is nice and quiet for me. Everything seems to be settled with Lyubimov: they have decided to print in November and December (93), but they were surprised and frowned on hearing that it was not finished yet. Besides this, Lyubimov is doubtful about the censorship (*since we are now without Katkov*). Incidentally, Katkov will be returning soon: he is in the Crimea, and will be back at the end of this month. They want to issue the November number on the 10th November and the December one on the 1st December—that is, in about three weeks' time I must have everything finished. It is terrible to think of the amount of work I shall have to do in St. Petersburg. I have insisted upon having my old manuscripts from them for revision (besides Lyubimov begged me to). There is much to correct in them and it is slow work; and in the meantime I should very much like to leave on Wednesday. That is why I am sitting at home and working. But in a few minutes I shall have to go to Vesselovsky (94), who will probably be out; consequently I shall have to go to him two or three times. Yesterday I went to see Perov. (95) I met his wife (a silent and smiling person). Perov lives in a Government flat of 2000 or more roubles a year, if you value it in Petersburg money. He seems to be a rich man. Tretyakov (96) is not in Moscow; but Perov and I are going to-day to see his gallery, and after that I am dining with Perov. I have not been to see anyone yet. I wanted to see Averkiev, but I could not find his address. If I find it then I shall go to see him. I don't know whether I shall go to the "*Besseda*." There is a tremendous amount of work to be done with the correction of the manuscript. I shall have no time to go to the "*Besseda*" (and in my opinion there is plenty of time for the "*Besseda*"). Well, those are all my adventures for the present. The weather here is summery, but the evenings are rather damp. For God's sake, buy yourself a hat! I am expecting a letter from you. I shall write again to-morrow, Tuesday.

But I should like to have at least one more letter from you. And I beg you to send me a telegram if anything happens to the children. But this is in case of some accident (God forbid !). But I don't think you need write to me after Tuesday (if it is at all difficult), because I want to leave here on Wednesday for certain. If anything keeps me here another day it will be the revision of the manuscript ; but I don't think that will happen. If I am even a day late—I shall let you know.

Good-bye, my dear friend. I kiss you passionately. I dreamt of you.

Your,
F. Dostoyevsky.

I kiss Lyuba. Tell her I love her better than anyone in the world, as much as Fedya.

My God, how nervous I am here about them ! Such sadness comes over me at night. Everyone sends you their love. Sonechka (97) is so delicate, but Mashenka (98) is fat and with signs of scrofula. Elena Pavlovna is busy from morn till night.

37

Moscow,
10 *October* '72.

My dear friend, Anya.—I am sitting at work and there are so many corrections to be made that I see I shall not be able to leave here on Wednesday, but only on Thursday. I am writing this letter at 3 o'clock in the morning. I am terribly sleepy, but there is so much work to be done that I dare not go to bed. Also, to-morrow morning at about 9 a.m., I have to go to Vesselovsky again, whom I cannot get hold of. He is in the law courts from morning until night because of the Myasnikov case. (99) But I don't want to stay here longer than Thursday ; it is terribly dull. I am only writing to you so that you need not wait for me in vain on Thursday.

I dined at the Perovs to-day. Kiss the children for me. For the love of God, Anya, take care of them. I kiss you.

Yours wholly from head to foot,
Feodor Dostoyevsky.

11 *a.m.* I had a severe fit in the night. My head aches. I must work, but I don't know what to do. I didn't go to see Vesselovsky. I overslept. I shall have to run to him to-day and chance finding him in after dinner or in the law court. Damn it, what a lot of running about and trouble Kolya has given me !

1873

[Ed. *In* 1873 *Dostoyevsky was greatly taken up with the lawsuit on the subject of the inheritance from his aunt Kumanin, which had been dragging on since* 1869, *as the other heirs, the Shers, the Kazanskys* (*and others*) *were energetically asserting their claims. Apart from Vesselovsky, Dostoyevsky had dealings with two other lawyers: Polyakov of Petersburg and Zheromsky of Moscow. As he was busy editing the periodical* "*Grazhdanin,*" *Dostoyevsky found an assistant in his nephew—his brother Michael's son—Feodor Mikhaylovich Junior. Both of them had been to Moscow in the summer, startled by the visible turn of events in favour of the other side. Anna Grigorievna was spending the summer with the children in Staraya Russa. Dostoyevsky sends letters to her there giving details of the case* (*for further details see notes*).]

38

Moscow, 20 *May* '73.

My dear friend, Anya,—At mid-day, to-day, for the train was an hour late, I arrived at my rooms in Elena Pavlovna's house. I did not find anyone in: Sonya is in the country with the children and Elena Pavlovna has joined her. I discovered that Elena Pavlovna would be back this evening, so I took a room. Then I dressed and went to see Polyakov (100) who had left his hotel address with Elena Pavlovna. Fortunately he was in. He was very pleased to see me and said that he was not able to do anything without me. He told me he had made enquiries everywhere in the Law Courts: no case had been fixed for hearing on the 21st May. But in his opinion the Shers (101) had certainly started things going. He had a copy of the will and the whole case (18 pages) and he had paid 25 roubles for it (he knows how to throw money about!). He said it was necessary to have one. He told me he had been to see Varya Mikhaylovna, who met him with suspicion and said to him among other things " Do you mean to say that my brother, Fedya, wants to deprive me of everything? " I went at once to see Varya. By the way, she was in great distress because her son-in-law, Smirnov, had died (he was buried the day before yesterday). He left a widow (her daughter) and five small children. Poor Varya was weeping, but she welcomed me very amiably. She is even glad (and I believe quite sincerely) that we have taken up the case. She is certain that the Shers have already started and have lodged a petition with the tribunal. She assures me that the heirs were called upon a few months ago. She asked me not to forget her fourteenth part when the estate would be divided up. But everyone here is convinced that the Shers will win. They base their opinion upon some decision of the Senate in December in a similar case which went in favour of blood relations. Incidentally Varya is convinced, because a fortnight ago her brother, Andrey Mikhaylovich (102) arrived, stayed with her, and not finding Vesselovsky in Moscow telegraphed to him to another town. Brother Andrey only came because he discovered about the Shers and was also convinced (as we were too) of the possibility of receiving everything. He put Varya up to this idea too.

Everybody here seems to feel certain that our receipts for the 10,000 roubles borrowed by me (102 *a*) and my brother Misha, and my aunt's words about us in the will, deprive us of the right to claim anything now, but Polyakov laughs at this. My brother, Andrey, is probably counting on this since *he has not written to me.* Vesselovsky arrived to-day as a result of Andrey's telegram and on the following day (so Varya tells me) Andrey returned after seeing him, feeling quite discouraged. It seems Vesselovsky convinced him that nothing could be done as the Shers were in the right, whereupon Andrey left (*N.B.* But how did Andrey hear about all this? That is the mystery). Varya gave me original birth certificates, which are very important, for it is a proof that she is on our side and is very friendly. I stayed with her for a long time and went to Polyakov in the evening. After telling him about all this I handed the documents over to him and suggested he should go to-morrow to Vesselovsky, who is usually in town twice a week from ten to twelve in the morning, and then finally to decide what is to be done. It is quite certain that the Shers have started. But, where and when? No one knows and Polyakov wants to find out. He says he will stay here until Wednesday, and when he leaves he will ask a friend (an official) to follow the case in court and to let Polyakov know in Petersburg as soon as he discovers the Shers have sent their case up.

Polyakov is excited and more hopeful than ever. He says the estate is valued at 52,000 roubles, *i.e.* by the court valuation and trustees. If that is so, according to the *first* Government valuation, then it is probably worth more. I told Polyakov quite *frankly* that I should take the case to court if the Shers began it, for I did not want to offend my sister. I said this before my visit to Varya. But now it is quite clear they have started and perhaps in secret. I shall write to you about what we can do during the next three days. Zheromsky (103) was at

Varya's and she felt that Zheromsky was more *efficient* than Polyakov. In two days Zheromsky found all the *birth certificates* from the different parishes. He also discovered there would be nothing brought up at court on the 21st, but it is left to us to keep active. He tells Varya that he is acting for Kolya simply out of friendship. Zheromsky and Polyakov both laugh at the Shers' hopes and don't believe in the December decision of the Senate.

Well, that is all about the case. To-morrow we shall know more about it. I am only afraid that Polyakov will spend too much money. In the evening, I went back to my room and saw Elena Pavlovna. Sonya arrives to-morrow. Elena Pavlovna says she is very nervous for Sonya, who is absolutely killing herself with work. I am writing to you at a very late hour. I must get up early to-morrow. I slept badly last night and now I can hardly stand up. I didn't sleep at all last night. Write to me and tell me how you are and whether you are well. Please write more fully. It has been very trying for me to-day with all this worry and business. I never used to come to Moscow like this. Write me as many details as you can about the children. Although it is half-past ten the maid is waiting to take this letter to the post. Mashenka is very ill. Vitya (104) arrived to-day and went straight to Darovoye. (105) For God's sake write about the children.

Good-bye, I kiss you.

All yours, Your very loving,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

If you faint or if the slightest thing happens to you then wire to me immediately. Don't worry yourself too much. I shall leave here definitely on Thursday if not before.

All yours.

39

PETERSBURG

[*Tuesday*, 12 *June* '73.]

DEAR ANYA.—I have only just received your letter at 8 p.m. and I was beginning to think of sending a wire to the priest (106) because I was so anxious about you all. I am glad everything is all right. I am afraid you have tired yourself too much. I kiss my angels, Fedya and Lily. I am very bored. Rent a country house for us with a garden as soon as possible. Yesterday morning my case came up and I was fined 25 roubles and sentenced to two days' imprisonment. But the final verdict will not be pronounced until the 25th June and as a result we shall have a long time to wait. (107) I am writing in a hurry. Write to me soon. I have a great deal of work to do. The typesetter has just been abominably rude to me. At Meshchersky's (108) he is made to wait in the entrance hall, but I always ask him to come in and offer him a seat—that is probably the reason why. But I am afraid the reason may be more important than that: namely, that Meshchersky has not paid Transhel (109) but asks for credit, and that is why they do everything carelessly now and are insufferably rude. I cannot bear that. Just now, on returning home I found Polyakov and Fedya. (110) We came to an arrangement of sorts. Polyakov demanded 25 roubles from me for his journey to Moscow. Fedya sends much love. There is a terrible amount of work. I hardly see anyone. But to-day I went to the Kashpirevs. (111)

I go to the nursery and look at their empty cots. Kiss them often for me. Good-bye, I kiss you.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Don't stint the children of sweets. Look after them. Have enough sleep. That is the main thing and be careful not to catch cold.

40

PETERSBURG,
Thursday, 14 *June* '73.

DEAR ANYA.—I have just received your letter. I am very glad you are all well. Kiss the children for me. I shall be very happy if the baths do you good. If you are pleased with the country house then what could be better? I am very busy. It is now nine o'clock in the evening and I have not even begun the long article, which must be given in to-morrow. (112)

Besides, I get very tired. I have much running about to do and all sorts of little worries. No one comes to see me. Ivan Grigorievich came yesterday and enquired about you. Nothing special. Fedya asked for his debt to be postponed: that means, he will never repay it. I am having nothing but petty little disputes with the printers. The landlord came to see me four times when I was out. He came on various stupid pretexts; he probably wants to make my acquaintance. Alexandra (113) may be a decent servant, but she puts on airs. Actually I have nothing to say about myself. I am inundated with work and I don't sleep for nights on end. The air is stifling here and it is very dusty.

I hope your life is happier than mine. Your letters sound very business-like, but it is just as well. Don't forget to give me news of the children.

I kiss them a thousand times. Good-bye,

Your,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

My kind regards to the priest.

41

PETERSBURG,

Friday, 22 *June* '73.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.—I was so tired yesterday and I had so much urgent work to do (corrections and the reading of articles) that it was absolutely impossible for me to let you know about my arrival. I arrived safely, of course. I found everything in order both at home and with the periodical, but I have many petty worries. I did not go to bed last night until three a.m. Still, I slept well and I feel quite fresh to-day in spite of the weather which has suddenly changed; after unbearable heat it is as cold here as in October. The sky is full of awful clouds, the colour of lead. They are very low, but it is not raining. Yesterday morning, on my way from the printers I met Ivan Grigorievich (he had been in to see me in my absence). He told me that Anna Nikolaevna had also come to town and would probably come to see me, but she has not been yet. He came in and drank some tea with me—he asked about you and I told him everything. Among other things he told me he had already sent them your letter. I spoke to him also about money, but I was not very insistent. He told me that Varlamov had promised to pay back his debt to-morrow (if he is counting on that then it means he is hard up himself). I told him not to worry and explained to him that I had enough to last me until Monday, and that I should probably manage somehow for next week (thanks to the 20 roubles I borrowed from you).

I found two letters waiting for me, one from you which had arrived on Monday, and one from Fedya, from Moscow. Fedya writes that while at Varya Mikhaylovna's he had read with his own eyes in the legal chronicle columns of the "*Sovremennye Izvestiya*" of the 12th June, that the case about the reinstatement of inheritance of the Shers and Kazanskys (114) had been heard on the 12th June in the fifth division of the Moscow District Court.

Varya also told him that she had heard the Shers had lost the case, but she thought the person who told her that was lying. According to

Varya the heirs were called upon. Fedya then asks me: what is Polyakov doing? I immediately wrote to Polyakov, but I met him yesterday near the Police Bridge. He had not yet received my letter so I told him the news Fedya had given me. He laughed with stupid pride and answered some sort of nonsense. I told him I had already obtained a copy of the "*Sovremennye Izvestiya*" (from the editorial offices) and that I had read it myself.—"Rot!"—"But I have read it with my own eyes."—"Rot, it wasn't that, it must have been some other case." "I made enquiries in the District Court in Moscow and I was told that it would be in Tula."—"Rot!"—"But take the paper and read it for yourself!"—"I will read it, but it's no use, it's all rot!" Well, what can one do with such a blind fool? In the meantime it is quite obvious that something has happened in Moscow, and it may very well be that Polyakov has been deceived at the court through Vesselovsky's intrigues. The fact is, he has made the journey, taken the money, and not even troubled to make any enquiry in the Court. Fedya writes that the Shers are more active than ever and are tearing their hair; he asked me to answer him, but as he tells me in his letter that he is leaving Moscow on the 22nd I have obviously not answered him. I don't know what will come of all this.

Strakhov (115) came to see me again yesterday: one thing worries me considerably: in a week's time, that is on Saturday, the 30th, I may not be able to be with you! The fact is, I only ought to receive the money for July (from a certain Dmitrevsky) by order of the Prince (116) on the 1st July. Will they be willing to pay me on the 30th June? If I were to leave on the 30th then I should have no money and I should not be able to pay my collaborators on Monday, the 2nd July: this is done now through the secretary (117) with whom I left the money last time. All this will be decided next week. Meantime, I am very despondent. I went to see Philipov (118) yesterday on a literary matter, and I learnt from him among other things that Klets (119) would be in Petersburg for about three days some time about the middle of July.

My arrest should take place next week. (120) I am very sad without you all to-day. I think of you and the children. I am nervous about the cold to-day. It is probably damper where you are than it is here. My little angel Lily will have toothache again. Take care of her, Anya (Ed.: *a line crossed out*). God will reward you for this. All day they have been in my mind. I even dreamt of them. Fedya kissed me so on Wednesday morning and Lily could not bear it and wept on the steamer (although she had been gay and had done her best because she wanted to show she could be brave). I love you, Anya. Write to me more about yourself, about the children. Write more in detail. In the event of the slightest illness—send for Shenk immediately. If you spend more than half the money you have, then let me know at once. Even if it has to be dug out of the ground I will get it.

I kiss you and all three of you.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Kiss both Fedya and Lily many times for me. Tell them I shall come back soon, very soon.

42

PETERSBURG,
26 *June* '73.

DEAR ANYA,

Yesterday I received letters from you and Lily for which I thank you both. Only do write to me oftener for I have begun to worry. I have so much work (trifling worries and running about) that I haven't even a free moment to have a talk with you. I am glad that so far you are *all* well, but I am afraid for the future. It always seems to me that you are there alone and someone may hurt you. The 25 roubles came from pawning your things: I learnt this yesterday from Anna Nikolaevna, who came to me at five o'clock in the afternoon just when I was leaving the house. Your letter arrived just at that moment. Judging from everything, Ivan Grigorievich is very hard up himself. As for me, I have had enough money for everything so far. I got up at 8 a.m. yesterday to go and hear the final verdict at the Court. But the President of the Court told me I need not wait for the Court's decision, and when I asked when it would be given, he replied there would be another two weeks' delay. Now: since the decision which was read out yesterday is final, I am wondering whether they feel they cannot accept my promise not to leave the town (121), in which case I should not be able to come to you for a whole month. On the other hand, if they will not accept my promise of not leaving, then if I do not receive the money on Saturday (as I wrote to you) I should not be able to leave; nor should I be able to leave on the following Saturday for that would be the time for my arrest. And so, whatever happens, I must insist on receiving the money on Saturday. But I don't know if I shall succeed. Apart from the thousand and one little worries I shall have to work like mad all week; I must write, so that I can settle matters and give my work in on Friday. That is why from now on I shall have three days of real penal servitude before me.

You did well to go to the theatre. Have you enough money? The editorial office costs me a good deal. I don't spend much on myself.

I went to the Kashpirevs three days ago. His leg is worse, and Sofia Sergeyevna had borrowed 220 roubles from somewhere on that day and had *lost* them in the Gostiny Dvor, so they have not a single kopeck in the house, and *that is absolutely true*. Those 220 roubles were to have paid the interest on a debt of 2000 roubles to a moneylender which they have not been able to pay for the last three years. Sofia Sergeyevna wept to me because of the lost money. Their position is really terrible, and, although they welcomed me *wonderfully* warmly, you can imagine what my feelings were to sit and watch her tears and to know that I owed them 400 roubles.

I kiss you and the children. Perhaps we shall see each other soon. I do not write to you about all my small troubles. I have a tremendous amount to do before I can come to you. I must, for instance, have two-thirds of a number ready in advance so as to dare to absent myself for four days. Yesterday, Soloviev (122) came back from abroad. I am worn out with these calls and with certain letters from the editorial office, which I cannot escape in any way. Polyakov has been: he wants to go to Moscow and to Tula at the beginning of July. It is terribly hot and *stuffy* here. I embrace you and kiss you passionately. Especially the children. Tell them something about me. Good-bye.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

43

PETERSBURG,

Thursday, 5 *July* '73.

DEAR ANYA.—I am writing to you and I am almost beside myself with tiredness, I have not slept at all. I arrived this morning. It poured with rain all the way. I found five letters, all concerning the journal, and which I must answer at once. To-day I must correct the proofs of three articles. I received a fairly amiable letter from Meshchersky begging my pardon that I should have to sit in prison because of him. (123) (Philipov has probably told him, for I in turn had told him that Meshchersky had been far too casual with me and had not even evinced any regret that I should have to go to prison because of him.) He writes about the money as though it were quite a settled matter; meantime Dmitrevsky (124) only arrived to-day and has sent me 700 roubles. Now, my darling Anya, when I worked it out I was horrified: 100 roubles for you; 100 for Pechatkin (125), Putsykovich's salary, 50 roubles; 100 to Gladkov (126) (the journal's debt); 20 roubles for minor expenses (for Trishin (127) for the servant and others); 50 for the landlord (128) and then, count what remains; and perhaps I shall even have to share it with Ivan Grigorievich to whom I wrote that I had returned; on Monday too I shall have to settle for the number, which is very expensive (the Philipov articles which were gratis have now ceased). I am not writing anything myself, because of all the worries (Ed.: *three words crossed out*). I have an enormous deficit. Still, it does not matter; at any rate for the moment, there is something. I don't even want to think about the future: my head is going round and I am afraid of having a fit.

And now about business. To-morrow I shall send you 100 roubles in Rumyantsev's name (I shall try not to miss the post). I shall not write "For Mrs. Dostoyevsky" on the envelope so as to avoid any gossip. But I shall put a note for him in the envelope asking him to hand the money over to you. But there will not be a letter for you in that envelope. As soon as you receive this letter (which will arrive first) warn him that there will be 100 roubles for you in his name, and that is because your passport is not in order. Apologise to him.

Perhaps you will give a small part of the money to the landlord. (129)

Don't be cross with me for writing only about business. I swear to you, on my honour, I am scarcely alive. I am almost dropping. If only I could get two hours' sleep to-day. But I could not postpone sending you the letter and the money. In any case it will be quicker this way.

How are the children? Write to me about them in detail, as much as possible, for God's sake don't be lazy. Do understand I am quite alone here and with a devilish amount of work to do. Oh! what a state our affairs are in, what a state! Well, good-bye.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

The journey was intolerable, and if it had not been for a chatterbox who fastened himself on to me I should have died of boredom. I have received a most amiable letter from Soloviev. He has gone to Moscow.

Have Lily's teeth been aching? Has Fedya been looking for me? I hope you have not caught cold. You have also had rain.

Good-bye.

Yr. F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Kiss the children, and tell Lily she was a clever girl and very sweet to write me a letter. Kiss Fedya's lips and chest—all over. I kiss Lily's hands. I passed on nurse's letter.

The servant told me that Ivan Grigorievich had called on Monday to say that Olga Kirilovna might come in with the child, and then went away again. I cannot understand it. But Olga Kirilovna has not been. I have just returned home. Trishin called in my absence and left his name.

44

PETERSBURG,

Tuesday, 10 *July* '73.

MY DARLING ANYA.—I see from your letter, which I received yesterday afternoon, that you have not yet had mine containing answers to your questions, in spite of the fact that I posted it to you on the day of my arrival here, *i.e.* on Thursday evening. I also sent some money to you, which by the time this letter reaches you, you will probably have received. I was most upset to read in your sweet, kind letter about your attacks (the loss of sight). So the baths have not helped you at all. Oh! Anya, where will all this lead to? How terrible it is for me to think of you ailing, especially as I might die, and then what would happen to you and the children with your weakness? Is it not possible to cure you in any way? At least it is a good thing you have written. For God's sake don't be frightened in future about upsetting me. Write all details about your health, the fullest particulars, and tell me exactly how you are, for if you don't write I shall imagine worse things. I shall always suspect you of hiding something from me. Do you understand? Your news of the children and that they were sorry for me has affected me very much: you cannot believe how wretched I am here without you. Dear Lyuba! may she never prophecy that I shall not return. And Fedya, dear Fedya! Meanwhile, our prospects are very dark and it is quite possible I shall not be able to come back to you on the 15th. Things are turning out like that. Of the 700 roubles I received, I have given out 100 roubles to Pechatkin, 100 to you, 100 in payment of a debt to the credit of the "*Grazhdanin*," 50 to the landlord, 75 to Ivan Grigorievich, 50 to the secretary of the editorial office, nearly 150 roubles to the collaborators of to-day's number of the "*Grazhdanin*," and finally I paid Trishin back the servant's wages, bought an umbrella and I have some 64 roubles left. Now listen: I shall have to pay out at least 125 roubles for the next number, which appears on Monday. Supposing I can manage, the question is with what money can I come back to you? How shall I be able to pay my fare? Meantime, Ivan Grigorievich came to see me again to-day: there is no sign from the Obraztsovs. (130) He was hurrying to Arkhangelsky, and it is quite possible he may not receive anything in July either. (131)

But supposing Obraztsov comes at the end of the week and there will be some money. The fact is I must do my two days in prison. If the public prosecutor gives the order, writes a letter to the police and the police come for me, then the matter will be brought up either on Friday or Saturday. And I somehow feel it will most certainly be like that.

But if this Saturday is impossible, then Meshchersky and Pobedonostsev (132) should arrive on the 20th, that is on Friday of next week. And what if I have to wait another week for them, *i.e.* until the 27th? In the meantime I have already informed Meshchersky that I am leaving on the 14th July and shall only return on the 19th, so that he should know in case he wants to find me in. He may come and I shall not be here!

And so, Anya, you see, if I am not able to come to you by the 15th I may not manage to come before the 1st of August! I sit here and I am absolutely in despair. Meanwhile I simply *must* write an article. Judge my position. And so I received your note and longed to be with you. Oh! my dears, I cannot live without you. And yet I must. Confound it!

Anna Nikolaevna came to see me on Sunday. She asked after you and sat with me for an hour. They have also money troubles. Money is very tight, everything is pawned, they get little money for their things, the child cries all the time, the servants are rude and do not obey orders. Ivan Grigorievich is in despair, because his departure to look for an estate has been delayed. It is quite evident that he firmly believes he will receive money soon, but perhaps his hopes will not be realised. And if they are, then he will most likely leave at once so that we shall not be able to discuss anything serious with him about a loan. Besides, he will probably be given a bill of exchange, and very little money.

I no longer go to dine in restaurants but eat at home, Alexandra does not cook so badly and I think it will be cheaper. I shall soon see.

The Trishins came to visit me and we drank coffee together; they complained about Pasha. They were terribly polite and amiable. They took the interest on their money and departed. On Sunday I went to the Summer Gardens to see the illuminations. But I felt so ill and sad that I did not even get as far as the middle of the garden, but turned back and walked home. True, I lost a rouble in their lottery, but that was all. Anna Nikolaevna has again won something.

Apart from this, I have not been anywhere and I have not seen anyone except my collaborators and Putsykovich. Instead of writing I am spending a second evening in reading articles, which have accumulated in the "*Grazhdanin*" office. They don't call this work. But they don't know what it costs me, how much time it takes and how it dulls and fogs the brain. I am really becoming quite bad-tempered.

My darling, if you give 50 roubles to the landlord will you have enough left? And please tell me oftener and in advance about your money needs, so that I can try to find it somewhere. Actually all my hopes now are set on Ivan Grigorievich receiving money. If he is cheated then we too are lost.

Now what shall I do *without you* if I am not able to see you for three or four weeks? My darling, you will never know how much I love you. (ED.: *a line crossed out.*) But why talk about it? I embrace and kiss you (although these kisses in a letter are not worth anything). I repeat I cannot live without you all.

I kiss the children. Talk to Lyuba about me. Tell her I shall soon be back and will bring her some sweets, and that I am writing to say I love her very much and miss her. I am afraid Fedya will forget me. Remind him of me. My God, if I don't return for another month he won't even recognise me! Kiss them and love them. And listen, Anya, if you feel ill, the slightest bit ill, let me know at once, otherwise I shall think all sorts of awful things and suffer. Write oftener.

I was just thinking of going to the post on Friday to send Father Ivan 100 roubles, when Ivan Grigorievich came in and I asked him to post the money because I was up to the eyes in work. Good-bye, I kiss you all and you most of all.

YOUR HUSBAND.

P.S.—I am afraid most of all of any delay from the Court. It is already Tuesday and I have not had any news from there. Perhaps they will not arrest me for another week. If I am not arrested before Saturday, and if I have any money, then I shall probably return to you.

45

PETERSBURG,
12 *July* '73.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA.—I am answering you at once for I shall be so busy this evening I shall not have a free moment. I am writing my usual cursed article. I must have it finished by eight o'clock to-morrow morning. There are 450 lines, but I have only written 150 so far. In the meantime I feel I am becoming more and more stupid, and I have begun to write with great difficulty. My head is never clear. You know, my love, this is very serious for our future. I have noticed during the last month that there is a real difference between the ease of my writing in Dresden and the difficulty I have here. I attribute it to the fact that the editorship with its continual petty worries and feverish activity, which does not suit me, as well as other things, absolutely oppress me, so that I shall have to take a long rest after this cursed year. But then, shall I be able to?

I am pleased with your letter, your letters always give me joy. And why do you apologise for having nothing to write about? Write about anything and I shall be content. And now, to business. Anya, I am very sad. I see absolutely no chance of returning to you on the day after to-morrow or even on Sunday, and perhaps not until—God knows when! The whole matter is at a standstill because of money. I have some 50 roubles in all. Meantime, the numbers of the "*Grazhdanin*" are beginning to cost a great deal. Next Monday I have to pay out (minimum) 130 roubles and where am I to find them? And it is impossible for me not to pay it. There are new contributors and I cannot smirch the name of the periodical by non-payment. (Ed.: *two lines crossed out.*) Also, I cannot owe money to anyone, for immediately it will be noised abroad that the "*Grazhdanin*" does not pay. I shall not think about this until to-morrow, *i.e.* until I have finished writing my article. But from to-morrow I shall try to pawn my watch at a Jew's who is known to Ivan Grigorievich (but who has stopped giving him money). Perhaps I shall pawn it for 80 roubles. I don't know whether I shall succeed. As for Ivan Grigorievich, I often see him and Anna Nikolaevna. Yesterday I thought of going to see them in the country, for it was Olga Kirilovna's nameday, and he had invited me; but it started to rain and I did not go. He only borrowed 75 roubles from me, and was in a terribly nervous state of agitation and distress because he had *absolutely* no news from Obraztsov. A few days ago he sent a telegram of 40 lines and threatened him with a lawsuit.

I am convinced, however, because of certain facts, that Obraztsov will certainly come one of these days, and I am cheering up Ivan Grigorievich as much as I can. Yesterday there was a nameday in their house; but Anna Nikolaevna came to see me to-day. She had just been pawning some things. Ivan Grigorievich pawned his frock coat and waistcoat (he has pawned everything and goes about in a terrible old suit). Olga Kirilovna pawned two pairs of corsets. Anna Nikolaevna got 15 roubles for all this. You see how hard up they are. And so that is the state of affairs at present. But what almost kills me is that I cannot return to you, and God only knows if I shall be able to come even next Saturday. I told you why in my last letter.

But my most urgent need is to see you all: I could quite easily go mad here from all this vileness and the disgust with which I look upon everything. I kiss you all. You say you dreamt of me (if you weren't lying). But I have dreamt of you twice. Kiss Fedya and Lyuba, and if Lyuba cries on Saturday because I don't come, tell her I was kept here, but I shall be back in two days' time. Take care of them. Pay more attention to them, amuse them a little more, my love. I am longing to see Fedya. Wish him many happy returns of the day. Arrange a holiday somehow for the children. As to the money I have sent you, I am sure you will be able to manage splendidly, but in any case keep our affairs in mind and be more economical. You wrote something to me about pawning your things which are at Anna Nikolaevna's house, but there are no things. They were pawned for me some time ago for 25 roubles. Nine roubles were paid in interest for your things and something more will have to be paid on the 22nd. Anna Nikolaevna said something of the sort to-day. Good-bye, I kiss you all. Pray for me that I don't burst to-night in the effort of writing the vile article. I embrace you all and kiss you.

Tell Lyuba I kiss her a thousand times and Fedya also.

DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—By the way, my sweetheart, I wanted you very badly just now. You understand? Is it really true you dream about me? Perhaps it is not about me. I kiss your feet and every bit of you. I kiss you passionately.

Your DOST.

I am not being arrested and they are not demanding payment of a fine. God knows why! They will come at the wrong time as usual. They are delaying and only keeping me in suspense.

46

PETERSBURG,
20 *July* '73

MY DARLING ANGEL, NYUTA.—Ever since I arrived yesterday I have been running about, up to my eyes in work. It is already 10 p.m. and I have hardly found a minute in which to write to you. I arrived safely and the weather was beautiful all the way. We stopped for four hours at Novgorod, and I went for a walk and visited the Cathedral. When I got back to the station at about ten o'clock, a woman came up to me and began to ask me questions. Who I was, where did I live, what kind of a servant had I? Then she told me who she was, and so on: "So it is *you* I am looking for? I have a letter for you from your wife." It was Nataliya's relation with whom you sent the 30 roubles and the post cards. She gave them to me. She had not been to

Petersburg yet. She had only been to Novgorod and then set off back to Staraya Russa (on Monday and by the same steamer on which I had come to you, but she had not seen me then). She was living in Russa and had now come from Russa (again with me), and was now going straight to Petersburg. I think Nataliya knew she was going back to Russa for a while, so the result was I received both the money and the post cards.

When I arrived I found, as usual, everything in a state of disorder. I received a *telegram* to-day from the Prince and at the same time two letters about placing his article. The letters seemed to me to be extremely rude: he complained that the numbers were too expensive and that he could not pay more than 130 roubles for a number and so on. The devil take him! I had never written to him to say we needed more than 130 roubles and that I had not enough money. I shall write to him at once and so curtly that he will soon lose any wish he may have to preach to me (although, by the way, there are also some very friendly remarks in his letters).

I had no sleep all last night for I sat up correcting proofs (which amounted to rewriting) and I shall do the same both to-day and to-morrow. The Kashpirevs have just invited me, but I have, of course, refused. Misha (133) has just been here. He is without a kopeck until next week. I told him to go to Klein (134) to-morrow and to let me know the result. I gave him 10 roubles to go on with. Surely he will pay them back.

Ivan Grigorievich came in to-day. I gave him the shawl and the little packet of post cards, but I forgot to give him your letter (which was inside the letter to Nataliya's aunt). I offered him some money, but he did not take it. He was very anxious to know if I could manage until Monday without his help. Arkhangelsky told him that Obraztsov had wired to him that he would be in Petersburg on the 25th. Ivan Grigorievich says he does not expect to receive the whole sum.

Nyuta, my joy, I am waiting impatiently for a letter from you. You are rather wicked in one respect, but still you are my only joy and it is very hard for me to be here alone without you. You will never be able to understand my loneliness here. I am in complete solitude and, moreover, there is nothing but unpleasantness. Write to me in greater detail about the children. Write to me about Lily and about Fedya. Give me more details about their conversation and all their gestures. I kiss you, my love, only write to me. I shall try to be with you by the 4th or thereabouts. It is terrible how long and far away that is. Meshchersky writes that he may come in September. Kiss the children. Tell Lyuba I think of her every minute and also about Fedya. I only hope Fedya will not forget me. My darling boy! You cannot understand what I feel like without them.

Good-bye, I kiss you, I love you.

Yours wholly and for ever,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I will write soon and will write much.

You wicked jealous wife! Oh! Anya, whom have you suddenly thought of suspecting?

Ivan Grigorievich was saying that *Rauchfuss* (the doctor) thinks that Grisha (135) has the beginnings of rickets. They should come to Russa if it is not too late.

47

ST. PETERSBURG,
Monday, 23 July '73.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.—I have just received your letter dated Friday. It is terrible how long it takes to come. I have been worrying about you and suffering. Tell me, my darling Anya, how can you write as you do? "I have had a misfortune . . . I am in great grief"—and you don't explain what has happened. For heaven's sake, write to me *at once*, for certain, otherwise I shall be angry and quarrel with you and I shall not come back to you until you write. Never do this again, for heaven's sake. It is bad enough for me as it is. (ED.: *a line crossed out.*) Write to me at once. Do you hear?

You have given me much pleasure by your stories about the children. Write to me always like this. I revive as it were and feel as if I were sitting with them.

Apart from the terribly gloomy thoughts and the depression which have attacked me almost to the point of illness, at the mere thought that I have fettered myself for at least another half-year to this penal servitude in the "*Grazhdanin*"—I am seriously afraid of falling ill. Last night I felt a feverish attack coming on. My back ached and my legs felt heavy. To-day, however, I am much better, only I sleep badly. I have nightmares, bad dreams and my stomach is out of order. Write to me at once as soon as you receive a letter from me. Don't put it off to the next day and I too will answer your letters in the same way.

I wrote a splendid answer to Meshchersky's rude letter, without any anger, but calmly, sternly and straight to the point. He won't dare to appear in such a light again. Anna Nikolaevna came here on Saturday morning, took a few things out of your chest of drawers (six articles of some kind or other, a red check cape I believe, some curtains etc.), and also borrowed 10 roubles from me, so that with the household expenses I have suddenly been left with only 53 roubles. (I had given Misha 10 roubles the night before.) On Saturday Misha went to Klein's office at my request and what do you think? They said 50 copies had been sold, but Klein was not in Petersburg. He had gone to Moscow and would be back early in August, but that he had not left any money (they only admit having sold 50 but they have no doubt sold more than that). Meanwhile, on Monday, I have to settle up with the collaborators. I got up at 10 o'clock to-day and went to the pawnbrokers. I was offered 60 roubles everywhere, and no more. And only in one place in Lopatin's house, near to the Anichkov Bridge, they gave me 70 roubles. I insisted on it. But all the same, I am very anxious, because they gave me a receipt on which it was stated that I had sold my watch and had received the 70 roubles in full. They calmed me down by saying it was a general formula as in all private banks. Of course, they may not swindle me. In this way I had enough money. I have paid out 106 roubles and I have 15 roubles and some small change left over for living expenses. But then I am now without a watch.

I am absolutely alone, not even Strakhov is here. I am beginning to like one of my new collaborators very much, a Mr. Belov (136) (who writes reviews), but he lives a long way off. I think we could be friends. Ivan Grigorievich did not come to-day either. Only Pasha came yesterday, and poor Misha. His wife has just recovered. She was almost dying and moreover, yesterday, Sunday, was her nameday, but he could not get any money except 10 roubles.

Among the nightmares I had on Saturday night, I dreamt that Fedya had clambered on to a window-sill and had fallen from the fourth floor. As soon as he fell, he turned head over heels and so fell head first. I covered my eyes with my hands and shouted in despair: "Good-bye, Fedya," and then I awoke. Write to me as soon as you can about Fedya. Did anything happen to him on Saturday night? I believe in second sight, especially as it is a proved fact, and I shall not feel at rest until I hear from you.

Each night I wake up at least ten times, at every hour and sometimes oftener, and very often I am in a sweat. Last night, Sunday night, I dreamt that Lily was a little orphan and had fallen into the hands of some woman, who tortured her and beat her to death with rods—large soldiers' rods—so that I found her at her last gasp, and she kept calling out: "Mummy, mummy." To-day I am almost demented because of this dream.

Altogether I feel that no good will come of this summer and this work of mine. As for my coming to you, don't expect me before the 5th

August. There won't be the slightest chance of my coming. I am quite confident about the next number 31, which will appear on the 30th July, that is to say, I think Ivan Grigorievich will receive the money and will help me out. But I am not at ease about the editing of the number. I must write a very long article but I am not at all well.

Nastya came to-day (while I was out). She has at last received Alexandra's letter from Prokhorovna. (*N.B.*—Alexandra went to see her without me, but did not find her in.) Nastasia read the letter and, in answer to Alexandra's imploring her to write to her mother, said: "But there is nothing to write about. I am alive and well and I haven't had any letters either from my father or my brother."

However, she has promised to write. Tell Prokhorovna this and give her my kind regards.

I kiss you sincerely and with all the passion of my soul. Write to me soon. Write to me about the children and tell me what misfortune has happened to you. Do you hear? Don't upset me and don't irritate me any more. I kiss you a thousand times, and Lily and Fedya also. I think of them and I suffer very often. If anything happens what *will* they do?

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Don't worry about my health at all (assuming that you are worrying). I have a strong constitution. The weather here is bad. It rains about twenty times a day, and we have had thunder and lightning at night for the third day. That is why I sleep badly.

48

PETERSBURG,

Thursday, 26 *July* '73.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.—I have just received your note. You write very seldom. I am very grateful for your news about the children and I am glad that you and they are well. You cheer me up. I almost fell seriously ill and was even in bed for a short time. A feverish condition (but without very serious attacks) and my stomach was terribly out of order for more than a week. I took some castor oil, but it didn't help. The feverish condition seems to have subsided and I feel a little stronger, but my stomach is still out of order and my head is heavy. I shall wait a little and then send for Bretzel (137) if he is in Petersburg. But I think it will pass without that. Please note: I go out constantly on business, although I don't go out for walks.

The day before yesterday Ivan Grigorievich came to me feeling very happy: Obraztsov had arrived on the 23rd July. He had seen him and had also received all the money from Varlamov. Obraztsov's attitude is slightly haughty and stern. The old lady sent a formal letter and another present of underclothes. She said in her letter that she had not only conserved the capital, but had increased it, since she understood her responsibilities. Obraztsov announced he would give 16,000 in money and 80,000 in bills of exchange, dated 12th March, and fixed the 25th of this month for signature. Judging by the rough draft, which Ivan Grigorievich must give (it is quite a deed), and by the form of the money payment, I was doubtful and advised him to be more cautious. He began to regret he had no lawyer whom he could consult and no time to go to the Orphan Court and find out about the reports of the guardians. In any case he decided to put off receiving the money until to-day, and informed Obraztsov of his decision by wire. Yesterday I met him and Olga at three o'clock on the Nevsky, but it was only for a second, for it began to pour with rain. He managed to tell me he had been to the Orphan Court and had decided to agree to all Obraztsov's proposals, and also promised to see me to-morrow (that is to-day, the 26th). It is now after six o'clock, but he has not been yet. I can only assume that they received the money, but either Olga Kirilovna made a scene or business kept him (they have plenty to do in buying out their pawned things). And he will either come late this evening (only he won't find me in) or to-morrow morning.

Darling Anya, it seems to me he won't be able to *help* us as you and I had expected—there is Olga and so many other things.

Meantime, to-morrow is the date for Pechatkin's bill of exchange to mature; there is the 30th number of the "*Grazhdanin*"; and by the 1st of the month all our debts have to be met.

Pobedonostsev arrived yesterday: he came to the editorial office and waited for me, but as I didn't come he left a note asking me to go to him at about nine o'clock. I went to see him last night and stayed there until midnight. He talked a great deal and told me many things and begged me to go and see him again to-day. If ever I was ill I was to let him know and he would come to sit with me. He tucked me up in a rug, and as there was no one else in the empty flat except a maid, and in spite of her running out into the hall, he saw me down three dark flights of stairs, with a candle in his hand, right down to the front door. If only Vladislavlev could have seen this! He had read my "*Crime and Punishment*" (for the first time in his life) in the Isle of Wight on the recommendation of a certain person, an admirer of mine, whom you know only too well and with whom he travelled to England. So you see our affairs are not so hopeless. Please, darling Anya, don't gossip. I gave up writing the article I had started, because of my illness and because of an article on Tyutchev (138) (he has died) sent by Meshchersky. But whatever happens I must bring the next number out myself and that is why I shall certainly not be able to leave here on Saturday. All week I shall be busy on a political article. I have promised this to Meshchersky, although I have never written a political article before in all my life. I have to read through dozens of newspapers. And I am afraid of falling ill. But I shall certainly come without fail on the following Saturday (in August). And I shall have a warm overcoat. You know, Anya, I have discovered how I caught cold. It was at 3 o'clock in the morning when I was on a station of the Novgorod line waiting for a connection of the Nikolaev line. I had to wait an hour and a half, and I spent the time on a platform in bitter cold weather and a fog; and I thought then: "What if I catch cold?" Everyone was either wrapped up in a rug or a warm overcoat. I was the only one in a summer coat.

Take care of yourself, my darling. If I can get any money I shall send some to you. I kiss the children a thousand times. Talk to them bout me. Tell Lyuba not to be unhappy, but to wait for me, and I'll come for a long time. Kiss my darling Fedya, and don't let him forget me.

Good-bye, my darling Angel. I have masses of things to do, masses! This time I have to correct the whole number *editorially*, that is, by altering it. It is terrible work. If I hear anything at all about Ivan Grigorievich, I shall probably write to you on Saturday or Sunday, even if it is only a few lines. I kiss you all. Love me.

Your

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I must see you, I want to desperately. In spite of my temperature, which in one respect helps me by removing . . . .

Good-bye my darling.

I ask you to tell me; what is your trouble? Shall I ever have an answer? Don't read the case.

49

PETERSBURG,

29 *July* '73.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,

Yesterday I received your sweet letter. You write that you are expecting me to-day (Sunday). No, my dear, it is absolutely impossible: there is such a mass of work and such unpleasant work! . . .

It has now fallen on my shoulders to correspond with various editors and again with Meshchersky. It takes all my time and energy. Last week I started to write an article and had to give it up out of respect to Meshchersky, for I had quite unexpectedly to place the article which he had written on the death of Tyutchev. (139) It was so badly written, it could not possibly be understood, and with such blunders that he would have been derided in all the feuilletons for the next ten years. I sat correcting it for 24 hours without raising my head and I didn't leave a single sentence uncorrected. I shall write to him quite frankly and tell him that he has put me into an impossible position. Meantime, I must begin another article, a political one, for the next number. I have never written such articles before.

I have not only been prevented from coming to you to-day, but I am afraid I shall not be able to come next Saturday either, for in these days the printers never have the number ready before one o'clock in the morning. But I don't care a jot about the number. I shall lose my temper altogether with them one of these days. I give you my word of honour that I shall arrive on Monday, if not on Sunday, only the weather is terribly changeable these days—nothing but rain. God grant there will be some fine days for that time.

I embrace you and I kiss you, my darling, both you and the children. I am sorry for you and that I am not with you. How sorry I am for the children and how I should like to put my arms round you! My health is better, my feverish condition has quite gone; but it is my stomach and this feeling of tiredness, which are all wrong. Yesterday at last, on the 28th, Ivan Grigorievich came to see me, for ever since he had had the money he had not been near me. That beast Obraztsov has fleeced them terribly. He added some sort of percentage—in a word they received an 80,000 roubles bill of exchange drawn for March and 13,000 in bonds.

Ivan Grigorievich asked me how much I would need. I repeated as far as I could the whole calculation, which you remember we made on that bench in the park; but I told him that for the moment I wanted at least 2000 roubles. He said he would think about it. I did not insist; but Anna Nikolaevna came to-day and she said that their money was going terribly quickly, that he had already paid out 7000 roubles and that Olga did not know about most of their debts, and money was vanishing. She said, by the way, that Ivan Grigorievich would only be able to give us 1600 roubles (yesterday, as he was leaving, Ivan Grigorievich said he would consult Mother). He returned 60 roubles yesterday, which he had borrowed from me, and he also gave me 200 roubles (but he said he would pay the rest after the 1st August). With those 260 roubles and the money I have left over I shall pay for the number to-morrow. I bought out my watch yesterday and I paid Strakhov (who has come back) 25 roubles in advance for his article, and after all this I shall have 70 roubles left.

This is how matters stand. I can quite appreciate that their money is going rapidly. But what do you think it feels like to have Vargunin, the Zamyslovskys, the Troshchins, Pechatkin (140), the housekeeping, and money for you, slung round my neck, all of them matters which cannot possibly be put off ? It is simply a question of paying out and above all there will not be enough for any one of these. By March they won't have a penny left. It will be hard for us, Anya, harder than my work, which gives me so little and almost kills me, so that for a long time I shall be unable to earn good money. And our debts keep growing and growing. I felt it was no use depending on Ivan Grigorievich.

They are looking for a flat and are thinking of spending another winter in Petersburg because, even if they wanted to, they would not be able to buy an estate now in the autumn and move out to the country immediately (141), for they have no money, but only a bill, which they cannot change without losing considerably on it. Anna Nikolaevna goes about flat hunting. Olga has been ill for some time suffering from a strange complaint. She is covered with boils, enormous boils, all over her body, but not on the face.

Well now, this is my report to you on our position. I can't even imagine what Vargunin and Zamyslovsky will say when they only receive half the payment due to them.

Strakhov came and sat until half-past eleven. I must hurry up and finish this and post it. Just imagine, I have written this and have just remembered I have no stamps and I have forgotten to buy one, so that my letter will not leave to-morrow and it is too late now. How annoying it is ! God only knows what you will think when you get no answer. Why didn't I write yesterday or this morning ? You would not believe how this has upset me. Oh ! how maddening it is that Strakhov kept me ! I kiss you, my angel, without end. You can't imagine how depressed I am. I think this summer will have a bad effect on my health in the winter. I kiss the children ; poor things, I can neither see nor hear them and yet I dream of them. Kiss them for me. You may perhaps get this letter on Thursday. Letters take *four* days to reach you. It is as bad as sending it to Odessa. If I send it to-morrow to Moscow, it will get there by Wednesday morning and reach Staraya Russa on Thursday. How unbearable life is ! I have a hundred trifling absurdities to do connected with the periodical, which I must constantly bear in mind, and here I go and forget about the stamp! Good-bye, my dear, if only this devilish year would end soon!

Kiss the children for me, love them, treat them gently, and for this I will love you for ever. Good-bye, I embrace you. Expect me on Sunday for certain, but I may write again before then.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

50

PETERSBURG,

10 *August* '73.

MY DEAR ANYA,

Yesterday I arrived in St. Petersburg after having suffered much on the way, especially from tiredness, and I am not feeling well to-day, but yesterday I was quite ill. I will begin from the beginning. The cabman drove splendidly and took under an hour and a half; the road was beautiful and very pleasant. Every few minutes we passed a village. Zvad stands in the baking sun, there is no shade, the buildings are good and the people are comfortably off, but there is an unbearable stench in all the houses (although the houses are clean). There is a smell of drying smelts, for salt fish is dried under the roof of every single house. They did not charge anything for the stabling, and only charged 10 kopecks for a very good glass of tea and 5 kopecks for a glass of vodka. But I had to wait from 11 in the morning until 5 o'clock for the steamer. There was baking heat from above and a wind from the lake. The boat first passed us to find the track-boat, but then turned back and took us on board. Those who had been travelling on the track-boat told us horrible things afterwards: from 9 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon they had been towed in the broiling sun and with a wind from the lake, and they could not stir. They hadn't a piece of bread and they even had to take water from the lake. All of them, absolutely all of them, cursed the track-boat. We left Novgorod at 11.30 p.m. and one devil's mistress, an amiable lady, chattered all night long with her cavaliers. She had such a vile piercing voice that I could not even doze off for a single minute. By the way, Anya, please realise that when you bring the children you will have to wrap them up very, very warmly, for it is terribly cold and damp when you wait for an hour in Chudovo for the Nikolaev train. I felt cold even in my warm coat. The trains are very stuffy and hot and then suddenly, in this cold, someone opens the window. We stopped for an hour and a half on the way for something had happened to the train ahead of us. It was past ten o'clock by the time we reached Petersburg.

Alexandra had washed and cleaned everything for me at home. The landlord is playing the fool, more lodgers left yesterday and others arrived. The porters are abominably rude. No washing, not even of the smallest things, is allowed in the house and they demand separate payment for every single service. When they are asked to stack the wood or to bring some up, they only laugh and say: "It is not our business to do that." I found Meshchersky in. He was very amiable. He left yesterday. Nothing has been settled about the editorial offices. Putsykovich is also looking for a flat for himself close to the office. I have a tremendous number of articles to look through and meantime nothing is ready yet. I managed to get two hours' sleep after dinner yesterday, but I woke up with a high temperature and shivering. I sat down to work and, when I had finished at three o'clock in the morning, I was just getting up from my armchair, when I swayed and fell back into the chair. Never before has the blood throbbed so much in my head. I slept for a long time in the night and now I am feverish, and I am also coughing terribly. The weather is fine. It poured with rain in the night.

Anna Nikolaevna came into the office yesterday to see me for a minute and to pay back the money. She asked after you. Wolff (142) came yesterday while I was asleep. He wanted 25 copies of "*The Possessed*" and left a note asking for them. Alexandra told him to come to-morrow (to-day) between 12 and 2 p.m. It is now past two o'clock, but he has not been yet. Please note that our little devils ("*The Possessed*") are beginning to sell again and without the slightest publicity.

Ivan Grigorievich looked in early this morning and said he would come in later. I was asleep and did not see him.

Anya, my darling, please bear in mind that the weather may change, that communications may change and so on and so on, and, therefore, if the weather is very fine towards the 20th it would be a good time to return. Three or four days wouldn't make any difference to the children's health.

By the way, take enough food with you for the whole journey, for the return journey is such that at Novgorod, for instance, if you don't go to the Hotel Soloviev you will get absolutely nothing but tea, and on the journey to Lyuban there is absolutely nothing except coffee and tea. And for God's sake don't let the children catch cold. (143) Also, certainly engage a servant as you intended.

Kiss the darling children, Lyuba and Fedya. I see them continually before me and all along the journey I thought of them. Good-bye, I kiss you. What will you say if in August things take a turn for the worse ? All is well for the present. Masses of people have returned to Petersburg, the streets seem to be quite different.

I am writing to you disconnectedly just as it comes. Don't be cross with me. My head is going round. I am perspiring. I have bought myself some Ems lozenges, but they aren't doing me any good.

Kiss my angels, and love them.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Write to me. Shall you have enough money ? I kiss you.

51

PETERSBURG,

Monday, 13 *August* '73.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I received your dear letter, and was very sad to read that the children had cried when I left. The little darlings ! Tell them at once that Daddy is thinking of them, kisses them and wants them to come to Petersburg. I hug and kiss them many times and bless them. I still don't feel at all well, Anya ; my nerves are very jangled, my head is fogged, and everything seems to be going round. Never have I been in such a state, not even after the most severe attacks. It is dreadful. I am very nervous about my head. I don't understand what is happening to me. It is like a dream or drowsiness from which no one can wake me. I ought to take a rest from work and all this worry for at least two weeks—that is what I should do. But I put the immediate cause down to the fact that I have not yet recovered from the fit, for I wasn't able to get enough sleep—first it was the railway journey, then all sorts of excesses, and then again travelling, and then strenuous work here and no sleep. I am very, very much afraid I shall have another fit. You are probably thinking, Anya (ED. : *a few words crossed out*), that my fits are the same as they were before, but I know definitely that if I were to have another fit now—I would be lost. It would mean a stroke. I know and feel that it would be so. In the meantime, I have masses of work to do, and it is always I, and I alone, who have the worries. This week has been especially hard for me. All my collaborators have been absent and I have had to do everybody's work alone.

Wolff has paid me 61 roubles and 25 kopecks for the 25 copies of "*The Possessed.*" I only got 75 roubles yesterday from Klein and the rest is to follow. In addition, he was unbearably rude, for which I sat on him heavily so that he calmed down immediately, and he will probably know in future with whom he has to deal. He put off the rest until the 20th August; but I told him I should come on the 1st September on condition he would give me a full account of the copies, which it seems he cannot account for in any way, *i.e.*, I wish to know exactly how many he has sold in all. And it was because of all this, that the discussion arose. Ivan Grigorievich wanted to make some sort of power of attorney in my name. The matter was settled in another way, but he has kept my passport, which he took away with him. I believe he is leaving St. Petersburg to-morrow and I am very worried about my passport, for I assume he has forgotten it and left it on the table in my office, and thinks that he has returned it to me. But the passport is not in the office. I very much hope it will not get lost. Zheromsky came to see me the day before yesterday. The case has taken the exact turn which Polyakov predicted, which means that so far it is very unfavourable for the Shers. But Korsh, the Shers' lawyer, has evidently made a proposition to Zheromsky and has bribed him. Zheromsky came to ask me if I would agree to admit the Shers as joint heirs, and so end the matter amicably. I refused, and said I would wait for Polyakov (of whom there isn't a sign). Meantime, I hear that Kolya is very ill. I asked Zheromsky about Kolya's health as I was showing him out—" There isn't the slightest hope."—" You don't mean to say so? What is the matter with him? "—" Cancer in the rectum (haemorrhoidal, and in its last stages, absolutely fatal). I have heard from Barch, who examined him recently, that he will certainly die by September." You can imagine how horrified I was. Yesterday, Sunday, I went to see Kolya. He is better than he has ever been in his life. It is true he was ill a short time ago and that they were seriously afraid he would die, but he is better now. There never was any question of cancer and Barch had not even examined him. You can imagine what a liar that little beast Zheromsky is!

Kolya and I had a very friendly talk. I dined at Sasha's (she was very uppish), and it was only after dinner that she asked after you and the children (and yet you are always the first to call on her). Horrid little people, all of them horrid except Kolya! I wanted to look up Pasha (at last!), but he has just moved secretly, without telling anybody, as he was terrified of the Trishins. He has moved to Nikolaev Street, next to Ivan Grigorievich's old flat. However, I managed to find them in Nikolaev Street and spent an hour with them. Pasha had eaten too much of something and was sick while I was there. He is terribly funny in the bosom of his family. His hiding in the flat from the Trishins is too funny for words. Their daughter, poor little thing, is so thin and so pretty. I was very sorry for her. Worn out, I came home at nine o'clock and I sat up until 5 a.m. reading articles.—Good-bye, dear angel, I kiss your hands and feet, and I wish you would love me with even a tenth part of the love I have for you, and not in words only. Good-bye. Such a short letter. It is awful how it has tired me. Kiss the children, my angels, my gods.

All yours, and theirs,
F. Dostoyevsky.

52

Petersburg,
15 *August* [1873.]

My darling Anya,—On coming in just now I received your letter, and was very upset when I saw from it that you were so nervous about my health and, therefore, before sitting down to dinner, I hasten to answer you so that you should not decide to come to me before the arranged time, and through that harm the children and interfere with their baths. I tell you, my darling, I feel much better now. I was not at all mistaken in explaining to you in my last letter what it was all about: it was simply that I had not rested properly after the fit. When I was in Staraya Russa I gave myself up to *excesses*—normal at any ordinary time, but abnormal after such a nervous shock as a fit. Then again, travelling (the most tiring of all), and worry here with the next issue of the journal, *i.e.* again no sleep. That is why I almost collapsed. And I confess the weakness continued for a long time. It is only during the last two or three days that I have begun to feel more like myself again. But now I think I am myself again, strong and vigorous. That is all and there is no need, therefore, to worry any more. What you say about the 24th is quite clear to me and I absolutely agree with you. And there is not long to wait now—only nine days. Still, I am worried to know how you will bring the children. Anya, do think carefully about what I say. Don't bring Nataliya. Choose a servant who would be more of a nurse than a cook (you spoke to me about one at the baths to whom the children have grown accustomed). I have spoken to Alexandra here; she is quite willing to remain *as cook*. Don't think she is lazy, she is much better than many others, and she is absolutely honest with money and is clean. And, moreover, I can eat everything she cooks. In this way, we should have for the first time: a cook, a maid you will bring with you, *i.e.* the future nurse, and Prokhorovna can stay until the children get used to the other one. That's what I think. You will see for yourself, it will be all right. Just try it.

It is now Wednesday evening and until Saturday I shall sit at my work without lifting my head. It has so happened that all the editorial corrections for this number have fallen to me and I shall, therefore, not be able to write to you before Saturday. Don't worry about me, my darling. Keep well, spend the rest of this summer happily. I kiss you and the angel children Lyuba and Fedya. Ivan Grigorievich left for Moscow yesterday and he has gone on farther to choose an estate. He will be away until about the 20th September. Kiss the dear children and be happy. You are my darling. I kiss you a countless number of times (you are not too full-blooded, but it is simply that something is a little out of order and that is why you shout in the night).

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

53

Sunday, 19 *August* '73.

I AM very sorry, my dear little friend, that I gave you such a fright. This is what happened ; I think it was on the 14th or the 15th that I had your letter and I saw from it you were very worried about my health. So I wrote to you at once to say I had recovered (which was true), and I attributed it all to excesses and to tiredness. I posted the letter and worked all through the night of the 15th, and just as I was going to bed in the morning, and lay down at five o'clock, I suddenly remembered you had written in your letter that you ought to leave Russa either on the 24th or the 16th/17th, because everyone would be travelling on the 19th and there would be a crush. So I thought : "Here she is worrying about my health. I don't know when my letter will reach her, but she will get my second letter (a disturbing letter) and she will suddenly decide impulsively to leave on the 16th." Meanwhile, the weather is glorious, which means the children will be deprived of fresh air unnecessarily. It is hot and dusty in Petersburg. So I jumped out of bed, wrote out a telegram, dressed and took it to the telegraph office, which was fortunately only two yards away ; I handed it in at ten minutes to six, and calculated that even if you wanted to travel on the 16th this telegram would still catch you in Russa, and would prevent the journey. That is how it all happened. I confess I had thought : "What if she should get a fright ?" Still, I didn't think you would be frightened to any great extent. Stay there, my darlings, as long as you can and come back at the end of the month. Anya, I think a great deal about your journey. The weather is fine now. According to my calculations there will be a full moon by the 25th and it will pour with rain. *In case of need* you ought to have winter clothes for the children. And you will have to fight for your seats in the railway carriages. It is only by luck you can find a good place ; and in that respect it is worst of all on the Nikolaev line.

I am terribly busy with work, Anya, principally with altering other people's work ; my editorial work is simply the work of a galley slave. I am amazed at my health and that I can stand all this. I don't write to you about the thousand little worries. But there are big worries, Anya, serious ones, and I foresaw them all long ago. Our most serious problem now is—our flat. We cannot stay in it, Anya, and I tell you this quite calmly and with reason. I talked matters over with Anna Nikolaevna and she says we should *not* stay. Slivchansky is mad (I seriously think so). *Without any reason whatever* he will tell us in December to move and will throw us out into the street. Alexandra's passport has expired. He saw the passport himself and knows she is not a tramp. She has sent the passport to the Mayor of Kronstadt, and money for a new one, and she now holds a postal receipt to say the passport has been received, but that was two weeks ago and there has not been a sign yet from Kronstadt. So Slivchansky keeps on bothering her and threatens to chase her out of the house. He met her to-day and said : " I shall write such a letter to your master that he will see. . . ." You see how he behaves towards his tenants. He chases servants away from them for trifles for which they are not responsible. The day before yesterday Gladkov sent me a letter, addressed to me at the office, which he had only just received. It was a very important one from the Prince. Apart from the servant in the office, we also have a messenger who by the Prince's orders wears Russian clothes and has a beard. His clothes and boots are very elegant. This messenger hurried off to me with a large sealed packet in his hand and was about to ring the bell when, suddenly, the landlord came downstairs : " How dare you come up the front stairs ? You are a peasant. People dressed like peasants are not allowed to use these stairs. Get out and go up the back stairs." He seized him by the sleeve and dragged him downstairs and the messenger had to cross the yard and go up the back stairs. Meanwhile, the landlord had seen the letter in his hand. You must admit, Anya, that other people might have been offended—for instance if it had been Prince Meshchersky—and those whose business was not very important might have given it up and not troubled to look for the back stairs. Messengers from book-shops coming for the book would probably go away again. And as soon as the landlord finds out, he won't allow purchasers to come up the front staircase. He gets up at dawn and all day he walks about the stairs and all over the house, spying and keeping order. I wanted to go to him and to explain about the messenger, but I thought he would probably tell me to leave at once. I have, therefore, decided to be patient until you return. But there is another unpleasantness again to-day. Sometimes on holidays (very seldom) Alexandra asks leave to go out. And as I too have to go out I lock up the flat when I go and leave the key with the porter, so that if either I or *Alexandra* returns first, then the key can always be found with him and she can get into the flat. This is what happened recently, about four days ago. I left the key with the porter. The landlord found out about it and immediately forbade the porter to take my key. The result is that when I go out of the house now and Alexandra is not there, I shall have to leave the key in a certain place on the shelf of the W.C. Still that is risky—I have money in the flat, which belongs to the office. If he sees our children in the yard, he will certainly find some pretext to shout at their nurse; he has already done this to others. If he does so I shall give him a thrashing. I have, therefore, decided to move whatever happens. Such endless nervousness and waiting for a quarrel throughout the whole winter will make me, with my sensitiveness, really ill. Anya, I saw what type of man he was when we went to see him you remember about the cat, and he said to us: " Go away." You must also realise that, in comparison with last winter, flat rentals have been raised by 30%. He is certain to get tenants and that is why he gives himself such airs. I have decided to leave in any case even if I have to pay 900 roubles. I tell you positively I do not want to stay on in this flat. What we shall have to overpay for another flat we shall regain in other ways—in the health of our children and in my peace of mind. When there is peace I can write more and better (ED.: *one and a half lines crossed out*). I tell you, I shall be able to do more work if there is peace (ED.: *one and a half lines crossed out*). I have not entered into any discussion with the landlord. I even hide from him in spite of provocation on his part, because I am afraid of a row. I saw a flat yesterday close to the Vladimir Church, it was very nice, but it was 900 roubles. I shall go and view some others. I would willingly take one on the Peski, anywhere, so long as I have not to live in this house. What worries me is the books. How can we move them over?

Good-bye, my darling, if you say you love me, then please enter into our position and think about it. It will be a serious matter if he throws us out in the winter.

Besides, the flat is not a good one, it is too small and the nursery and your room have no air. Our dining room is not fit for anything. You cannot do anything in it. Good-bye, I kiss you. If I find a flat I will reserve it and leave a deposit without waiting for you, because all the flats are being snapped up. So good-bye.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

If I find a flat before you leave Russa, then I will wire the address of the new flat to you, but I don't think I shall have moved before you come back.

Anna Nikolaevna and Olga Kirilovna have already moved into their new flat (900 roubles) near to the Technical Institute. They are still without nurses and are looking for them. Ivan Grigorievich left five days ago and he has written to them from Moscow. Grisha sits with his hands over his face, crying for his father. He wanders about looking for him. They are quite anxious about him. Somebody came in to see me. (ED. : *five lines crossed out.*) He told me he had already been looking. He seems to me to be one of those people, who if they want money will get it.

I kiss you once again, also Lyuba and Fedya.

P.S.—I have just received your letter and I had to tear my envelope open, which I had already sealed down, and I have absolutely no time now. About the cook ; I don't know what will happen later on. Alexandra is a good worker, a very good one, and she cooks well. She is very dignified and knows how to behave, but then I don't know whether she will be able to stand our family and stay when it becomes more difficult. If you, therefore, find a servant, who is sensible, *clean* (that is the main thing), and who cooks *well* (do you hear ?), then *engage* her and *bring her back with you.* This is my last word. Then Alexandra can go (she has her faults—she is too touchy for instance—but *she is not afraid of work*, far from it). So bring a maid. As for Prokhorovna, if it were at all possible I would keep her for ever !

Just talk to Anna Nikolaevna and Olga Kirilovna ! They have changed their nurses six times and they cannot find a good one. The children have always got bruises and are always in the wars. Both of them say our Prokhorovna is a treasure.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

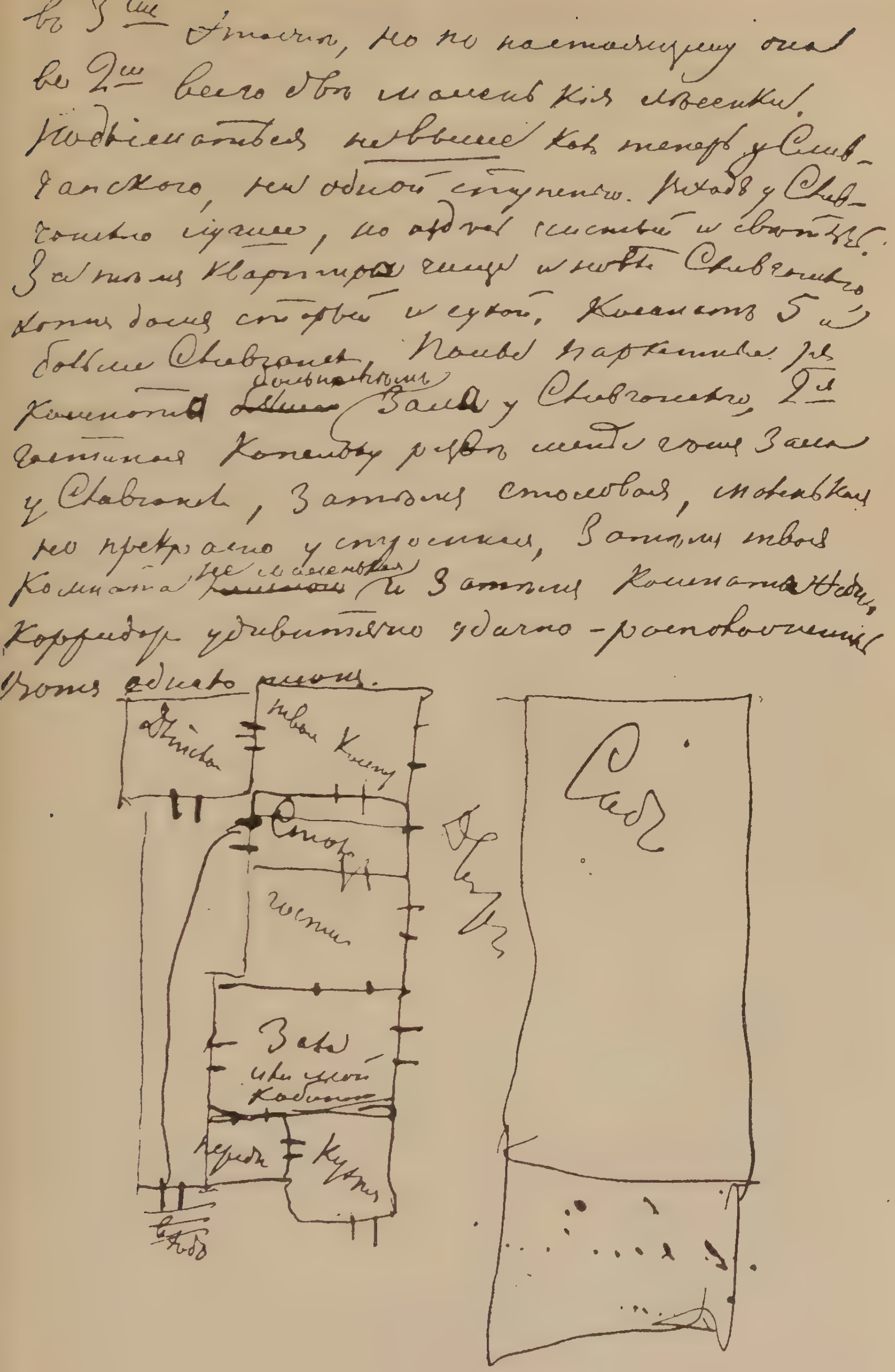
P.S.—I am just going out and as Alexandra is not in, I have hidden all the money in various corners of the flat and left the key in the closet as agreed.

I kiss the children. I bless and hug them. Good-bye !—Lyuba and Fedya. Olga Kirilovna came alone to see me yesterday. She sat and drank tea with me. She came in to find out about the servant. She had promised Anna Nikolaevna to find one for them.

54

PETERSBURG,
Monday, 20 *August* '73.

DEAR ANECHKA,—I am afraid you are cross with me about the flat. Still, why be an enemy to yourself, and why not look for a better one if possible? Anna Nikolaevna gave me the address of a flat to-day, which she has found for us on the corner of the Nikolaev and the Razyezzhy Streets. No contract, four (large) rooms (two large ones) for 700 roubles. Yesterday, I found a flat quite close to ours on the Ligovka, but on the other side of the Nevsky, exactly the same distance from the Nevsky as our present flat. So we shall live almost on the Nevsky. It is on the other side of the Ligovka to the left of the station, No. 28, Madame Noginov's house. There is not so much traffic and noise there as we now have under our windows, with carts clattering to the station from four o'clock in the morning. It is quiet there and all the houses are handsome and grand. The entrance to the flat is in the yard, but it is just through the gates. A splendid large yard. There is a stone house in it and a wing. Clean and in good order, and a *very large* garden in the yard with trees and flowers. It is only a little smaller than your garden at Gribbe's in Staraya Russa. Children have a perfect right to go into it. That is a very good thing. The flat is on the third floor, but actually it is on the second, for there are only two small flights of stairs. It is *no higher* than Slivchansky's flat, not a single step higher. Slivchansky's entrance may be better, but this one is clean and light. Also, the flat is cleaner and newer than Slivchansky's, although the house is old; and it is dry, and there are five rooms in it and they are larger than Slivchansky's. The floors are parquet. The first room is larger than Slivchansky's hall; the second, the drawing room, is perhaps a little smaller than Slivchansky's; then the dining room, which is small but splendidly arranged; then your room, which is not small; and then Fedya's room. The corridor is amazingly well placed. But here is the plan. From the hall, through the corridor, you can enter into the dining room, and through the dining room to the drawing room or to your bedroom (I repeat, the corridor is fine). But in the daytime you can pass through my study. In short, everything is solid, in good repair, pretty and well arranged. Anna Nikolaevna thinks it is better and more comfortable than Slivchansky's flat. The whole flat is larger than Slivchansky's. Its price is 700 roubles, including water and the services of the porter. The tenants in the house are all respectable and well known people. There is peace and order and it is only two steps away from



въ $3^{\text{мъ}}$ этажѣ, но по настоящему она во $2^{\text{мъ}}$ всего двѣ маленькія лѣсенки. Подыматься не выше чѣмъ теперь у Сливчанского, чѣмъ одной ступенью. Входъ у Сливчанского лучше, но здѣсь чистый и свѣтлый. Затѣмъ квартира чище и новѣе Сливчанского хотя домъ старый и сухой. Комнатъ 5 и больше Сливчанск. Полы паркетные. Въ комнатѣ ~~[illegible]~~ большихъ Зала у Сливчанского, $2^{\text{я}}$ гостиная комнату ровно меньше чѣмъ зала у Сливчанск., затѣмъ столовая, маленькая, но прекрасно устроенная, затѣмъ твоя комната ~~[illegible]~~ не маленькая и затѣмъ комната Неты, Коридоръ удивительно удачно-расположенный. Вотъ одинъ планъ.

Дѣтская
твоя Комн.
Стол.
гостин.
Зала или мой Кабинетъ
Передн.
Кухня
Входъ
Дворъ
Садъ

DOSTOYEVSKY'S HANDWRITING IN 1873.

the Nevsky. Please notice there is absolutely no dining room in Slivchansky's flat, while here the dining room is splendidly placed and, moreover, there is plenty of room for you. The air will be better for the children, there is more room for them and there is a garden; and there will be no crazy landlord.

There are some inconveniences too, but trifling ones: (1) a two-year contract—but that is better for us, since there is nothing easier nowadays than to sublet a flat in Petersburg. They are snapped up at once. Also, all flats have gone up in rental as against last winter, and next year it would no longer be let at 700 roubles, but 800 roubles. And (2) payment of two months' rental in advance, which I don't think matters at all.

I have not paid a deposit yet. I am terrified lest someone else takes it over my head, but if I have to give a deposit I shall not move before you come. (*N.B.*—The contract is drawn up at the landlord's expense, and the tenancy only starts as from the 1st August [1] or from the date of occupation, so that we shall lose practically nothing.)

I can see that one thing will be difficult—*i.e.* the removal. But we cannot help that and we shall live in peace for two years.

Anna Nikolaevna has urged me to give a deposit quickly.

I went to see Slivchansky. He was very polite, but announced quite firmly that he would not allow peasants to go up the front staircase. As for the key, he changed his anger to mercy and consented to its being left with the porter.

And so, Anya, I don't know what to decide. In any case I shall continue to live at Slivchansky's until you return and we can stay here until the 1st August. We have much to discuss about the flat. There is too much to write about it and besides it would take too long. Good-bye, I have written this just to let you know what is happening. I haven't said anything to Slivchansky yet. I don't think I shall write to you again and besides there won't be any time. I expect you on the 25th or thereabouts. Anna Nikolaevna (ED.: *a whole line crossed out*) wants to leave for Finland as soon as possible. She complained bitterly about her health and especially about her tiredness throughout the summer. The poor thing has certainly worked very hard and all because of the nurses. They have no nurse now. I embrace you and I kiss you and the children too. I send you blessings for the journey. Well, may God help you!

Your,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

The office is in Nadezhdinsky Street, close to the Nevsky, so that it will be near to the new flat.

---

[1] Evidently a mistake. It should be the 1st September.

55

[Moscow,]

Thursday, 25 *April* 1874.

I hasten to let you know, my darling Anya, that I arrived in Moscow to time, but I am quite shaken, in spite of the fact that the journey was fairly comfortable and I was able to sleep. My head is heavy and I have almost a temperature. I assume it is the result of my fit, the effects of which have not yet passed off. I shall not go anywhere to-day. I am writing this letter just to let you know I have arrived safely, but otherwise I have neither the wish to move my tongue nor to lift a finger.

I hope to have a thoroughly good sleep to-night and to get up to-morrow feeling quite well.

Although the weather is fine here, it is almost as cold as with you. The trees are bare. I met Meshchersky in the train. Vera has just left for Darovoye. Sonya, Mashenka and some of the children are in Moscow.

I am perfectly certain I shall finish my business to-morrow (*i.e.* by getting a refusal) and perhaps I shall be able to return to you sooner.

I don't think there will be any delay.

Let me know about everything that is interesting. Very possibly I shall write to you to-morrow. Perhaps I shall leave on Sunday. If I am able to do so then I shall let you know beforehand. It will be decided to-morrow.

Good-bye, I kiss you. Meantime,

Your,

F. Dostoyevsky.

56

[Moscow,]

Friday, 26 *April* '74.

Dear Anya,

I will only write two words to you. There was no letter from you to-day and it is already 8 p.m. In that case you may also not receive my yesterday's letter in time. I should like to read something about the children. Katkov was very amiable and asked to postpone his answer to Sunday. It is obvious he wants to consult Leontiev, but *I do not think he will consent*, although it seems I have not surprised him. He told me himself that Melnikov (144) had also asked for 250 roubles. I am afraid they will agree to the 250 roubles, but they will not agree to *payment in advance* (perhaps they have no money).

Other details when we meet.

Of course I shall write to you again from Moscow, but I shall not leave before Monday. I shouldn't like to stay any longer; I am very dull here. Kiss the children for me. Write to me about them in detail. I kiss you often. To-day I am quite well, except for a bad cold. It is amazing to me that my throat is better here.

Good-bye, I kiss you all once again.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

57

PETERSBURG,

Thursday, 6 *June* '74.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.—I have left you all and I am desperately sad. I am staying for the second day in the vilest hotel (as it has turned out), the "Dagmar," and I dream of you and the children as I sit in my horrid little room. My nerves are particularly upset as a result of the journey. But here is an account of my doings.

I arrived yesterday in Petersburg, sleepy, and absolutely broken by the journey and from trying to sleep in a sitting position. I stopped at the "Dagmar," because theirs was the first carriage to be at the station. As soon as I had drunk some of their awful tea, I set off on my business. I learned at the office that the Prince was still in Petersburg, and I received 6 roubles for two copies of "*The Idiot*" (no others had been sold). Then I went to the Society of Mutual Credit, where Misha was waiting for me, and immediately, *of his own accord*, he paid me back two gold pieces. But it was impossible for me to pledge a certificate at the Society of Mutual Credit, for one must be a member (by the way Shevyakov (145) looked at me but didn't even nod his head; of course I didn't either). But Misha proposed I should go at once with him to the Volga-Kama Bank and pledge it there. The matter was *immediately* settled at the Volga-Kama Bank, partly thanks to the bookseller Nadein, who turned up at the bank on his own business and introduced me to one of the clerks, "to an adorer of your works," as Nadein put it. I pledged it in my own name. I left the copy of the transaction, which was handed over to me, in Misha's care during my absence abroad. I think it will be quite safe and I hope you won't be cross with me for doing this; it is pledged in my name in the presence of witnesses and on my return from abroad (146) I shall have time to take the copy from Misha. It is dated to the 5th December, that is for three months, and with the interest deducted I received in all 117 roubles 50 kopecks. But if you like, I will write to Misha and he can forward the copy of the transaction to Staraya Russa. But I don't think it is necessary. Misha told me that Korsh and Polyakov (but without their signature) had put an *announcement* in the "*St. Peterburgskie Vedomosti*" about the sale of the Ryazan *Estate* (147). It is also in to-day's "*Golos*" (Thursday). Get a copy and read it. It is a short, but pompous, announcement. Buyers are invited to apply for particulars either to Liteynaya Street (probably to Korsh) or to Pavlovsk to the Soldiers' Sloboda, Tolmachev House. Misha has heard a strange rumour from somewhere that Gubonin (who has shares in that railway) wants to buy the estate and that our people are offering it at 80 roubles the dessyatin, in all 5000 dessyatins, and he is not averse. It is probably an empty rumour, for it would be too wonderful. —Nadein was incredibly gushing, almost worshipping me, so that I felt uncomfortable. He offered to publish a *complete collection* of my works, taking upon himself to settle all monetary expenses of such a publication and only wanting 5%. As soon as he had covered his expenses then the whole edition would belong to me. I didn't promise anything. I merely said I would give him an answer on my return from abroad. I believe he was quite pleased that I did not give him a formal refusal. It is certainly worth considering, but it will be as you decide. (148) It seems to me (according to certain facts) that all these booksellers have been rather stirred by Orest Miller's three articles on me in the "*Nedelya*," which were all very flattering. (149) But about this later. Then I went to the banker, Vilikin, and there I was given a transfer on Berlin (and not on Ems, for there are no such bankers there). I changed 450 roubles into 417 thalers and a few pfennigs. Part of the remaining money I changed into Napoleons (15 pieces) and the other part I left in Russian notes for travelling expenses. Then I went to Bunting (150) and he altered the springs. Then I went to Gubin, but I didn't find him in and was told he would be back by the evening. Then I went to Strakhov and found Maykov there, who had come up to town because of Wednesday (the Committee Meeting). Maykov was rather off-hand. I heard from Strakhov that Turgenev wants to remain in Russia for the whole year so as to write a novel and that he had boasted he would describe "all the reactionaries" (*i.e.* me included). (151) God bless him! But the first thing we must do in the autumn is to pay him back the 50 roubles. (152) Then I dined at Wolff's and again went to Gubin's and this time found him in. Gubin talked all the time in a hostile way about Polyakov. According to him, Polyakov had been to see him and had given him a copy of the writ of execution, but Zaenchkovsky (according to Gubin) wants to appeal on the advice of some lawyer of his. Of course that is all nonsense. Gubin added that the bill of exchange guaranteed by Zaenchkovsky would be unreliable. But Sokovnin, according to him, still wants to take the debt on himself as a bill of exchange guaranteed by his wife, but he wants to see the writ of execution. Gubin says that on Friday, to-morrow, the whole affair is to be settled at the notary's, but Gubin is afraid that Matusevich (the usher) won't want to hand over the writ of execution at the notary's, on the pretext there is a law that if the usher returns the writ of execution then all claims cease. Gubin wants to settle everything somehow or other and has hopes for Friday. I didn't understand much of all this, but I can only assume he does not like these negotiations with Zaenchkovsky. Matusevich has already presented his claim and the writ of execution to *both* of Stellovsky's trustees, and Gubin says that Zaenchkovsky will see from this that, in spite of any appeals, the appeal will not be stopped. I asked him to let you know about any decisions ; he has your address. From Gubin I went to Polyakov. It was about seven o'clock and I didn't find him at home. There wasn't even an answer to my bell. The flat was empty and there was a note nailed to the door to say Polyakov was in Pavlovsk (and it gave the address). I then decided to stay in Petersburg for another day, *i.e.* Thursday, and I went to spend the evening with the Prince, where, apart from a few guests, I met Maykov and Strakhov. The Prince has a bad leg ; he is going to Soden for a cure (an hour and a half away from Ems). Everyone was very pleased to see me, the Prince was particularly charming. They all told me I looked much better and that I had even grown fatter (although I was terribly sleepy and worn out). The Prince told me " a parte " that he absolutely doesn't know what will happen to the " *Grazhdanin*," there is no money for publication and nobody will lend him any. I am very much afraid that if the publication ceases I shall have trouble with the subscribers (*i.e.* I am not afraid that the Prince will not pay, but I am nervous that there might be some sort of scandal and my name will be dragged in the mire by the Press). But it is also obvious that he is very anxious to continue the publication. Putsykovich is convinced that that is what will happen, *i.e.* the " *Grazhdanin* " will appear throughout the year. (153) I was very upset by what the Prince and one of his relations (a great admirer of mine) said, that it would be better for me to go to Soden and not to Ems, for they said Ems was in a deep valley, in a gorge, and consequently it was very damp and wet. I know that damp weather is more harmful to me than anything else. They all implored me to go to a famous doctor, Frerich in Berlin, and to ask his opinion. I don't know whether to do so or not. But this is what I have forgotten to tell you ; before going to Polyakov's I went to Bretzel, who gave me a short letter to Dr Orth in Ems. And Bretzel suddenly said, that if I found Ems was not doing me any good I was to go to Soden, which is almost the same sort of place. This place Soden, which is recommended to me from all sides, disturbs me and I am seriously thinking of going to see Frerich. The *firm* advice which Koshlakov gave me to go to Ems for a cure has done this : I shall definitely go to Ems in spite of all this talk, and after two or three weeks there I shall decide what I should do. Bretzel asked after your health and told me most *emphatically* that while you are at Staraya Russa you should drink the mineral waters, Schwalbach-Weinbrunn (there is also a Schwalbach Stalbrun, but it is too strong for you). I don't think I have made a mistake in these names. According to Bretzel the water can do you no harm *whatsoever* and it will certainly do you good. I asked him *to write to you at once* and to send you medical instructions about drinking it—and this is my advice to you, Anya, to which I beg you to pay attention : consult Shenk *at once* (Ed. : *a few words crossed*), and if he says that Schwalbach is good for you, then send ten roubles at once to Bretzel and he *promises* (as agreed between us) to send you 20 half bottles of the mineral water from Stoll and Schmidt (the water costs 7 roubles according to the price list and we reckon 3 roubles for carriage). Even if you begin to drink it after the 20th June you will have time to get quite well. After 20 days (half a bottle a day) you will know whether you need to continue with it, and after having drunk say 15 bottles, you could send him another 10 roubles and he would send you another 20 half bottles. After 40 half bottles you could then stop. Bretzel swears it will do you good. Don't grudge the 20 roubles, for it will do you good, but if Shenk does not approve (which I don't expect), then simply write to Bretzel that you have found the water at a chemist's in Staraya Russa (Bretzel thinks that is possible) and that you will take his advice and drink it.

This is what I ask you : if you follow his advice then don't buy it at your chemist's, even if he has got the water, in case you make a mistake by buying the wrong Schwalbach. Better let Bretzel send it to you (I implore you). I ask you, my angel, don't delay and ask Shenk (in any case it is time Shenk was called in to see Fedya). Don't grudge the 20 roubles —health comes first.

I went to see Kashpirev to-day. His leg is again in plaster. Doctor Cadet promises he will be able to walk by the winter, although he will limp. They are moving in a week's time to the country near Gatchina.

He says the doctor insists upon it. I did not see Sofia Sergeyevna. (154) She wasn't at home. He thanked me for visiting him. He is very pathetic. I dined at Wolff's together with Strakhov, then I looked in at Bazunov's (who is also going abroad on Sunday) and I asked him *emphatically* to be sure to send you the "*Russky Vestnik*" for June and July (I am taking the May number with me). He promised to do so.—Then (at about seven o'clock) I went to Polyakov's and again I could get no answer to the bell. Perhaps he has not yet received your letter. It is very annoying for me, for without this appointment (between 6 and 8) I should probably have gone to Pavlovsk, but I overslept until eleven, and then decided that if I went to Pavlovsk and discovered he had already left for Petersburg I should have no time to see him in Petersburg. Perhaps he will write to you. If so, then write and tell him I have been to see him (on the 5th and 6th). Be sure to write to him about this.

I am getting up at eight o'clock to-morrow so as to have time to do everything and I am terribly tired after writing this letter. It is nearly eleven o'clock. I shall go to bed in an hour's time. I am very troubled in spirit and depressed. I think of you, of darling Fedya who made the sign of the Cross over me, of my angel Lyuba and much about you. Anya darling, for heaven's sake, take care of them. I know that you love them (Ed.: *a whole sentence crossed out*) and respect the nurse. You may find another one and she may look more capable, but I doubt if she will love the children as much as this one. She is old and frail, but she jumps up at night in a twinkling, the moment Fedya stirs. Don't be cross with me for these requests. You know how much I love you all, and it is very hard for me here all alone.

I embrace you and shall expect a letter from you at Ems. I kiss Lyuba and Fedya. I bless them. Remember me to Alexander Karlovich, Anna Gavrilovna (155), Father Ivan and all of them (nurse and Praskovya included). Ah! my angel, how nervous I am about you all. Do write.

Although the weather has been fine in Petersburg (cloudy to-day) it is unseasonably cold now. I am afraid to spend an extra day in Berlin as I shall arrive on a Sunday and the bankers' office will probably be closed.

Well, good-bye, I kiss you often and all of you a thousand times and once again I bless you.

Yours for ever,

F. Dostoyevsky.

I am terribly afraid I shall be tired after the journey. Perhaps God will help me, and I shall find one side of a carriage free so that I shall be able to sleep. Don't forget Schwalbach. Tell the children I will bring them sweets and toys.

58

Ems,
Wednesday, 13/25 *June* [1874].

Here I am in Ems, my darling sweetheart, Anya. I arrived yesterday at about mid-day, but I was so tired from travelling and worries in Ems that I absolutely could not write to you last night (as I had hoped to do). My head was going round and my ears were buzzing. I left Petersburg on Friday morning on a cold rainy day and I arrived quite happily in Eydtkuhnen, and even managed to sleep during the night for about four hours lying down. The cold was more intense in Eydtkuhnen than in Petersburg and it continued until Berlin, where it was also so cold during the first day that I thought of putting on my wadded coat. I scarcely slept at all during the second night in the train. There were many interesting and amusing adventures on the way about which I will tell you when we meet. I arrived in Berlin on Sunday and Mendelssohn's banking office, on which Vilikin had drawn a transfer, was closed. The doctors don't see patients on Sundays and I was unbearably bored all day. Still, I didn't go to bed (we arrived at 7 a.m.). I went to the Royal Museum to see Kaulbach's picture, in which I only found a cold allegory and nothing more. But the other pictures, the old ones of different schools, are not bad and it was a pity that when you and I first passed through Berlin we didn't visit this Museum. But my God ! What a terribly boring place Berlin is ! I was dreadfully sad and dull without you all. I often looked at Lyubochka's photograph ; two or three times I looked at it and thought about her. On Sunday the Germans were all out on the streets in their best clothes ; they are a coarse, unpolished people. A young man in a pastrycook's shop advised me to go to the Theatre Kroll beyond the Tiergarten, where there is an Amusement Park, and to the Opera. It is true that "*Fidelio*" was being given and I very much wanted to go, but on returning to the hotel I felt so tired that I just tumbled into bed. Next morning I went to Mendelssohn and to Frerich. Frerich, that star of German science, lives in a palace (literally). While waiting to see him I asked one of the patients, who was also waiting, if he knew what Frerich's fee was, and he replied that there was no fixed fee, but that he was going to pay 5 thalers. I decided to give three thalers. He sees patients for three minutes or five at the most. He saw me for exactly two minutes and only touched my chest with his stethoscope. Then he uttered one word "Ems !" He sat down in silence and wrote two lines on a scrap of paper—"Here is the address of a doctor in Ems. Tell him it is from Frerich." I put three thalers down and went out; it wasn't worth going. The shops were open on that day and I set off to buy a shawl for Anna Gavrilovna. It gave me a great deal of trouble. I hunted and hunted for the shop. There are masses of shops in Berlin with stacks of goods, but for a long time I couldn't find what I wanted: either they don't understand or they deliberately show the wrong goods. At last in one shop they gave me the address of another and, although there were no shawls there, they sent for some and in the end I bought one. I think it is a very pretty one and perhaps the material is better than yours and the colour is blacker, the blackest possible, while yours has a slightly rusty shade. They assured me that the quality of the colour gave the shawl its value. It is the same size as yours without any embroidery, but with a slight fringe (there is no other kind). They asked 22 thalers for it. I bargained and was just leaving the shop, when they agreed to let me have it for 19 thalers. There was another shawl, which they would have let me have for 18, but the colour was not so black. Almost desperate, I decided to take the first, assuring them that a shawl (yours) with embroidery had been bought at a cheaper price. They then asked if it had been bought a long time ago, and when I said it was five years ago, they laughed: "Since then," they said, "almost all our goods have gone up 25%." As Anna Gavrilovna gave me 14 silver roubles, which according to the exchange is equal to 16 thalers, I have only exceeded her limit by three or three and a half roubles. Darling Anya, we had better make a present of the difference to Anna Gavrilovna (they are so fond of you and the children) and surely you won't be cross with me about this. Now I shall have to carry this shawl round with me in the trunk, because it is no use thinking of sending it to Russia by post. I shall bring it myself. Then I bought some cigarettes, and as there was time to go to the Amusement Park I went. The weather was fine that day. The Park is positively foul, but there were crowds of people, for Germans enjoy walking about. For the 10 pfennigs admission I had the right to go into the theatre, but only for standing room in the gallery. The theatre is an enormous dark place, seating about 1000, a stage 10 yards long, an orchestra of twelve men (not at all bad), and they were giving, imagine it, "*Robert the Devil*." I listened through half of the first act and then ran off, straight home, away from those dreadful German singers, for it was time to leave. At last at 10 p.m. I left for Ems. The nights here are as dark as in the winter. I didn't sleep at all that night. We sat packed like herrings, but, Anya my darling, as it began to grow light I had never seen anything like it in all my life! What is Switzerland, what is Wartburg (do you remember?) in comparison with the last half of this journey to Ems? Everything that you can picture to yourself as being exquisite, tender and fantastic in a landscape, in the most ravishing landscape in the world; hills, mountains, castles, towns like Marburg, Limburg, with the most charming turrets in an amazing combination of mountains and valleys. I have never seen anything like it. And so we travelled until we came on a hot morning in brilliant sunshine to Ems itself. Ems is just like that. Yesterday was a delightful day. Ems is a little town in a deep hollow between high hills about 1400 feet above sea level, high and covered with woods. The town leans against rocks (the most picturesque in the world) and it really only consists of two banks of a river (which is not wide), and it is not possible to build it any wider, for the hills press down on either side. There are promenades and gardens—and everything is very delightful. I am charmed by its situation, but I am told this same place on a rainy day or under a cloudy sky becomes so gloomy and depressing that even a healthy man could turn melancholic. On the other hand, I am far from charmed with the life here and the prices are appalling! All that you and I had imagined, when we calculated about a private little flat for me in Ems, has turned out to be impossible, for there are absolutely *no* flats here, not one. Five years ago, Ems was nothing, but now it has been boomed and people have started to come here from all corners of Europe. Every householder has seen what he ought to do; all the houses have been altered and turned into *hotels*. And that is why there are two kinds of hotels; there are about ten houses, which are real, genuine hotels, and after that, literally all the other houses are called *private hotels*. They have the same sort of rooms, the same type of servant, and even restaurants in almost all of them. The smallest house has up to twenty rooms. The rooms are almost all small. I stopped at the Hotel de Flandre, near to the railway station, and for 25 groschen I was given a room in which you could not turn round. It was scarcely furnished (there was no wardrobe and not even a chest of drawers) and I was shown three nails on the wall on which to hang my clothes. The service is abominable. I set off immediately to look for rooms and went into about 15 houses. Everywhere there were the same prices. Still, the rooms they showed me at 25 groschen (there are none for less than that), and those at a thaler, were large and more comfortable than mine, although they were small. The most important thing is that there are lodgers everywhere, who sing and bang doors, while I am intent upon writing a novel. (156) The table d'hôte in all the restaurants is at 1 p.m., for everyone gets up at 6 a.m. so as to be in their places at the springs by seven to take the waters, which are not given out after 8.30, when the spring is closed. At four o'clock, and before having my dinner, I went to see the doctor, to find out definitely for how many weeks he would condemn me to stay in Ems. I went to Dr. Orth (recommended by Bretzel) and not to Gutentag (recommended by Frerich), and I handed Bretzel's letter to Orth. Orth also lives in a magnificent flat and he also has a crowd of patients. He read Bretzel's note and examined me very carefully, and told me I had *temporary* catarrh and nothing else ;—it has nothing to do with consumption, but it is a fairly serious illness, for the longer one goes without treatment the more difficult it is to breathe. Apart from general debility, (digestion, temperature, etc.) he found that the back part of my lung was most seriously affected, and although I told him I didn't feel anything specially wrong he insisted upon his diagnosis. He said that the journey must *certainly* have upset me, but that this part of the lung would probably be better in a few days. He promised a successful cure, and ordered me to drink from the Kesselbrunnen spring and not from the Kränchen spring, which Koshlakov had recommended, on the pretext that I was subject to diarrhoea as Bretzel had written to him. I am now most annoyed that I forgot to tell him I am more inclined to constipation than diarrhoea and I am afraid there may be some ill effect because of his prescription to drink Kesselbrunnen. I shall go to him again in about five days' time and explain this to him. He has put me on a diet—I am to eat more acid things and take vinegar (with salad for instance), and to eat meat with fat. I am also to drink red wine, either from France or the local wine. From to-morrow I shall begin to get up at 6 a.m. to take the waters—two glasses a day. This Ems wine is first rate vinegar and costs 20 groschen the bottle ! As for the French wine, there is no touching it. A bottle of Medoc costs a thaler, while we in Russia pay 50 kopecks for it at Feyks. Then I went in search of some dinner and I found that apart from table d'hôte at one o'clock in the big hotels (Russische Hof and the English Hotel) there are " diners à part," but they cost a thaler and 10 groschen, *i.e.* 40 groschen. I ordered such a dinner. They brought me about ten courses, well cooked, five of which were meat courses so that I grew quite tired of eating and left half of the dinner. But they give less for the 25 groschen table d'hôte. There are *no* other dinners in Ems. Separate portions can be ordered everywhere, but each portion costs 15 groschen. At last, I decided to take an apartment in one of the houses. The landlady is an old woman wearing spectacles, is married, polite, but a sly old woman. They have a female staff. She has 26 rooms in her house. She gave me the choice of two : one a beautifully large room, comfortably furnished with a balcony for 14 thalers a week; and the second, an apartment consisting of two rooms, but much smaller, also very comfortably furnished; but only one of the rooms is light, while the other, the bedroom, has two windows that look out on to a blank wall only two yards away. It is much darker and is also let at 14 thalers a week. I bargained dreadfully with her and brought her down to 12 thalers a week. She agreed to prepare my coffee, my dinner, tea in the evening and *just a bite* for supper—all for one and a half thalers a day. In this way my board and lodging will cost 22 and a half thalers a week. I forgot to tell you (a most important thing) that Orth has fixed not six, but only four weeks for my cure, so although money simply melts here I shall have enough. Last night I moved from the hotel to my rooms. This is my address in case you want it for anything:—Haus Blücher 7, but write to me *poste restante*, for who knows, I may change my rooms.

In conclusion, a few words about Ems. There is a great crowd here—people from all corners of the earth, there is much dressing up and glamour, but a third of the rooms are not yet occupied. The shops are abominable. I wanted to buy myself a hat. I only found one wretched little shop where the goods were rather like those we can buy in our market. All the goods are exhibited with pride, the prices are exorbitant, and the shopkeepers turn their noses up at the customers.

Anya, my angel, write oftener to poor me. Your letter will probably not get here until the day after to-morrow and you can't imagine how anxious I am to hear about the children. My nerves are upset because of the journey, and last night when I was alone I almost wept. I think of my little angels, Fedya and Lyuba, and I am very anxious about them. Look after them, my darling, and write frankly about everything. I only hope you won't fall ill. Last night I twitched terribly (I have dreamt of you three nights running). Good-bye, I embrace you fervently, and I kiss and bless my angels. I shall get up to-morrow at 6 a.m. and go to take the waters, and I must, therefore, go to bed at 10 p.m. When am I to write my novel—in the daytime in this glare and sunshine, when everything invites me to go out for a walk and the streets are noisy? Pray God, I shall begin my novel and get something written down. It is half the battle to begin. So I shall have to return to you much earlier than I had expected. I shall tell you more about this in my next letter. I shall write to you in three or four days, after receiving your letter. Remember me to everyone and to nurse. I kiss you a thousand times and love you for ever and ever. Just think of it, three nights ago, I dreamt in Berlin that we had just been married and I was taking you abroad and was terribly in love with you, but

Lyuba and Fedya were already born, only they were not with us but somewhere else, and we talked about them. Good-bye.

Your,

DOSTOYEVSKY.

59

EMS,

Sunday, 28/16 *June* '74.

MY DARLING FRIEND, ANYA,

I cannot understand this muddle about dates. To-day, Sunday is the 28th, new style (I have verified it by the papers) and yet you write to me on Sunday (last) and date it the twelfth. I also made a mistake in my last letter (from Ems on Wednesday) and wrote the 27th, new style, whereas it was the 25th. But this is more serious. Your first letter (Friday) is dated the 7th, new style, but the Staraya Russa postmark on the envelope is dated the tenth and Petersburg, the eleventh. It is curious. (157) If you posted it on Friday or even Saturday then how could the post office only send it off on the tenth? Speak firmly to the postmaster about this (I may send you the envelope as evidence). And just imagine, your first letter of the 7th (and by the way when putting the dates on letters don't forget to put the day as well) only reached me yesterday, on *Saturday*, whereas I could have had it on Friday, because the fool of a post-office clerk at the *poste restante* here thought I was Tostoyevsky and not Dostoyevsky, in spite of the fact I had already asked him five times, and, therefore, looked through the letters under the letter 'T' so that your letter lay there quite unnecessarily for a whole day. They pronounce abominably here and listen very stupidly. On the journey, a German kept saying to me "Oupa, oupa." I asked him, "What is an oupa?" and at last I discovered that by "oupa" he meant "opera" (he was talking to me about music). The postmaster was very apologetic to-day and I had your second letter to-day. Dearest Anya, I do thank you for writing so regularly. Please write oftener than once a week, write every five days and I will do the same. I love your letters and I read them with pleasure and every time I say to myself, "What a clever wife I have!" For instance, I write eight pages and even then I have not said all I want to say, while you manage to say everything beautifully on four pages, all that is necessary in a businesslike way, intelligently with nothing irrelevant, your mind knowing what it has to say, and there is delicacy of feeling. You have guessed correctly, it would greatly please me to read about the children's conversations. You also say nice things to me and you say you love me (if you aren't deceiving me).

And I, my angel, how much I love you, *especially now*. You are my darling.

How glad I am that so far the children are quite well. It is true that your letter was written a week ago. For God's sake, do take the greatest care of them. It would be a very good thing if you were to drink some Schwalbach; and I was glad to have Shenk's opinion on your health, but most of all I shall be glad to see you again. I am beginning to feel dull here. On the day after I wrote to you (on Thursday) I went to the spring for the first time. It is only a few yards away. It was terrible weather, pouring with rain, so that I borrowed an umbrella from the landlady to run there. The rabble was already there. The whole of Ems gets up at 6 a.m. (I too) and as early as half-past six about 2000 people crowd round the two springs: Kränchen and Kesselbrunnen. The band plays in the garden and generally begins with that most boring Lutheran hymn to God; I know nothing more sickly or artificial than that. Every drinker has to buy a glass for the season on which the number of ounces is marked by lines. I drink six ounces, two glasses, and between taking the two glasses I walk about for an hour. I return to my rooms at eight o'clock and drink coffee. The taste of the water is sour like salt and smells slightly of rotten eggs. The water is warm like a glass of tea, which has been standing for ten minutes. The weather during the last two days (even yesterday) has been very changeable, first rain and then sunshine, and I was miserably bored. My condition is worse, probably because of the damp air, my huskiness has increased and the cough is drier. I had pains in my chest both yesterday and the day before, which I very rarely had in Petersburg. In a day or so I shall go to the doctor and tell him that I feel worse. It is true that good effects cannot be felt so soon, but I think I must have caught cold in the damp. To-day, however, is glorious, the sun is shining, it is very hot and I feel much better. I am still afraid the doctor made a mistake when he prescribed Kesselbrunnen for me and not Kränchen. Bretzel wrote to him that I was subject to diarrhoea. Although I did have diarrhoea it was only because my stomach was upset, but my usual condition is not to have diarrhoea but the opposite. I don't know what will happen.

I go for walks when the weather is fine and listen to the music in the evening. The only Russian paper in the Kursaal is the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti.*" There is quite a number of French papers. Everything here is wretched and poor, and the shops are very bad. The position of the place is delightful, but only for a minute, for Ems is in a narrow valley between two ranges of hills and the whole of it can be taken in at a glance. I already know the garden and the park inside out and after that there is nowhere else to go. To add to this, there are always crowds of people (there is much Russian heard, but more German than anything else). After my morning coffee I work. Until now I have been reading only Pushkin and I have been entranced. Every day I find something new in him. But I still can't compose anything for my novel. I am afraid my epilepsy has not only robbed me of my memory, but also of my imagination. A sad thought keeps coming into my head : " what if I am no longer able to write ? " But then, we shall see.

I go out for an hour's walk before dinner (for I dine exactly at 1 p.m.). I jostle about in the crowd and I go into the Kursaal to read the newspapers. My only acquaintance here is a certain German, who travelled with me in the same carriage from Berlin (he has come to be cured of consumption). Just before the last whistle went I saw him bid his wife a very tender farewell at the Berlin railway station (they are both young). We meet occasionally and talk German. I also met, or I had better say I was approached in the garden (for I never recognise anyone) by Sluchevsky (158), a literary man, who works in the censorship and is the editor of "*Illustratsiya.*" He was glad to renew our acquaintance. I had met him casually in Petersburg last winter. He is still a young man and is here with his wife and children. He asked if he might visit me, but I don't know whether he will ever come. He is a typical Petersburg man, a man of the world like all censors with pretensions to high society, who does not know much and is fairly good tempered and rather conceited. He has very good manners. During our walk he pointed out all the Russians who are staying here. He never goes about with his wife, but he seems to be fond of his children. Two nights ago in rather damp weather and after it had stopped raining, I met him with a Russian family and he asked me to walk with them. I was so bored that I went. The lady was the principal of the Novocherkask Institute, about forty years of age, but looks twenty-five. She had her daughter with her—very silent, aged about fifteen and very pretty. They had a relation with them, or friend, rather original and quite an amusing man. We had a long walk along a wet road, a little into the hills as far as the first restaurant, where we rested and drank some "Maitrank" and then we walked back. This woman bored me so much that in future I shall absolutely run away from all Russians. I have never met such a fool in all my life. A cosmopolitan and an atheist, who adored the Tsar, but despised her country. Her children had been educated in Dresden and a couple of months ago two of them had died in Russia. She had only this daughter left. Probably because of her grief she had set off for Paris (that is what they call ' work '—namely, four months' leave abroad at the Government's expense !) and there for no reason at all she had had a beautiful tooth taken out by a dentist. The tooth had not been aching, but for some reason or other it bothered her (her teeth were like pearls and she wasn't at all bad looking). The dentist gave her chloroform and *broke her jaw* ! Another famous dentist in Paris told her she might get caries and lose all her teeth, and now she must go back to Paris to have her broken jaw put right. But goodness knows why she has come to Ems now ! Nobody knows what these people do or why they are travelling about. She is a chatterbox and is always arguing. I told her quite frankly that she was insufferable and that she didn't understand anything ; of course, I said it jokingly and politely, but I really meant it. We parted amicably, but I shall never meet them again. And when I went to bed I had a nightmare !

And so I am very depressed. I don't know how I shall be able to get through the month here. Perhaps I shall write something and set to work. In the meantime, I live fairly comfortably in the material sense : the landlord and his wife are amiable and feed me quite well. The whole house (made of stone, is handsome and now very valuable) belongs to the landlady and she does the cooking for me *herself*. Her daughter is 17 years old, is pretty and has had a certain amount of education ; she is modest and innocent. Sometimes she brings me my dinner and tea *herself* and even cleans the rooms and does the washing for the house. There is only *one* servant for all the 12-15 lodgers, a pock-marked wench called Minna, about 35, who works like an ox and only receives 7 thalers as wages from March to October, *i.e.* a thaler a month. Certainly she depends on tips from the lodgers. On the whole, there is good order and system in the household. I was the only one on the second floor until last night, when some rich people from Vienna (a husband and wife) took the rest of the rooms, so that I now have neighbours, and at this moment they are making a noise outside my door and disturbing me. Well, that is all so far about my surroundings. My moral condition as I have already told you is one of sadness and boredom and I think of you continually, Anya, I ache for you ! During the day I go over in my mind all your good qualities and I love you passionately and I feel you would be perfect except for one little thing—absent-mindedness and domestic casualness (*i.e.* not casual about the children for I know what a good mother you are, but simply a little untidiness). But I consider that all the rest in my Anichka is perfect and rare. My beloved, I don't know another woman equal to you. Now take that fool of the day before yesterday, how could I possibly compare her with you ? But, nowadays, almost all women are like that fool. But in the evenings, when I go to bed (let this be between ourselves), I think of you with agony. I embrace you in my thoughts and in my imagination. I kiss you all over (you understand). Yes, Anya, I had sufficient agony in my loneliness without this extra suffering ; I have to live without you and suffer. You are so seductive in my dreams. Do you ever dream of me ? Anya, this is very serious in my present condition. If it were only a joking matter I shouldn't write to you about it. You said that when I was abroad I might perhaps run after other women. My darling, I know from experience that I can't think of any other woman. I have no need for other women, I want you. And that is what I say to you daily. I am far too used to you and I have become too much of a family man. The past is past, and *in that respect* there is no one better than my darling little Anya. Don't be a prude when you read this : I must tell you. I hope you won't show this letter to anyone.

Write me everything about the children, what they say and do. Kiss Lyuba and Fedya for me. Tell them I think of them and will come back and bring them some sweets (but will I bring those sweets ?). Remember me to everybody. I embrace you once again.

Your husband for ever,

DOST.

I love you *truly* and I pray ardently for all of you each day. I bless the children.

Last night, when out for a walk, I met the Emperor William for the first time ; he is a tall, imposing old man. Everyone here stands up (even the ladies) and they take off their hats, and bow : he doesn't bow to anyone, though sometimes he waves his hand. Our Tsar, on the contrary, bowed to everyone here and the Germans greatly appreciated it. I was told that both Germans and Russians (especially the ladies of our high society) did their best to get in front of the Tsar so as to curtsy to him. There were more Russians then in Ems, but now the most important members of Russian society have left. As William was walking and talking with a young lady, her mother and father followed two paces behind. The girl looked like a servant. She had large young features, but she was not bad looking, a German society woman. The mother and daughter were beautifully dressed. When he came to a certain place, the Emperor said " Good-bye " to them, they both curtsied grandly in court style and, proud and happy, they rolled off in a magnificent carriage. Ten paces behind, while William and the young girl were walking along—a crowd of local ladies literally pressed forward, some of them dressed in lace as if they were at a ball. How envious they must have been !

My very special regards to Father John and the landlord. I kiss the children. Talk about me often so that they won't forget me.

Tell me *exactly* which date in July is Fedya's birthday so that I can celebrate it without making any mistake.

When shall I have a letter from you?—God only knows! I shall write again in about five days' time. Between then and now I shall go to see the doctor.

Above all keep well. Take care of the children.

D.

60

Ems, *Sunday*, 5 *July* (new style),
23 *June* '74.

Dear Anya,—I am surprised at your silence. It is again Sunday and there is nothing from you. Even if you were waiting for my letters before writing it is quite time your answer came, and surely by now you have received at least one of my letters. But *in any case*, you promised to write on Sundays and if you had done so I ought to have had your letter on Friday, the day before yesterday. I am writing to you now after waiting in vain to hear from you and if I have anything from you early to-morrow, then I shall add a line to this letter. But if I don't, then I shall post it as it is. If correspondence with me wearies you so much, then I would only ask you to write a page of simple news about the children and about your health, on condition that you write every five days. To have to wait a whole week is far too long. But I have been waiting not only a week since your last letter, but it is already the ninth day and perhaps it will be the tenth before I hear from you.

I now send you news of myself. My cure is going on steadily, but so far I don't feel any benefit. It is even the reverse. I cough more and have more phlegm than during last summer. Did I tell you that the doctor has at last changed the Kesselbrunnen to Kränchen for me and has prescribed not two, but three glasses a day? I feel that Kränchen is slightly better for me, but I am quite convinced (and other patients have convinced me too) that Kränchen acts better when mixed with milk, both on the stomach and on the dryness of the cough. Also, three glasses are not enough for me. After drinking the three glasses in the morning I feel better between 7 a.m. and 4 p.m., but after 4 p.m. and all night long I feel much worse. At last I decided to go to the doctor and to ask him firmly to allow me to take Kränchen with milk and to drink it again in the evening at 4 p.m. like the other patients. I went with that intention to see him yesterday and he has allowed me to take both the milk and another two glasses in the evening. And so, it has all turned out as Koshlakov prescribed. Orth, only because a fortnight ago I had told him of Koshlakov's prescription to take Kränchen with milk, changed the Kränchen to Kesselbrunnen and forbade me to take the milk, *i.e.* he did this out of vanity. But they are all alike those swindlers. While I have lost two whole weeks of the cure if the treatment is not completely spoilt. I foresee that I may have to stay here an extra week for I still have the hope (and even a great hope) that Kränchen will help me. When Orth heard that I had begun to have pains in the liver and that my tongue was sometimes yellow, he told me rather triumphantly it was the first and most definite sign of the good effect of the waters and that it always started with pains in the liver. Well, that is all about my cure. My life here is unbearably boring. In spite of the fact that I have started to work (alas! only at the plan (159) and even that does not progress), I don't know what to do with myself, for I am so depressed. I read a little, but that is not enough. Also, everything here is expensive, and money simply runs away. I see few people. I have been told that Princess Shalikov (159 *a*) has been looking for me for the last week and is very anxious to see me. Not to seem rude I went to call on her, but she was out and I left my card. Yesterday morning she came in to see me. She has grown very old and grey-haired (she looks about fifty). She is ill and coughs a great deal, but she is very nice and a kind old maid. She sat here for about an hour and invited me to go for a drive with her and some of her friends along the Rhine to the Castle Stolzenfels (a quarter of an hour away by train). I don't know whether I shall go or not. The weather is very hot, but we have had winds and rain, and it is changeable even now. One day it may be 25 degrees in the shade and the next it is only 15 degrees, and very often we have early morning fogs. Well, that is the general report to you about myself. I shall not write to you about anything important or intimate for I think I see, dear Anya, it is superfluous.

Once again, I ask and implore you to write to me every five days, even if it is only twelve lines like a telegram, about the children's health and your own. You can't believe how anxious I am about the children and how I suffer because of this. Not having heard from you I do nothing but think about them. If I don't hear by Tuesday, *i.e.* by the day after to-morrow, I shall send a wire addressed to Alexander Karlovich.

Good-bye, I bless the children and kiss you. Remember me to everyone. My kind regards to nurse.

Your,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

61 (Note 160)

[EMS,]

Monday, 6 *July*. [24 *June* 1874.]

AT last, at eight o'clock this morning, I received your dear letter. My precious Anya, I kissed it and in that way made peace with you, for I must confess I was very angry and I was also sad and somehow felt hurt. How glad I am you are all well. I seem to revive after your news and everything brightens up all round me. I mean this literally. Once again, darling Anya, I ask you to write to me every five days, even though it may only be a few lines (it doesn't need to be more than twelve), but I shall then feel more at rest. Your letters are far too rare and I am very unhappy. I think you must have received my second letter from Ems long ago. This is the third. At about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, Princess Shalikov suddenly sent for me to go with them to Stolzenfels, and as I had promised, although I was in a bad mood, there was nothing to be done but to go. It is on the Rhine, at the meeting of the Rhine and the Lahn, on which Ems is situated and a quarter of an hour away. There is a glorious view from there. The castle is on the opposite side of the Rhine and is only reached by crossing the river by boat. It is an old mediaeval castle, but twenty-five years ago the ruins (which by the way are well preserved) were restored for our late Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, who lived here for a short time. We went over the whole castle, walked about, drank coffee and enjoyed the sunset over the Rhine, which was very fine. I was neither bored nor amused in the society of these ladies. One of them was a friend of the Princess with whom she lives and who had lived for a while at Katkov's. She is a widow about forty years of age, delicate, and had at one time been pretty. She is an admirer of mine. When the Princess, before calling on me, had tried to find me by recognising my face either at the music or near the springs, her friend had kept saying to her at every moment, " look carefully and as soon as you see a man with *the most profound expression such as no other man has ever had*, then go up to him boldly for it is he." She had only seen me once at Katkov's. Then there was a mother and daughter. The mother is the principal of a girls' school at Moscow, but this headmistress was very different from the one from Novocherkask—she is a very clever woman, but she is very ill, she is almost without lungs. Her daughter, aged 17, is a very energetic young woman and not at all bad looking. But I like the old lady, the Princess; she is good-natured, simple, honest and has an almost childlike gaiety. She is small, grey-haired, dresses almost too modestly, but she has good taste in the highest sense of the word. She has travelled all over Europe, has been everywhere and is personally acquainted with the foremost English and French writers. Her chief trait is sensitiveness, which at times seems to be ironical and at others innocently gay. But she coughs a great deal. They gave me much useful advice about taking the waters, and about diet, and I am very glad I listened to them, because I was making stupid mistakes. You write, darling Anya, that you have started to take the waters and that you don't expect to derive any benefit ; you are greatly mistaken, you will see. I looked upon Kränchen with scorn for two whole weeks, but I have begun to expect much from it, for I now *feel* it will do me good. I am very pleased I can take Kränchen with milk and that my first dose has been almost doubled. I get up at 6 a.m., hoarse and with a cough. This hoarseness and cough trouble me all the time I am dressing. Exactly at seven o'clock I am in my place and I drink my first glass. And what is the result ? I feel better after the three glasses right up to the evening. The hoarseness disappears and also the cough and I seem to have more air in my lungs. But the main effect comes later, it is internal and chemical and acts upon the whole system. It will be just the same with you, although it may not be noticeable to yourself. All winter you will say it has not done you any good, but you won't fall ill, and who can say, if you hadn't taken the waters you might have fallen ill. Don't complain about not drinking coffee. I know how difficult it is to break habits. I have also heard that not only Kränchen but all mineral waters cause bile. Don't you think you are losing your appetite simply because the waters are beginning to take effect ? The bile will make you slightly irritable. My appetite is splendid and everybody tells me it is an excellent sign to have an appetite during the cure. Thank you for the news about the children and about their sayings and doings. It pleases and amuses me enormously to hear about them and makes me very happy. The story about Fedya and the peasant is remarkable and an indication of his future character : determination, trustfulness ; and he can't be called hard-hearted for not looking back at you—he doesn't understand such demands yet and he probably didn't know he had said " good-bye " to you. If he had been left much longer with the peasant he would probably have asked " where is nurse " ? Kiss Lyubka, and for God's sake don't overtax her brain, don't hurry with the lessons, but let her body grow stronger and gather strength for the winter. How glad I am you are having fine weather. How the children would have benefitted if they had been somewhere abroad. But the climate in Ems is queer. To-day, for instance, the sun is shining, the barometer is high, and judging by yesterday and everything else, we shall probably have 24 degrees in the shade by mid-day. Just imagine, at 7 a.m. this same barometer only showed 11 degrees in the shade. Eleven degrees and twenty-four degrees only a few hours later. What quick changes! How can one possibly help catching cold? This is because Ems lies in a hollow. It is damp in the night, and suddenly a cloud settles in the hollow, and there we are with only eleven degrees! But there were 18 degrees in the shade at seven o'clock yesterday morning, *i.e.* the cloud didn't deign to spend the night in Ems.

It is fairly quiet in my rooms. Next to me, and the only people on the landing, are a husband and wife from Vienna—rich people who are occupying four beautiful rooms. But yesterday they had to pay their first weekly payment to the landlady and there was a terrible row because of the enormous bills she had presented to them. She also presented me with a similar bill. I argued heatedly with her about it, and I managed to make her reduce it by two thalers! Anya, my work is progressing very slowly and I am having great difficulty with the plan. The size of the plan is its chief fault. When I examined it in its entirety I realised that there was sufficient material for four novels. Strakhov always considered this to be a failing of mine. But there is still time. Perhaps I shall manage. The plan is the main thing. The work itself is easier. Anya, my darling, most of the work will have to be done in the autumn and I am terribly worried by the daily thought about how we shall manage this autumn and on what money—(it is *impossible* to ask Nekrassov again (161); and he would probably not *give* any). He is not a Katkov, but a man from Yaroslav. Still, God has helped us so far and we have had worse times. Don't frighten me, darling Anya, with your unpleasant predictions. They are the only bad thing about you, for your character is natural, simple and angelic—and that's that!

I kiss you, and as for your indecent dreams, my darling, if you could only know mine! But then it is more indecent for a woman to have them. Never mind, never mind. Hush! On the contrary I am very glad and I kiss you passionately *all over*.

Good-bye. Write oftener. Kiss the children. Remind them about me. Write to me oftener. Remember me to everyone, except to the priest at the Cathedral, but then you may as well remember me to him too.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

62

Friday, 10 *July*/28 *June* [1874].

YESTERDAY the 9/27th I received your precious letter, my darling angel Anya, and it consoled me greatly; it came at 8 a.m. just as I got back from the spring. During the night, exactly at midnight, I had a fit (161 *a*) in my sleep, which greatly upset me, so much so that I wasn't able to answer your letter; I absolutely could not. And even now, although I can talk and walk, I am writing to you with great difficulty, for everything aches, my head is in a whirl and I am depressed. But then you know what it is like. The fit occurred when I was in bed, *without any consequences*, and nobody heard me. I don't imagine it was one of the most violent. I think I shall be free of them for a time. When I was in Petersburg I usually had a great accumulation of phlegm after having a fit and my cough was worse for about three days. It is just the same here; but I think Kränchen is beginning to take effect, for I have less phlegm and my cough is better. I can breathe more easily and my chest doesn't ache in the night. I feel quite certain now that my cure will do me good. I don't know what will happen; I have been drinking Kränchen for two weeks, but during the first week I only drank three glasses without milk. In eleven days' time it will be exactly a month since I started taking the waters, but I drank Kesselbrunnen for a week, which is quite a different spring, and I don't think this ought to be counted. Koshlakov, however, ordered me to drink Kränchen with milk for six weeks. So I think that if the cure is successful the doctor will make me stay for an extra week to take Kränchen. And what if it is for another two weeks? I shall have to stay even though it will be very difficult for me; I am tormented with boredom and I am worn out with this vile hole. What people! What hideous faces! What hateful Germans! Germans "with airs." Half of the people here are Russians. There's no need to talk about them. It is always depressing to see Russians knocking about abroad; such emptiness, idleness and general smugness. I would not even look at them, but there is nowhere to go. There are no walks here. You have either to move round in a space too cramped for so many people or you have to go up to the hills, but a long way off, for the nearest paths are always crowded. And yet I cannot go far away, because I have been told that with a chest like mine it would be positively dangerous to go high up, for I should have to make too much of an effort to climb up there. To add to my happiness, the heat is terrific, we have had 26 to 27 degrees Réaumur in the shade. I have to change my shirt three times a day. It is just as it was in Florence, but at least you could go out there in the evenings, whereas here at seven-thirty the invalids all go home and only the people who are well walk about ; they are very numerous and the devil only knows why they have all come here. No sooner has the sun gone down behind the hills (it gets dark early and it is almost night by 9 p.m.) than the damp begins to rise. During the day, just when it is like an oven, a horrid cool wind will suddenly blow, which is not remedial but is really harmful, for it is almost like a draught. All the thousands of people go about in light summer clothes and only I, although I have a thin waistcoat, wear a heavy overcoat and perspire terribly. I hesitate about having a suit made of calamanco. To begin with, it would be far too expensive, and secondly, when I first came here I ordered a white waistcoat from a tailor, who had been recommended to me as being the best. And what do you think ? He only delivered it to me the day before yesterday (that is almost two weeks later) in spite of the fact that I called for it every day. Besides, it is too short, gets rumpled, and the material, piqué, is of the poorest quality. I paid 3 thalers for it, but I don't think I shall ever wear it. So how can I order anything else here ? There are only two tailors in the whole of Ems. What am I to do ? I had to buy some pomade for use after the bath and the French saleswoman wanted to charge me 2 thalers for it. I began to argue about it and to bargain and in the end she let me have it for a thaler.

This is a beastly vile place, there isn't a viler one in the whole world.

There are some Russians here whom I acknowledge, they are the kind who, once having recognised me, walk up and introduce themselves. One of them (who plays the gentleman) assures me he has met me at Polonsky's. (162) Tachalov, the Russian priest from Wiesbaden, a supercilious beast, comes here on Mondays, but I squashed him and he soon disappeared. He is an intriguer and a rascal. He would sell everything, even Christ. The Dresden priest, Ernich, spreads it about that he built the Prague church, while Tachalov contends that he converts Catholics, and the beast manages to be convincing although he is as stupid as a log and by his ignorance disgraces our church before strangers. But so far as ignorance is concerned, one is just as bad as the other.

Your note and the stories about the children cheered me up. I was terribly depressed after the fit and it came just at the right time. Write oftener to me, my angel, I am very sad. I read your letter four times. Thank you for loving me. I believe in you, and that is the one thing which gives me courage here. I told Princess Shalikov about the children yesterday. She left here yesterday for Reichenhall in the Bavarian Tyrol. She is a charming old lady although slightly comic—far too sensitive and far too gushing, but she is most kind-hearted. She begged me to introduce her to you if she comes to Petersburg in the winter. That will be very pleasant for she is not at all boring. I have not touched my work for four days because of the fit. I cannot work. I don't want to make any new acquaintances and I shall try to sit more at home; besides, my legs ache and my head aches too. The landlady persists in adding items to my account and is beginning to feed me badly. My appetite is worse in this heat and I feel more bilious. It is most important to have an appetite here. It is the first sign that the waters are doing you good. Darling Anya, what will happen if the doctor sees the good effect the waters are having on me and makes me stay an extra two weeks? (And if they really are doing me good, how can I throw it all up and run away?) You will then probably have to move alone from Russa to Petersburg, but I repeat, I don't think it will happen and I shall have time to come to you. I shall write to you again in about five days' time. Write to me too. There are hardly any Russian newspapers here. You can get the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*," but they have not come for more than a week.—I embrace you a thousand times. You alone are in my heart and in my soul and sleep. I bless the darling children and kiss them. I think of their dear faces several times a day. Tell them I kiss them, and talk to them oftener about me. Take the waters and try to get better. Consult the doctor when it is necessary, don't grudge the money. If anything should happen or if you fall ill yourself, God forbid, then let me know at once. Good-bye, I absolutely cannot write another thing. I haven't the physical strength, I cannot; my head is going round and every part of me aches (because of the fit). I sit at home in the shade without moving or else I should perspire. Last night I had to change my shirt five times. I embrace you a thousand times.

All yours, your husband, who loves *you* only, sincerely and always,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to everyone and give the children an extra kiss from me. I kiss you 15,000 times and it will still not be too much, not at all too much.

63

EMS,

Monday, 1/13 [*July* 1874].

IT is the sixth day to-day, my darling, since I had the fit and my head is a little clearer (although it is far from being right again) and that is why I thought of writing to you to set you the example of writing every five days, although I haven't had a letter from you yet, not since the one which I have already acknowledged. But I didn't expect to hear from you : I only hope you will listen to me and, after my request, start writing to me every five days. Princess Shalikov told me that when Katkov goes away from Moscow he writes every day to his wife. (The Princess left long ago, last Wednesday.) I have had a little unpleasantness here ; I have been compelled to change my rooms. Some rich people from Vienna, a man and his wife, had taken three rooms next to my two, they spent about two weeks here and then left. The same morning an Austrian Count arrived from Vienna with his valet and said he wanted all five rooms on the same floor (mine included), otherwise he would have no room for his valet. The landlady came to me and began to implore me with clasped hands to let the Count have my two rooms, and to move up to the top floor, where there were two rooms which she would let me have at a reduced rental, *i.e.* for 8 instead of 12 thalers a week. I saw it would be quite impossible if I didn't move, for I should only make an enemy of my landlady, who had already started to feed me badly and to overcharge. The rooms turned out to be terribly low and stuffy and the whole of that floor is occupied by a poorer type of lodger—Germans, who giggle and stamp and drink and shout without any refinement, just like typically coarse Germans. Next day I found rooms for myself and I had great luck—it is also a private hotel, also quite near to the spring, also 12 thalers a week and on the first floor, but the rooms are better, more comfortably furnished, larger, with higher ceilings, and, to add to that, a balcony. I shall dine in the restaurant for 20 groschen, but my former landlady who also charged 20 groschen (and sometimes 25) used to give me food which was not *half* so good. The morning coffee here is 8 groschen, while the other landlady charged 12 (and 15 at first). Supper, that is a cutlet with tea and cakes (actually the tea is mine) is 10 groschen here, while it was 15 at the other place—so I have gained something. Also the other one used to charge a thaler a week for attendance, but the attendance here is included. At least I shall not be so brazenly robbed here as I was in the other rooms.

So I shall spend the second half of my stay here in new rooms. I don't know how much longer I shall have to stay in Ems. I expect it will be another twelve days or so as from to-day, but no longer. Some of the experienced patients here (Kublitsky (163) for instance, who has visited Ems for the last twenty years) assure me it is very important not to take *too much* of the waters, for it would only do me harm. Koshlakov said six weeks, but *no one* here has ever heard of such a long cure and no one takes a cure for longer than twenty-eight days. That is the maximum, but some people stay for a shorter time. I cannot take into account the first week when I drank Kesselbrunnen and had the wrong diet. I shall stay for another twelve days, but certainly for no longer, and then we can see what the doctor has to say It is impossible that there should be no improvement. All the patients say the *real* benefit is felt later on (*i.e.* in the winter) but to my mind such opinions are all fairy tales. I have noticed some positive results in myself especially during the last week. I can breathe more easily than in Petersburg, the blood doesn't rush to my head when I cough and, above all, I have hardly any dry cough at all (*i.e.* when you cough and cough, and cannot stop coughing, as it was in Petersburg). But then I do still cough; as soon as there is any damp air, phlegm gathers, and on very damp nights I wheeze, although not very much. What discourages me is the fact that if there really is an improvement (and there is), then it is only because of taking the waters, and as soon as I stop drinking them my condition will be the same as it was in the winter. It was the same when I had the compressed air treatment in Russia; as soon as I stopped the cure I felt worse, although I didn't exactly fall back into the same condition as I was in before the cure. In that way, the compressed air treatment really did me good. I feel I have more air to breathe here. But what vulgar air! Would you believe it, Anya, I consider Ems has a worse climate than Petersburg. For the last eight days we had holiday heat (26 degrees in the shade) which is equal to 37 degrees in Florence (do you remember?). The old inhabitants here have revealed this feature of Ems to me: as soon as the wind drops and even if it is only 20 degrees everyone begins to perspire and is soon wringing wet. During the last eight days it has been 26 degrees and I have had to change my shirt four times in one night. But what is really unpleasant is that everything becomes quite still, there isn't a breath of air, and then suddenly an icy wind begins to blow from somewhere or other (from the gorge)—and people catch cold. It is quite a common thing to have a cold here. All this time I have been waking up at six o'clock in the morning, and each day as I looked through the window I have wondered what I should put on, whether to go out all wrapped up or lightly dressed. There may be a fog, a cloud, it is dark and damp, but in half an hour's time it all clears up and it is brilliant sunshine again. It rained here yesterday, and the day before yesterday it was foggy and I felt worse. I perspired more than ever because I went about in my cloth coat, but I was wearing a white waistcoat. I was told that I should most certainly catch cold if I didn't get myself a summer suit made of calamanco and I was compelled to order one for 17 thalers. It is to be ready to-day, but I neither like the colour nor the style and the material is not English but only local. In short, everything here is *terribly* expensive. I can't wear my white waistcoat which the other tailor made (it cost 3 thalers). I also bought myself a hat for 2 thalers, but that was when I first came ; it isn't bad. I can foresee, my darling Anya, that when you read this letter you will blame me for being egotistical : " all about himself, himself," and you won't believe me, my friend, how sad I am without you all ! There are many children here ; whenever I hear a child's voice, my heart stands still. Last night, after I had moved into the new rooms, I did nothing but think of you and the children. I felt so sad in the evening. I am waiting patiently for a letter from you and I have reckoned that I ought to have one on Wednesday. Write to me more about the children. I read the story about Fedya and the peasant to Princess Shalikov (164) ; she was delighted with it and also with his story about the change of heads. Would you believe it, I can't remember what I said in my last letter to you or in what circumstances I posted it. Everything went dark in my head and I must have had a very severe attack that time.

I embrace you with all my strength. I kiss the children (which I do in thought every day). Remember me to everyone, to the priest and to Alexander Karlovich ; don't forget to give nurse a little vodka. The Wiesbaden priest reminded me about the bet I had lost and demanded I should pay 25 thalers to the Slav Committee ; I shall certainly pay it. The coarse brute ! But then I too wasn't quite polite to him. If I meet him again, I shall have words with him ; I have seldom met anyone so repulsive. I feel that my liver is out of order here. My appetite is good, but it's curious I have not grown any fatter (as in Staraya Russa) ; I have lost weight.

Good-bye, my precious angel, I embrace you. Kiss Lyuba and Fedya. I know Lyuba remembers me, but does Fedya ?

My address, in case you need it, is : Bad Ems, Hotel Ville d'Alger, Nos. 4-5. But please write as usual—*poste restante*.

Your,

DOSTOYEVSKY.

64

EMS,

Friday, 17/5 *July* '74.

MY DARLING ANYA.—Your precious letter came yesterday and I am afraid I am late in answering it, for I wanted to see the doctor first and to write to you after he had given his decision ; but various little trifles prevented me to-day, so that it is already 11 a.m., and I don't know whether this letter will catch the post to-day. The arrival of each of your letters is like a "deliverance" to me, two days before that I am always nervous and depressed: "is everything all right there, or has anything happened?" You would not believe how suspicious and irritable I become. I am very glad you will write every five days. News of the children is essential to me. I can't even look calmly at children here, and if I hear a child cry then I become depressed and have bad premonitions. I attribute my irritability to the treatment. I am told that the nerves do get upset and especially the liver. I think the brain suffers too. You write about your treatment; but it is a bad sign that you have lost your appetite and are growing thin. Hurry up and finish taking those waters, Anya, drink the last bottle and then begin to eat everything without dieting, otherwise it will only mean you are torturing yourself. You reproach me for writing only five pages. First, this is because every time I write I am afraid of missing the post, and, secondly, because I have decided to write oftener, and, finally, because I want a blank page left to hide the letter, otherwise everything shows through the envelope.—I love you all very much and I kiss you a thousand times. Remind the children of me. Please take special care of Lyuba as she needs you more than Fedya; he has *his own* nurse, whereas she has only *Fedya's* nurse. Now I shall rapidly tell you the principal things about myself. The *effects* of the fit lasted six days. There is a certain Kublitsky here, who is very like Polonsky in all respects, he even has bad feet like Polonsky. We meet sometimes and talk, but I can't walk with him, because he can hardly drag one leg after the other and he maintains that I walk too quickly. One morning at eight o'clock (five days ago), the day after I had moved into my new rooms, I heard Kublitsky calling after me in the avenue (where I usually walk for half an hour after taking the waters in the morning) —"Feodor Mikhaylovich! Haven't you got a temperature?" I looked round—"Why do you suddenly ask me if I have a temperature, as if you were firing off a gun? No, I haven't got a temperature." "I only asked you because most people usually do have a temperature when they are in the middle of the treatment, or their legs are heavy, or they have a pain in their heads, etc." "No, I don't feel anything . . good-bye." "Good-bye." At this we parted. That same day, immediately after dinner, my head started to ache. I went to take the waters, I read the papers, and about six o'clock in the evening as I was crossing the bridge I suddenly shivered. I hurried home. My temperature flew up and in the night I was delirious and perspired so much that I had to change my shirt four times and my sheets were wet through with sweat. By the morning I felt I had grown thinner with so much sweating. I decided I had caught cold on the day I changed my rooms when it had rained at 25 degrees in the shade, and a fog had gathered, and my balcony door was open until ten o'clock at night. What an *evil eye* Kublitsky has! And what is more, he didn't say anything else except to ask me, goodness knows why, whether I had a temperature.

I grudged spending the money so I didn't go to see the doctor, especially as I didn't feel anything in the morning except irritability (which is terrible every morning). My appetite was excellent and my stomach was in good working order. I decided that the temperature was only temporary, which was natural for me to have. But exactly at seven o'clock in the evening I again had a temperature; I wasn't delirious in the night, but I sweated just the same as on the previous night. Next morning I was well again. On the third evening, again temperature and again I sweated all night, and, at last, yesterday I had no temperature, but I still sweated. I think, Anya, I have lost half my weight with so much sweating. I have gone terribly thin. However, yesterday, I went off to see Orth and I told him everything and especially how during the last twelve days I had been taking five glasses of Kränchen with milk (three in the morning and three in the evening).[1] I cough *a great deal* when I get up in the mornings, and then, after Kränchen, I cough very little throughout the day; the phlegm comes away very easily, there is almost no dry cough (as I had before). But I cough every morning when I wake up. Orth examined me very carefully and took a long time over it and this is what he pronounced with a satisfied air: "Your chest is *completely healed* in three places; but two others (below, in front and behind at the back) are *not yet healed*. And you must, therefore, go on with the cure. Instead of the week you have left, you must stay another, and instead of drinking three glasses of Kränchen with milk in the mornings, take four, and two in the evenings, and I guarantee that you will then be *completely cured*. I base what I say on facts; three places are already healed. The two others will also heal. It wasn't a chill at all, it is simply the strong action of the waters, which is the best and most encouraging sign."—And so, dear Anya, that is the position. I think Kränchen is doing me good, but then to have to continue taking the waters for another twelve or thirteen days as from to-day! And what if he finds in two weeks' time that I ought to stay another week, *i.e.* what if everything isn't healed in the chest? Believe me, Anya, I am so sick of Ems that I should be glad to leave the place without finishing the cure. I have come to hate every house here and every bush; I cannot bear the mere sight of the people. I have become so irritable (especially early in the morning) that I look upon each person in the disorderly mob, which crowds round the Kränchen spring, as if he were my personal enemy and I should be glad of a quarrel. I am told that this is also the effect of taking the waters (especially as I am much kinder at other times of the day) but that doesn't make it any easier for me; it can't be helped, I shall have to be patient and wait for good results. Would you believe it, I sometimes make comparisons in my mind—where was I happier, here or in Siberia? And I always decide (quite dispassionately and *positively*) that, after all, it was much better in prison and certainly *quieter*—I was not so excitable, so irritable or so suspicious.

---

[1] Ed.: Dostoyevsky made a mistake in the number of glasses.

Please don't worry about money. I have enough, only you must admit that everything has turned out just as Koshlakov prescribed; *i.e.* Kränchen with milk and a six weeks' cure. It is true that I shall only take the waters for five weeks, but, who knows, he may make me stay a sixth week.

Everything I read sickens me. When I think about my plan it irritates me. Everyone tells me that the slightest mental exertion is bad for the cure, it only upsets the nerves and one ought to lead a vegetable existence. The doctor is very pleased that my appetite is good: "It is the chief sign of a successful cure," and he says "it is a sign that the feverish attacks are not due to having caught cold." In a word, I think he considers I am one of his most successful patients.

Anya, my darling, my precious, how I ache for you all; how I loathe everything here! You ask if I love you and whether I dream of you? What shall I say? But, by the way, would you believe it, I have completely turned into a mummy and I have no *desires*. For the first time in my life. Is this also because of the cure? In that case. . . . Nevertheless, I kiss you, my angel, a thousand times a day in my thoughts, but I never imagine you in any other way than with the children. I often think of you all. I think I have become as sensitive as a woman.

I go to bed exactly at ten o'clock and I get up at six in the morning, but I wake up about five times in the night, although I should sleep very well if it were not for the sweating. I am very comfortable in my new rooms. The other landlady fleeced me terribly. I now dine at different restaurants. I have tea at home. I try to economise. The Germans and all the other people here are insufferable. Still, the faces are constantly changing. There have been many new arrivals during the last week; also many Russians. I merely bow to some of them and I talk to a few others. I would write to you in greater detail, but I had better tell you everything when we meet, for why should I fill this letter with trivialities ?

Kiss Fedya, who could find nothing to add to your letter to his father. The dear little fellow, he is certainly very sensitive. Both our children are sensitive, but not expansively sensitive (which is both good and bad) and they are probably both poets. That is a very good thing so long as they don't write. Look after Lyuba and after her soul.—I shall not write to Polyakov. Write and tell him I agree to everything. They are all more or less rogues. Gubin has *spoilt* everything. I hear very curious reports about Ivan Grigorievich, both about his buying the estate and life in Petersburg. It is *her* influence. (165)

I kiss you all. I embrace you. Remember me to everyone—to Alexander Karlovich, to his sister, to nurse and to our Father John. I am thinking how hard it will be for the children to move to Petersburg.

I kiss you especially and all over. I love you for ever,

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

You alone are my joy and my one hope, *my changeless one.* I love all the details you write about yourself—especially some of them.

I think I shall stay in Ems right up to Fedya's birthday. (166)

65

[EMS,]

Monday, 20/8 *July* '74.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My darling Anya, I received your letter to-day and although I shall not have time to post my answer to you to-day I shall begin it. First of all, thank you for writing oftener. It is excellent. Otherwise, the suspense was awful. After posting my last letter to you (I think it was on Wednesday) I was very depressed because of what you had written about your health and I was glad that Shenk had put off the drinking of the waters for a while. Well, if Schwalbach has such a bad effect then it ought not to be taken. But you say that Shenk ordered you to wait a little and then to begin again ; doesn't he see any result from your having taken the waters ? Perhaps this depression of yours, this irritability is nothing more than the action of the waters. Kränchen has exactly the same effect on me here and although I am as bored and sad now as if I were in prison, still I am not so irritable as I was a little while ago. And if only I were to tell you of the other effects of the water upon my constitution ! My temperature went down the day after I had posted my last letter to you and I no longer sweat at all, although the heat is awful. I conclude from the fact that the feverish condition passed without the slightest need to take medicine, that the fever was not the result of catching cold, but was simply the action of the waters. My darling wife, you also write about other attacks. I too have something of the same kind; at first I had terrible longings, then suddenly it all passed and I turned into a mummy; then it began again and with slight consequences in the night, which is very bad for me for it affects my chest. As for the cure itself—touch wood—I think I am better; the breathing is easier, there is very little palpitation and hoarseness and during the last three days I have coughed less on waking up in the morning. Still it isn't good that I sometimes catch cold. The slightest draught on my hot chest makes me catch cold and I cough all evening or during the day (seldom longer as it soon passes). I have now only nine or ten days more in which to take the waters (according to the doctor's last decision). What is going to happen? Is it going to heal or no? And if I stay until the 1st August (new style) then after all I have taken Kränchen for four weeks (I don't think we should count the fifth week when I drank Kesselbrunnen), but Koshlakov said six weeks. The whole question depends upon two things: first, to complete the cure, and secondly, not to overdo the cure.

Besides, I am so sick of this place that I sometimes feel it would be better not to finish the cure. Some patients tell me that one is never really cured in the first season even if the waters have had a strong effect, and the second time, that is to say when one comes again the following summer, then the complaint is finally eradicated. That is an easy thing to say. I can't bear the idea of such torture! Ah! Anya, how I hate everything here! These Germans are so vulgar and the Russians are perhaps worse than the Germans. For the most part, Ems changes its inhabitants every two weeks, not more than a third of the old visitors remain and the others all leave, so that you suddenly begin to notice quite different faces. If only you could see, Anya, what horrible faces there are here; at first, there were some people who were here when the Emperor came, but now—God knows what sort of people they are! I try not to make anyone's acquaintance, although there are some people, who run after me and long to get to know me (some Russians for instance). Also, Ems is a very expensive little town. I have to pay out a great deal, and if you could only see how each one of these Germans looks upon every visitor as a source of income, how shamelessly they charge you on your restaurant bill for things which you have never had, in the hope you will *not* check it! But I will tell you all about these little details later on if they are worth recalling.

Tuesday, 21 *July*.

Your tales about the children, darling Anya, revive me as if I had been with you all. Lyuba's "*Good People*" amused me very much; I read your letter in the garden as soon as I got it from the post office and I chose a quiet bench where I could read it, and I roared with laughter so much that even I was surprised. Do you know there is one grave mistake in the way in which we are bringing up our children; they have no acquaintances of their *own*, that is, boy and girl friends, *i.e.* small children of their own age. Even though you write letters to me about the children I am very worried. Why did Shenk say he didn't like Fedya's temperature? Does he think it is dangerous or what? Anyway I shall see you all soon. It wouldn't be a bad idea if you were to write oftener if only to know how soon we should stop corresponding. I think I shall leave here on the 1st August for certain, but God alone knows; Orth may make me stay until the 7th. The progress of my recovery, though obvious, is slow. It is true there are nine days, even ten, until the 1st August, but I can hardly believe my recovery will be complete by then, because if you take to-day as an example, my cough has been worse ever since this morning, for the air is very damp and the barometer has fallen, although it isn't raining. I can't imagine that everything will suddenly pass, although I have had some relief.—Again if I were to take a long cure would my constitution be able to bear it? I have just been told about one patient here, who took twenty baths (I don't take baths) and he felt great relief, and the doctor was delighted about this and prescribed another ten baths, but this weakened him to such an extent that the whole of the first cure was arrested and he left here worse than when he came. Orth questioned me very carefully (and he asks me every time) whether I was not beginning to feel any weakness or loss of strength? Last time, I replied that I felt nothing of the sort, but I don't know that I spoke the truth. For a long time now I have felt tired, although I drink, eat, sleep and go about as usual. I am told that the waters here are very strong and I understand that Orth is nervous of upsetting the constitution and thereby losing the good effects of the cure.

The other day I met Stackenschneider (167), the same man who was the Public Prosecutor in the Kharkov District Court. He had just married in Kharkov in May and had come abroad with his wife for about two months (it is exactly what you and I did, you remember, only we didn't come for two months). He is a very simplehearted and honest young man, not at all stupid. He came to see me and told me they had been to Paris and had spent *so much money* there, that they had now to be very careful with their money so as to be able to get home. But five days ago, a famous doctor in Zürich, Switzerland, whom he had asked to examine his chest, which was hurting him slightly, examined it and was quite alarmed and insisted that he should waste no time while abroad but should take the Kränchen cure for at least two weeks (many people are sent here for a fortnight and sometimes ten days). They are staying in a very small room, but they dine at the best restaurant. She is eighteen (168), quite good looking (with a high colour), typically Russian, and both of them grumble terribly about the Germans. I haven't been to see them yet and I shall try to arrange my visit at a time when they won't be at home. The truth is, all this bores me. Every acquaintance, each new face, *bores* me. I swear to you, my darling Anya, I really think I am justified in feeling superior to all these people—not because of any moral virtues of course (God can only judge those), but I mean in development; what amuses them, bores me, their conversation and their thoughts all seem so petty and colourless to me, their culture is absolutely puerile, they have no independence, but, instead, they have pretentiousness and vulgarity. I am not talking of Stackenschneider, but about all this riff-raff here, both Russian and German. Sometimes, I am so irritable that, although I make up my mind to be silent, I simply cannot control myself. There is always a terrible crush at the Kränchen spring where the water is distributed in glasses (you give up your glass and it is returned to you filled from behind the balustrade). The women are worse than anyone, they fuss and push and, would you believe it, the old German men do the same. They give up their glasses and then push and lean forward, stretching out their hands and trembling. Almost every day I cannot help delivering a sermon to one or the other of these old Germans: "Excuse me, sir, we must be patient. You will get yours. You will not be forgotten," and (I have heard) I am considered among some of the Germans to be a very *jaundiced Russian* —why, do you think? Simply because I will not allow myself to be drenched with the water (as it once happened), and also because I don't allow the person who is waiting behind me to rest his hand and glass on my shoulder or against my back. The Germans are so badly brought up (all of them) that if one of them stands behind someone else in the queue waiting for his turn, then out of impatience and since he has a glass in his hand, he must constantly hold it up to show he is waiting, and so as not to keep holding the glass up in the air he usually puts his hand on to the shoulder of the person in front, even if it is a lady. On one occasion I did not allow this and I told a German that he was badly brought up. The German flared up and said this wasn't the place for drawing room manners. I replied that it did not matter where a well-bred man was, he was always polite. With this, our quarrel ended. Believe me, Anya, when I come home at nine o'clock exhausted after an hour and a half's walk (and taking the waters) I drink the vilest coffee in the world with a relish, and as I think of someone I have met in the morning I roar with laughter. At other times I am very downcast and serious ; so one cannot attribute everything to the action of the waters—there are things which are very annoying in themselves, quite apart from the waters.

Again, the other day there was a large Russian family sitting next to me in the restaurant. I realised that they were trying to make my acquaintance. Well, let them ; but I had not even spoken to them, yet when these people saw me they all began to bow and fidget. The father of the family (a terribly fussy creature) began to talk about literature. There was nothing to be done, so on the third day I took a seat at the other end of the room and I think I made it perfectly clear, for the other seat had long been thought of as mine, and what do you think, he came over to my new place and began to talk ! Still, there are a few decent Russians here too.

I always write to you about such trivialities. I am miserably bored —that is the reason. I swear, that until now, I never knew what boredom was. I shall cross myself when I leave Ems. By the way, where shall I go to when I leave Ems ? The doctors here make it a rule to send their patients at the end of the cure, if only for a week, to breathe some fresh air, say in the Bavarian Tyrol or to Lake Como. But it is obvious that I shall have exhausted my money by then, so that although I shall have enough to come straight home I shall not have any for visiting any other place on the way. My pocket would not stand it.

Anya, my darling, you are my joy of whom I dream. I embrace you warmly, very warmly. Be happier and healthier (why don't you play préférence as you did last year ?) and look after the children. I bless the children and kiss them. Remind them of me. Tell them I only think of them. Well, good-bye, it has started to rain (25 degrees of heat) and although the post office is near I don't know how I shall get there. Once again I embrace you and I kiss you *all over as not even you can imagine.*

Remember me to nurse and to everyone.

Yours wholly,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I have become very thin here—my whole body ; *it is the effect of the waters.*

66

EMS,

Sunday, 26/14 *July* [1874].

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND ANYA,

You promised in your last letter to write to me on Tuesday and in that case your letter should *definitely* have reached me yesterday, *i.e.* Saturday. I was very astonished that it didn't come. But that isn't all, for I went to the post office to-day, Sunday, at eight o'clock (the post comes from Berlin at 10 p.m.) thinking your letter might have arrived late last night, but again I was told: "Nothing for you." I confess I am very anxious and God grant nothing has happened to you. I slept badly last night for I kept on thinking you had fallen ill and you hadn't, therefore, been able to write. I am also wondering if anything has happened to the children and you don't want to write and frighten me. Oh, Anya, if nothing has happened then it is wicked of you, darling, to miss writing after having promised faithfully to write regularly. If only you knew how all this affects my nerves! Here am I reproaching you, but at the same time I am thinking: "What if she is lying ill in bed at this minute?" There is a confounded arrangement in Ems that the post office is closed on Sundays from 9 a.m. and only opens in the evening, and then only for an instant. And here I am free on Sundays and not once have I been able to get there at that instant, because the exact time is never fixed; when you get there in the evening you are told: "It has just been open, but it is closed now until to-morrow." That is their idea of a system, and with so many visitors here too! So at this moment I am doubly sad. Perhaps I shall not get your letter to-morrow either, even if it does arrive. What if I don't hear from you to-morrow or the day after? Then I shall wire. I shall go to the telegraph office to-day and see if there is a telegram for me. The whole of to-day will be torture for me until I hear from you.

If I had heard from you yesterday then I should have replied to you yesterday. But as the post office will be closed to-day I don't know if I shall manage to post it. Also, before posting my letter to you, I should first like to have yours in case there is something in yours, which requires an immediate answer. About myself, I will tell you that my cure is progressing neither one way nor the other. It is ten days since Orth prescribed the extra glasses of water and foretold success. Although *actually* there is some relief, namely, there is less tickling in the throat, the breathing is easier and so on, but the hoarseness in the chest (the weak part) persists and the spot in the chest absolutely refuses to heal. To add to this, we have had rain for the last four days and fog and cold in the mornings. I attribute the increased hoarseness to this dampness (for instance, it is fine to-day, although there was a dreadful fog in the morning and I feel incomparably better). But the mere fact that the damp continues, *as it did before*, to have a bad effect on my chest, shows that the trouble has not disappeared and if I were to stop taking Kränchen it would *all* begin again. So this is what I think : it is impossible for me not to have derived some (and perhaps considerable) benefit from the cure in Ems, but the benefit is similar to that which I had in the winter from the compressed air treatment, namely, I did have definite relief and without the compressed air I might have been lying there wasting away from fever and dysentery, but still I was not completely cured. *It will probably be the same now.* I went to see Orth yesterday, and pointed out to him that there were only three days left of the time limit he had given me the last time I saw him (nine days ago), including the extra week and so on (about which I wrote to you), (the time expired on Tuesday), and I asked him to examine me. He did so, and sounded me and I concluded from his face that the result was *not quite* satisfactory. He told me I should remain another week in Ems so that my stay here would be exactly six weeks, and he promised me (169) again very emphatically that the result would be favourable. I am, therefore, staying until the 3rd or 4th August, but after that I don't know whether he will add another week or not. I don't think he will. From the beginning I have not been quite pleased with this fellow Orth. He treats the case casually and seems to be curing me by guesswork. I think that Stackenschneider is in a worse condition than me, but he has only come for three weeks as he absolutely cannot stay longer, and his doctor, Grossmann, who is praised by everyone here for his painstaking attention and extreme care of patients, has prescribed for him mineral baths, and both Kränchen and the pulverisation cure for the throat (everybody is treated with this). I asked Orth several times yesterday if he would not add anything to my treatment, and he said that nothing else was necessary. Stackenschneider was surprised when he heard that Orth had never even examined my throat. For some time now I have been told that I ought to go and consult Grossmann. So yesterday morning, before going to Orth, I went to Grossmann. When he heard that I had been one of Orth's patients for the last five weeks he absolutely refused to sound me. "You already have a doctor, so why do you come to me ?" You see what conventions they have here ! Out of friendship and professional honour he refused a patient, whereas a patient has a perfect right not to have confidence in his doctor and a doctor is obliged to help anyone, who comes to him. Thus, a sick man is not allowed to change his doctor.

So I shall stay here for another week as from to-day and perhaps half of next week, after that I shall certainly leave, especially as no one has ever stayed here longer than six weeks for a cure. If one hasn't been cured in five weeks, then it is useless to stay any longer. So I think, darling Anya, that if you want to answer me at once, after receiving *this* letter, then you *can do so* (and I ask you to be sure to write to me) for it is quite possible your letter will reach me. Write me a short one in any case. I shall leave my address here as : " Petersburg *poste restante*," and your letter can then be returned to us, but I do ask you *to be sure* to write, because I may stay longer, it all depends upon Orth's decision. I shall not go to him before Monday or Tuesday of *next week*, *i.e.* nine days from to-day, so that I may know the final result on completion of the extended cure.

To finish talking about myself I will just add that on the whole my health has greatly improved here, although I have not gained anything in weight. All my functions (sleeping, eating, etc.) are splendid, better than they have been for *many years*, and I am very much stronger than when I came here. I am more energetic and I get less tired. Stackenschneider says that my complexion is incomparably better than he ever remembers it to have been in Petersburg. I put this down, not to the Ems climate, which is appalling, but definitely to the action of Kränchen (that is why I still hope it will help my chest, because the best sign of a successful cure is that the whole constitution improves at one and the same time). As for my boredom here, it is immeasurable and ceaseless. I don't know what to do with myself, because of it ; I consider it is unnatural and a sign of illness. I feel a repulsion towards Ems, a hatred and anger. Nowadays, I don't see anyone except Stackenschneider and that is only at the spring where we take the waters and walk about together. I think he is a delightful and simple-hearted man. His young wife sits more at home, she suffers a little with her feet. They invited me and I went to see them once. They are very economical although they have received some money. I don't know how to economise, because money simply runs away in spite of the fact that all my expenses are written down regularly. I dine at home these days (they bring it from the hotel for a thaler) so as not to eat at the restaurant, which is nearly always draughty. I am working a great deal at my plan, but I am not going to write to you about that. If the plan turns out successfully, then the rest of the work will go smoothly. If only the plan is successful ! But will it be successful ? I should like to write something quite exceptional. But the thought that the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*" might decide not to print some of my opinions almost paralyses me. I cannot say all I want to say about this in a letter. Altogether, I think a great deal about the future. I also think about what we shall have to live on. It is a big problem. God has helped us so far, what will happen later on ? Truly, my only hope is in His Mercy.

My darling, perhaps we shall meet soon. How I dream about it ! I shall hold this letter back as long as possible in the hope that I shall hear from you to-day. If only I could ! You would not believe how anxious I am. I kiss you and the children. I bless them. I am continually having bad dreams. I dream of my brother and my father and their appearance never presages any good. (170) You know, I have long been compelled to believe in this because of sinister facts. I kiss you passionately. I have begun to daydream about you oftener, and that is very trying. Give the children a message from me. Are they well, my angels ? Remember me to everyone, especially to nurse.

Yours always and unchanging,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

5 *p.m.*—They have just opened the post office and there is nothing from you ! Goodness, what has happened to you ? If you are ill, why can't Alexander Karlovich let me know ? He promised me he would, Anya, and if only you knew how I shall suffer now. I am quite worried enough without this and I am almost ready to kill myself from depression. But what if something actually has happened and it isn't your forgetfulness ? Oh ! God, if only I could get some news, even if it is bad news, anything rather than this uncertainty !

67

EMS,

16/28 *July* '74.

MY DARLING FRIEND, ANYA,

I received your letter of the 7th July with the money on Saturday, that is yesterday, the 15/27th ; your letter (dated Sunday) must have taken eight days to come here. You must realise that as you had promised to write on Tuesday, and your letter should have come on Saturday and I neither received it on Saturday nor Sunday, nor even on Monday (eight days), I was almost driven mad and imagined goodness knows what had happened to you all. I had a fit (it may have been partly from anxiety) during the night on Sunday, *i.e.* some two weeks after my last one, so that my head is very heavy, although so far as I can judge the fit was far from being the most severe I have had. (171)—I am writing this letter to you in a hurry, simply to let you know quickly that I have had your letter and to catch the local post. You surprise me by sending fifty roubles, Anya, but I think I have already told you I shall not have enough money to go to Paris, and I had long decided not to go.—If I had gone to Paris, then, of course, I should have bought you the material, and it seems strange that you try to convince me in your letter that you too have a right to this money. Of course you have ; but you needn't have written to me about it.

At any rate I have often to reproach you for not buying anything new for yourself when you have money (hats for instance, etc.). But if I had gone to Paris, then I confess I should have been terribly afraid of buying the wrong thing, because I don't understand much about these matters. You write that if there isn't any " grogram " then I should buy two costumes made of cloth. But I don't know what kind of cloth you want me to buy. You say I ought not to buy it in any other town in Germany but I am to depend upon buying it cheaply in France. Now the Stackenschneiders, who have just come from Paris, and bought some things there, say that Paris is not at all cheap ; on the contrary, ever since production has diminished throughout France, everything has gone up in price. I repeat, it will be difficult for me to go to Paris, because I shall not have enough money and most probably I shall not go. As for your money, I shall try not to spend it. It seems to me there are many goods in Berlin which come from Paris and I don't know that they are more expensive than in Paris.

To-day is Tuesday the 16/28th, but when I shall leave here—I haven't the slightest idea. I shall stay the week ordered by Orth (it expires next week) and after that I should imagine he will let me go at last. As far as I can see hardly anyone is left of those people, who were here when I first came. They have all finished their cure and cleared out. People are quite tired of seeing me. If I haven't been cured in six weeks, then it is doubtful whether I can ever be cured by length of time. I am told that the waters don't show immediate results, but that they will be felt later on in the winter. God grant it may be so. When I first came here I was told that people felt better in the third week of the cure, but that in the fourth week they began to feel worse again. That is exactly what happened to me. During the third week of taking Kränchen I felt quite well and began to dream of a complete cure. But in the fourth week I became visibly worse. It is true that my cure was spoilt by fits ; the chest muscles seemed to contract after a fit, and yesterday, for instance, the hoarseness grew very much worse after the fit. Also, the weather here is not remedial; it has been terribly changeable for the last six days, first sun, then wind, then rain (about three times a day), and then fog. But the dampness is the worst of all for me. If only the Ems waters existed without such a climate then they would certainly cure everyone! There are many Russians here now. The Stackenschneiders are as bored as I am, but, of course, life is happier for them, they have got each other. But I am like a solitary finger. Sometimes, especially after dinner, I feel terribly depressed and in the evening I become sad and ill, and to add to that, there is wind and rain outside. The barometer has not shown fine weather during the whole of these six weeks, so that even if there were a few fine days one would expect a change the next day. Madame Stackenschneider stays at home. She has bad feet and has had rheumatism in them ever since she was a child. Although she isn't ugly and seems to be quite nice, it does seem a strange idea to marry an invalid. I have hardly any other friends, I only bow to a few others. The Germans are unbearable, insufferable. Princess Shalikov has already written a letter to me from Reichenhall. The others have left. My problem is, will the doctor let me go next week or will he not? If only you knew how wretched I am here then you would understand why my one wish is to get away.

I was all the more pleased to have your letter when I learnt that you were all well. If it hadn't come yesterday I should have wired. I went with that intention to the post office. Whatever happens I shall write another letter to you (perhaps two). Kiss Fedya for me and wish him many happy returns on his third birthday—what a big fellow! But I saw him when he was only three minutes old. I am very glad to see from your letter that your health is better, for I was anxious about you. There are plenty of worries ahead of us, Anya, and I must set to work, but I am still only working on the plan. I have become very dubious about the matter. If only I could begin well! I think my epilepsy will leave me in peace, at least during the first few months of my work. But what will happen if I have become less capable of work, *i.e.* weaker physically, so that my brain can't stand the strain of work for any length of time as it used to do? Good-bye, my angel, I embrace you. I bless the children and I kiss you. The children will soon be back in town and will have to sit behind a double set of windows. Remember me to everyone, to Alexander Karlovich, to the priest and to nurse. I would bring you a picture of Gambetta but where am I to find one? Once again I kiss you. Love me, really love me. God alone sees how I love you.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

68

Ems,

17/29 *July* '74.

My precious friend, Anya,—I am sending a few additional words to the letter, which I posted to you yesterday, in answer to yours which I received after dinner yesterday, just after I had posted mine to you. You probably didn't think that both your last letters would arrive at one and the same time, but such is our Russian post office—it does what it likes and what it thinks, and no one dare say anything against it. Fancy keeping a letter four extra days because it has been registered! (for it was certainly not detained in Germany). You say you are glad to hear of my recovery, but actually I am not at all cured. I am feeling a little better, but what shall I be like in the winter? My epileptic condition still continues (this is the third day since the fit). These fits upset my chest greatly (they tighten something there) and besides that, it has poured with rain in this cursed Ems all yesterday and to-day. We have had rain for the last five days now, but yesterday and to-day have been the very devil. It may be Kränchen or the climate, but almost everyone perspires a great deal here. How can one help catching cold when one perspires so much and it is so damp? I thank you for not forgetting to write to me about the children. I often think of them and I also dream about them. But I do ask you, Anya, not to give me any more commissions. Women seem to think that because a man has gone away somewhere that he has ten times more time than any other man. For instance, you ask me to go to Mikhayl Mikhaylovich and ask about that 400 rouble bill of exchange on Golubeva. But, my friend, I don't think your request is at all a good one and besides, I shall only be passing through Petersburg. I cannot stay there nor do I want to—I may not find Misha in—am I then to remain an extra day in Petersburg? It is easy enough to say "go"—of course I shall go to see Misha, but I don't undertake to *wait for him.* I am surprised you don't want to write to him. The bill is due on the 30th July, and even if you don't think you will get a a reply, you ought to write to him as a *reminder* to show him that we have *not* forgotten. It isn't good to leave such an amount in his hands, and a *reminder* may, therefore, act as a *safeguard.* Not that I don't trust him, but after all you don't need to write more than four lines to him. Whereas, how can I tell when I shall be passing through Petersburg? I shall go to see Orth next week and it will have to be as he says. If he insists on my remaining here another week then I shall have to stay. Koshlakov prescribed Kränchen for six weeks; whereas I have only been taking Kränchen for five weeks. Also, I don't like your instructions about letters addressed to Paris and Berlin. I may have to stay here. If I pass through Berlin rapidly (for what is there for me to do there ?) then it will be a nuisance to have to make a point of running to the poste restante. As for Paris, no matter how I calculate, I have quite decided that I cannot go, for I have no money. A letter would thus remain there for ever and aye. You say " that is in case you leave on the 16th July," but even if I did write that at some time or other, it wasn't definite, and I said then that it depended on the doctor. The 16th July was yesterday, but I have not left and I may have to stay here another ten days.

Still, don't take this as grumbling on my part. I only want to say you are far too hasty and don't take extraneous circumstances into account.

Also, don't consider this short note as being a letter. I am simply adding to my letter of yesterday. I was very, very dull yesterday. Time drags here appallingly. I have added a little to my *plan*, but I don't know that I am pleased with it. (171 *a*) I keep on thinking that a very dull and possibly anxious time is ahead of us in the autumn. Besides, what with fits and rain and boredom here, one can't foresee anything very rosy !

If ever I do finish my cure here, then, good heavens, how much money shall I have left for my fare ? To Berlin, to Petersburg, and then to Staraya Russa, and not to sleep either day or night—altogether a very unpleasant prospect !

Good-bye, my darling, I kiss you and the children many times. I dreamt of darling Lyuba all last night. And why does this epilepsy stay so long with me ? Is it Ems and the climate ? It is quite possible : this vile place feels as if it were full of abominations !

I kiss you. All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Kiss the children and talk to them about me.

69

EMS,

Saturday, 20 *July*/1 *August* 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA.—I received your little letter yesterday and I hasten to answer it, although I have no definite news to give you as I shall not see the doctor before Tuesday. I think that he will *certainly* let me go this time and I shall leave Ems on the Tuesday, and if not, then on Wednesday. I shall most probably go to Petersburg, although I don't know, perhaps I may go somewhere nearer for a holiday, because Ems has bored me to death. But none of this is certain, although I think it is fairly certain. He may suggest I should stay for another week, and if so, then I shall, of course, remain if he insists on it. As for Paris, no matter how I calculate, I shall only just have enough money and I doubt if it would be sensible to risk the journey with so little money. If I stay in Berlin I will see about the "grogram" for you (there is no harm in looking at it). Goods are sold there bearing a genuine seal from Paris and people assure me you can buy them at the same price as in Paris, because in Paris they know how to fleece visitors, forcing them by their tales to buy more than they even intended. They say it is a trick of theirs. Of course, if the goods are poor and expensive, then I shall not buy anything. I say all this because there are masses of goods in Berlin. Even if you receive this letter and it is probable that I shall leave in the middle of next week, I do appeal to your common sense and advise you not to take it too literally. Orth may change everything. If he does, then of course I shall let you know. But if he makes me stay another week then I shall be compelled to spend the last of my money here. The week which Orth ordered at our last consultation is almost finished and what have I gained ? Hoarseness in the chest (whether it is because of the fit or the bad weather I don't know). In a word, there may be some relief from the cure, the complaint itself is still there, but my one hope is that I shall feel the benefit of the treatment later on in the winter. We shall see.

Thank you, my dear, for writing about the children ; I can almost see Lyuba before me. I do miss them terribly. Last night I dreamt of you and on waking up I was very sorry not to find you were with me. I also dreamt of Lyuba : she was crying and saying something to me. I have become very anxious about them. If I don't hear for three days I begin to think that something has happened. To-day, for the first time since the epileptic fit, my head is quite clear. If it hadn't been for these fits the cure would certainly have done me more good. One thing is certain—that is, I feel that my general health is incomparably better than before ; my strength, sleep and appetite—all these are excellent. I attribute this to the Ems waters and to the fact that I have been getting up at 6 a.m. regularly for six weeks. Stackenschneider assures me he has never seen me with such a good complexion as I have now. Many people have caught cold during these last few days of rain and fog. Of course, I have also caught cold. I am wondering, with some apprehension, how I shall return and my chief anxiety is about the journey from Petersburg to Staraya Russa : I may have to wait for the steamer or there may be a delay on the lake.

—How sad I am not to have sufficient money to buy presents and that I cannot bring anything back with me.—Still, I think I shall be in Russa by August as I had expected, or at the beginning of our August. I am worried to know how we shall be able to live in Petersburg, *i.e.* about money: I do nothing but think about it. How shall we be able to take a flat? What a worry!—I have prepared two plans here for a novel, but I don't know on which to decide. If we settle down in August, then I shall begin writing at the end of August, and do you know what I am wondering: shall I have sufficient energy and health for such penal work, which hitherto I have always set myself? And what was the result? I finished my novels, but *on the whole* I ruined my health. If my health is going to be as it was during the first half of last winter, then it won't be much good for work.

Although Ems is gradually becoming emptier there are still crowds of Russians here. And how dull it is in the rain! Everything is wrapped in fog, it is just like November. (I am sorry I have no woollen socks for the night journey on the Novgorod Railway or in case there is a storm on the lake). God grant I shall find fine weather in Russa. It would also be a good thing not to arrive in Petersburg either on Sunday or on a holiday so that I may find people at home. The Stackenschneiders are also leaving next week for Gatchino, but I will try not to travel with them. By the way, I hear that travelling in France is very expensive, it costs 70 francs without luggage to go from Ems to Paris and the worst of it is that on a direct route there is no second class. "Mixed" tickets for Paris are sold at the station here *i.e.* second class in Germany and first in France. The Stackenschneiders are hard up and are economising terribly, but they travelled first class in France, and they say the French first class is worse than the German second class, because you are packed like herrings and the seats are terribly uncomfortable. But there are so many passengers that the railway companies can do just what they like. By the way, the Stackenschneiders tell me quite positively that grogram is no longer considered a fashionable material in Paris and it is out of date. They say it is *brittle,* that it creases and that as soon as it is pleated the pleats come out again, and that the black material, which is fashionable now, is called "drap" and that everyone is snatching at it and buying it up. They showed me some "drap"; it is very like grogram, but looks more like the older stuff called "pou de soie glacé."

Although we shall soon see each other I am constantly worrying about you and I hope nothing will happen to you. Then, hurrah! Anya, we shall be able to live again, but as God disposes. But what is worst of all, we have still got debts and we cannot save any money.

If only I had sufficient health for another three years, then perhaps our affairs would right themselves. But we must talk about this in greater detail and we shall have many a sigh when we meet. And now, what will Orth have to say ?

Good-bye, my precious friend, you alone are in my heart and my thoughts. Kiss the children and take care of them. I am always and everywhere yours for ever. I kiss you all very often and with all my heart.

Your,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

My kind regards to all.

P.S.—The sun was bright this morning when it rose, but now the wind is strong again and there are Germans and clouds. It *is* depressing here.

70 (172)

STARAYA RUSSA,

17 *December* '74.

DEAR ANYA,—Everything is all right here. So far the children are very good, they have settled down in the drawing room. They have stacked the chairs together and are playing with them. I got up at two o'clock—no one woke me, evidently I was very worn out by my too ardent good-byes with you. The children have had veal, milk and rusks and have been out tobogganing ; then they went to sweep the snow away and were out for about forty minutes. I decided it was all right. Where are you now ? Have you reached Novgorod ? I am waiting for your telegram. Don't overtire yourself and don't do too much in Petersburg ; you have plenty of time, and remember the most important business, *i.e.* with certain creditors (the Vargunins). Don't forget us. After all, we need money very badly, and for some time to come I cannot look upon my dealings with Nekrassov as being very promising. I will take the unsealed envelope to the post office as you asked, but I doubt if there will be any demands for the "*Letters from a Dead House*." Besides, Petersburg is thinking of other things at the moment. I have a feeling that you will have some unpleasantness with the Panteleyevs (173) and if there is a settlement with the merchants then I doubt if you will be able to come to terms with them. Good-bye, I embrace and kiss you passionately.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEV:

Don't hurry unnecessarily. Better finish your business even if you are delayed.

71

STARAYA RUSSA,
18 *December* '74.

DEAR ANYA,—I was awakened this morning at nine o'clock by your telegram, which by the way I was very glad to get. Have you arrived safely? Perhaps by now you have already seen Ivan Grigorievich and the Panteleyevs (with whom you have, of course, had words). For God's sake, Anya, don't worry too much, and do act calmly without fussing and growing desperate and, above all, take care of your health (174) and do sleep more and *be sure* to do all I told you about the doctors. Everything is all right here, the children are well. The weather is milder to-day. I sent them out at two o'clock to see the priest and I gave them money for a cab. They are waiting for the toys. I asked Fedya yesterday: "Where is Mother now?" He thought for a minute and then answered—very solemnly "I don't know." Yesterday, while I was making some cigarettes, they began to dance and Fedya invented a new step (Lily was very graceful). Lily stood near to the looking glass and Fedya by the door. Then they moved towards each other, and when they met (all this rhythmically) Fedya kissed Lily and after that they separated and Fedya went towards the looking glass and Lily went to his place at the door, and so on. They repeated this figure about ten times and each time they met they kissed. It was very graceful.

There are no letters, it is doubtful if there will be any. Nekrassov has probably sent it straight to press (175), but will he send the proofs? It would be a good thing if all our affairs would straighten themselves out. Good-bye, Anya, it will probably be the 20th before I have any details from you. But it would probably be better to tell me about them when you return, it would be more interesting, just send me a report now of the most important happenings. Good-bye, I kiss you.

Your very loving F. DOSTOYEVSKY who misses you.

The children kiss you.

Don't worry about us. So far everything is all right.

72

STARAYA RUSSA,
19 *December* '74.

DEAR ANYA,—This is the third letter I am writing to you. I hope to receive at least a few lines from you to-day. We are all well and everything is all right. The children go out regularly to play. The weather to-day is fairly warm though slightly damp, but they had a long walk. They are very good, Fedya is a little too mischievous, but very innocently. Lily is very sweet. They had a fight about their spades, and as Fedya did not want to give her his to play with, she told him he "didn't love his sister." Fedya then turned to me "What is she saying? I love her day and night." Later on, I hear that Lily is crying bitterly in my study. I go in: she complains with sobs that Fedya didn't want to sit on her knee as he did on nurse's, "If you only want to sit on nurse's knee then let her be your sister." I made peace by putting Lily on my knee and Fedya on hers, and we sat like that for a minute or two. I sent you Cherepin's (176) letter yesterday. He doesn't ask for very much, only five copies! They are all afraid of paying the money they owe, and he has probably sold not only six copies of "*The Possessed*" but more, and so as not to pay out any money he won't ask for any more copies of "*The Possessed.*" It does not pay to give books out on commission. I also feel they won't sell many copies of the "*Letters from a Dead House.*" (177)

At this moment you are probably very busy running about and going to see people. Don't hurry too much and don't worry, and, above all, take care of your health. I keep on thinking you will catch cold and fall ill. Is the weather fine? Be sure to go and see the doctors.

Yesterday I had a note from Prokhorovna, which I now send on to you. For God's sake, find her and give her something for Christmas, not less than 3 roubles. Please, Anya.

I am quite well. The children are well and are sleeping well. I miss you very, very much. I embrace and kiss you and the children do too.

Your loving,

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSK:

Take care of your health.

73

STARAYA RUSSA,
20 December '74.

DEAR ANYA,

I received your sleepy letter of about ten lines yesterday and I was very glad that you had arrived safely. Health comes first. How are you spending your time? I am not only waiting for you impatiently, but also with curiosity. Perhaps you will have something to tell me. Thank God, the children are quite well (touch wood). They don't worry me at all; I sleep late in the mornings. Although it isn't very cold or windy to-day it is rather damp and there is some hoar frost. Nevertheless I have allowed them to go out to see the priest and

I gave them money for a cab. Lily is very sweet. So is Fedya, but he has got a bit out of hand, he won't obey nurse and is naughty ; but he sleeps very well at night and so does Lily. They are expecting you and they said yesterday that they loved you very much. Yesterday, Georgievsky, the priest, came in at dinner-time and sat for about an hour until we went out to the post. Unfortunately, hardly any of the booksellers are biting. Evidently the "*Letters from a Dead House*" will not go well, perhaps they will sell better later on, the libraries and some private buyers will buy them up gradually. We are not very much appreciated, Anya.

I read in the "*Grazhdanin*" yesterday (perhaps you have already heard about it) that Leo Tolstoy has sold his novel, forty sheets, to the "*Russky Vestnik*," and it will begin to appear in January at 500 roubles a sheet, *i.e.* for 20,000 roubles. They hesitated about paying me 250 roubles while they readily agree to pay Tolstoy 500. (178) Yes, they undervalue me, because I have to live by my work. Nekrassov will now be able to put a restraint on me if there is anything in my work contrary to their convictions ; he knows that they won't accept my work for the "*Russky Vestnik*" now (*i.e.* for next year) as the "*Russky Vestnik*" is inundated with novels. But even if we have to beg this year I will not change a single word of my convictions. Does Polyakov know anything about our affairs ? If only we could get some money quickly ! Otherwise we may be stranded like crabs on a rock.

There is still no reply from Nekrassov. (179)

Good-bye, Anya, I embrace you ; you won't receive this letter before the 22nd and who knows, it may miss you. This letter then will be *the last* ; if I were to write to-morrow then I might miss you. Please realise this and don't worry. Also don't be anxious about the children. I am looking after them and it is no great trouble to me. Please don't lose and don't throw my letters carelessly about Petersburg wherever you stay (so that other people get hold of them). Remember me to Mikhayl and to Nikolaevich (180) and to your brother if this letter still finds you. What is Anna Nikolaevna doing ? Has she gone with Iván Grigorievich ? Remember me also to her.

Good-bye. Take care of your health in Petersburg. The newspapers are full of talk about typhus. For God's sake, take care of yourself.

We are all yours, I, Lily and Fedya,

F. Dostoyevsky.

I have just been to the post office and there was no letter from you. What is the matter ? I shall be tormented all night.

74

Novgorod,
4 *February* '75.

Dear Anya,—We arrived in Novgorod exactly at six o'clock this afternoon. Those nags flew like the wind and we only rested for about forty minutes at each stop. The road was quite good, but I felt unnaturally cold during the last part of the journey, especially in the soles of my feet. My goloshes have very thin soles and I could have screamed from cold. My hands and back were also very cold. I stopped at the Soloviev Hotel to get thoroughly warm and to have a drink of tea. I was given a room for 75 kopecks. I am now sitting reading the "*Golos*" and drinking tea. Timothy drove splendidly and very carefully. He wants to drive me back and to wait for me. That would be excellent. I am sending you a blanket and a cravat, which I don't need. I greatly hope you will write to me to-morrow. I kiss you and all three children—Fedya, Lily and the unknown. (181) There is a very long and dull crossing ahead of me. Good-bye, my darling, I kiss you.

All yours,
F. Dostoyevsky.

Remember me to Anna Nikolaevna.

75

Petersburg,
5 *February* '75. 10 *a.m.*

My dear love, Anya,

I arrived safely in Petersburg at eight o'clock this morning. I slept most of the way in different railway carriages, huddled up in an unnatural position, so that I am rather tired, although my nerves are not too shaken. I gave Timothy the blanket and the cravat to return to you. He drove well and promised to fetch me at the Hotel Soloviev so as to take me to the station, but he didn't come and I almost missed the train. I managed to have two hours' sleep in my room in the hotel. Now I am here, sitting in the Znamensky Hotel—room 48, and I am about to get ready and to set off on my slow martyrdom. I am paying two roubles for the room, they say themselves that the prices are much higher than they were in the summer. The hotel in all respects is fairly ancient, but still it is probably better than some of the others. I have 32 roubles on me and to-day I must buy a pair of boots, because mine got so torn *on the journey* and it wouldn't do to go and see Nekrassov and Meshchersky in them. I am quite well and I think of you all the time. I miss you very much. Kiss Lily and Fedya. I dreamt that Fedya had climbed on to a chair, had fallen off, and hurt himself. For God's sake, don't let him climb on to chairs and do tell Nurse to be more careful! I also love the "incognito." I kiss you all. I will write to-morrow. Please write. As I am away now, for heaven's sake do rest, my darling. As soon as there is the slightest thing the matter either with you or the children let me know at once. My kind regards to Anna Nikolaevna.

Your,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

76

PETERSBURG,
6 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—The first thing I did yesterday was to go to Nekrassov. He was waiting impatiently for me, because the matter was urgent. I won't tell you about everything, but he received me very amicably and warmly. He is very pleased with the novel, although he has not yet read the second part, but he gave me Saltykov's (182) opinion, who had read it and had praised it very much. Nekrassov, however, generally only reads the last proofs. Saltykov is very ill. Nekrassov says he is almost dying. I looked through some of the proofs at Nekrassov's and I took the rest home with me. I did not like my novel very much as it appeared in the proofs. Nekrassov readily promised me some money in advance and gave me, at my request, 200 roubles for the time being. I should like to send you at least 75 roubles and I would do so to-morrow or the day after, but I see there will be absolutely no time. I went to Simonov and took some tickets for a week. The treatment is from three to five o'clock. It is an impossible hour, the busiest time of the day! Instead of working I shall have to sit under a bell.[1] Then I went to the office of the "*Grazhdanin*" and to my great disappointment (and surprise) I heard that the Prince had suddenly left for Paris on the night of the 3rd, after receiving a telegram telling him that his brother, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, had died. He may be away for a month. So I shall have hardly any friends left in Petersburg. I heard at Putsykovich's that "Sine Ire" of the "*St Peterburgskie Vedomosti*" is—who do you think?—Vsevolod Sergeyevich Soloviev! (183) Then I went to Bazunov's, but he was out and I bought a copy of the " *Russky Vestnik.*" Then, after dinner, at seven o'clock, I went to Maykov's. Anna Ivanovna had gone to the theatre. He, however, received me warmly, but I felt at once that there was something wrong. Strakhov also came. There was not a word mentioned about my novel and it was quite evident that it was because they didn't want to *hurt* me. They didn't say anything very much about Tolstoy's novel either. (184) But what they did say was absurdly enthusiastic. I said that if Tolstoy had had his works published in the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski* " then why was I being blamed? But Maykov only frowned and changed the topic and I did not persist. In fact I see that something is happening here and precisely what you and I had discussed, *i.e.* Maykov has been spreading that idea about me. Just as I was leaving, Strakhov began to say I should probably be at Maykov's some other time and we should probably meet each other there, but Maykov, who was standing there, didn't say a word about how pleasant it would be to see me. When I said to Strakhov that he should come and see me at the Znamensky Hotel on Friday evening, to drink tea, he said: " Yes, I will come with Apollon Nikolaevich." But Maykov refused at once on the pretext that he couldn't come on Friday and that we might probably see each other at Kornilov's (185) on Saturday. In short, it was perfectly obvious that he was badly disposed towards me. Avseyenko has adversely criticised " *The Hobbledehoy* " in the " *Russky Mir,*" (186) but Maykov says the article was stupid. I have not seen the article in the " *Russky Mir.*"

---

[1] "The bell"—the treatment of compressed air at Simonov's clinic.

I had many proofs to read. I went to bed late but I slept well. It is now two o'clock. I must not be late at Simonov's and I must also look in at the " *Grazhdanin* " office for your letter. Some more proofs have just been brought—the whole of the last two chapters. Saltykov has not yet read them, and I must re-read them very carefully, and I shall, therefore, not go anywhere to-day except to the baths. Good-bye, dear, I embrace you and the children, don't be cross with me for the businesslike style of this letter. I have no time and I don't know whether I shall have any later on.

Good-bye.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Imagine it, Porfiriy Lamansky (187) died by stabbing himself in the heart with a dagger! Still, he was buried according to Christian rites.

77

Petersburg,
7 February '75.

My dear friend, Anya,—I am still very busy and I have no time for anything. Yesterday they brought me masses and masses of proofs and some which had not yet been finally corrected, but all day I wasn't able to begin on them. After writing my letter to you yesterday I went to Putsykovich where I didn't find a letter from you. Then, on returning to the hotel, I suddenly received a notification from the district police officer to appear on the 7th (*i.e.* to-day), at nine o'clock in the morning, to explain about my passport. Knowing that I could not get there by 9 a.m., I went straight to the police station. There was no one there who could deal with the matter and they told me to return in the evening. I was almost late for the bell. Simonov keeps on asking me to let him examine my chest, but I must go to him half an hour earlier for this and I feel I shall be late to-day. After the bell, I returned to the hotel for dinner. The Znamensky Hotel has grown very shabby but the prices are exorbitant. I had hardly sat down to dinner, when Putsykovich came and brought me a letter from you (*N.B.*—He doesn't get your letters until the evening). Putsykovich sat with me while I dined. I consider he is a very decent fellow. Then I rushed off to the police station. They kept me for about two hours. At last, the passport officer appeared : " You have been given an identification card for staying here, but it is only a temporary one, and according to the law you should have changed it for a *permanent passport.*" Of course, that was quite right, but I began to argue. The police officer's assistant (wearing the order of Vladimir) also began to argue : " We won't give you a passport and that's final. We have to abide by the law." " Well, what am I to do ? " " Produce a permanent passport." " Where can I get that now ? " " That's nothing to do with us." And so on. How stupid these people are ! It was only to show off their importance before an author. At last, I said : " There are twenty thousand people without passports in Petersburg and you are detaining a man who is known to everyone as if he were a vagabond." " We know this, we know it only too well that you are a man famous all over Russia, but we must abide by the law. But there is no need for you to worry. To-morrow or the day after we will give you a certificate instead of a passport and that will be just as good." " Then why the devil didn't you say so long ago, instead of arguing ? " Then I went to the baths. On returning I had some tea and sat down to my proofs, and worked at them until half-past five in the morning.

At last I fell into bed. Suddenly I heard from the room next door, which had been empty, laughter, women's squeals and a man's deep voice, and this went on for about three hours. Some merchant had just arrived with two ladies and had stopped there for the night. And so I lay awake, and at last fell asleep for a little while and woke up at one o'clock, but I had only slept for about four hours. I feel that my nerves are upset and I am feverish. I must now drink some tea, write a letter to you, then dress, go to the editor's office for your letter and get to Simonov's in time for half-past two. But how can I do it?

Good-bye, Anya, I embrace you and kiss the children. I shall not be able to get anything done again to-day, but my proofs are ready and perhaps I shall get a good rest to-night. I can only read Tolstoy's novel under the bell, otherwise I have no time. The novel is fairly dull and far too—God knows what! What they are raving about I cannot understand.

Good-bye, Anya, my dear, I embrace you and all the children.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—The historian Kostomarov (188) is lying ill with typhus. Vsevolod Krestovsky (189) is also lying ill with typhus. Simonov says that typhus acts now exactly like a contagious disease, something like the plague, and it has seldom been like this before. But don't worry, my darling Anya, about me. I firmly believe God takes care of us and I love you very much. Your . . .

78

PETERSBURG,
8 *February* '75.

MY DEAR ANYA,—There was no letter from you yesterday and if there isn't one to-day I shall be very worried. I have quite enough worries and upsetting thoughts without that. I went to bed earlier last night, soon after 2 a.m., but as I had not slept the night before I only fell asleep after three o'clock. And then at seven o'clock my neighbours, the merchant and the two ladies, started their squealing and laughter again and they talked so loudly, it was almost like shouting. The wall dividing us is not really a wall at all, but *only a door*. I jumped up, dressed and immediately asked for another room. There was only one free room at three roubles on the ground floor. I moved into it at once and lay down, but I could not go to sleep again. So for two nights I have not had any sleep. I am upset and my hands are even trembling. But I cannot leave this hotel; I have not had my passport yet and where can I go without a passport ? I shall have to go to Trepov.

I was late yesterday for my appointment at three o'clock at Simonov's, and I was not in time for the treatment. These hours at Simonov's, between three and five o'clock, are absolutely paralysing my work. They take all my time and I have not started a single thing. I must write to you this morning and do a few things and after that, what time shall I have before three o'clock to get anything done ? Everything in the hotel is done very slowly—if I order tea they take half an hour to bring it. As I was late, I went to see Kashpirev and sat with him for an hour. Then I went to Soloviev (190) ; he was very glad to see me and told me some interesting things. His wife is ill (pregnant) and does not show herself. However, he made her come out when I was there. She is very young, looks like a girl, has a very large mouth and staring eyes ; but she is not so bad, so long as she is a girl. In three or four years' time she will be terribly ugly. And here he is tied up for a lifetime with an ugly wife. He receives a good salary from the "*St Peterburgskie Vedomosti*" and is having a story brought out in the "*Pchela*". (191) He is making a good deal of money, and on that score is quite content and well provided for. They still let rooms, but they have two good rooms and magnificent furniture (which is evidently their own) with pictures and photographs on the walls, etc.

Then I dined at Wolff's, came home, and at nine o'clock Strakhov came in. He told me quite sincerely and positively that Maykov had taken no part in spreading any rumours about me, and he wasn't even sure that there were any such rumours. He doesn't quite like "*The Hobbledehoy*." He praises its realism, but finds it unattractive, and, therefore, a little dull. And altogether he said much that was very sound and sincere, which, by the way, doesn't upset me, because I hope to prove to him, in the latter part of the novel, that they were greatly mistaken. The other day he had read an article on "*The Hobbledehoy*" in the "*Birzhevye Vedomosti*" (or in the "*Novoye Vremya*"—Strakhov could not remember which). (192) It was a fairly long one. They did not exactly praise me, but they said in it that until now many people had considered Dostoyevsky's types were partly fantastic ; but it was evidently time that people changed their opinions and admitted that they were deeply real, and so on in the same strain. The "*Golos*" has made a rule never to print anything about the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*."

It is now 1 p.m. and I am sitting here with jangled nerves. I shall go to Simonov's and then to the police station, and in the evening I shall go and see Kornilov for a short time and pay back the money. Money is simply running away and I haven't bought anything yet—I can't understand why you don't write. The very thought of my visits to Panteleyev, Polyakov and others, makes me ill. Besides, when shall I have time to do all this? It is awful! Good-bye. I kiss you and the children.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

79

PETERSBURG,
9 *February* '75.

MY DARLING ANYA,—I received both your letters last night. Probably the first had been lying around in the Staraya Russa post office for an extra day. Tell them at the post office not to do this, otherwise I shall worry unnecessarily. The news about the ceiling which fell through is very upsetting; first, it might have killed the children, and, secondly, I can assure you she won't wait until May, but till April, when the threat of our leaving won't be so terrible for her in view of the summer visitors. And it cannot be otherwise, for their redecorated flat near to the park ought not to be let for less than 200 roubles in the summer. Write to me every day, Anya, without fail. I cannot live in this depressing atmosphere without news of you and the children. I had no sooner written my letter to you yesterday than the door opened and in walked Nekrassov. He came "to express *my delight* on reading the end of the first part" (which he had not read before, for he only reads the whole number in its final proof before beginning the printing of the book). "I have sat up all night reading; I was so carried away, and at my time of life, and with such health, I ought not to do this." "And what freshness you have, sir" (he liked the last scene with Liza, best of all). "Such freshness at our age is most unusual, and not another writer possesses it. In Leo Tolstoy's last novel there was merely a repetition of what I had already read in his other books, only it was much better before" (it was Nekrassov who said this!). He considers the suicide scene and the story as "the height of perfection." And, imagine it, he also likes the first two chapters. "The weakest of all" he said, "is your eighth chapter" (that is the one where he hid himself at Tatiana Pavlovna's). "There are too many purely external events in it." Well? When I was re-reading the proofs, I too liked the eighth chapter least of all, and I threw much out of it. Nekrassov is altogether terribly pleased. "I have come to discuss the future with you. For goodness' sake don't hurry and don't spoil your work, for you have begun far too well." There and then I told him my plan: that is, to miss March, then to give the second part in April and May, to leave June out, and to give the third part in July and August and so on. He readily agreed to everything: "Only don't spoil it." Then about money: "You are entitled to about 900 roubles, you have had 200, and consequently there are nearly 700 roubles due to you. If we add 500 in advance—would that be enough?" I replied, "My dear friend, add a thousand." He agreed immediately, "I only said that because I know that before you go abroad in the summer you will again need money." In a word, I see that they value me most highly in the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*," and that Nekrassov wants to be on friendly terms with me. He stayed with me for about an hour and a half, so that again I was nearly late for Simonov. All day yesterday I was quite ill with jangled nerves, because I had not slept. I assume I shall have the money either to-morrow or the day after to-morrow. Then, Anya, I shall send you about 1000 roubles, which is what we ought to have left over according to our calculations. Until then, borrow some, say from the priest. For I have not only no time to send you the 75 roubles I promised, but I haven't got them, because money simply runs away like water. Last night I was at Kornilov's and gave him 45 roubles, my tenth payment into the *Slav Committee* (193) and to "*the Lovers*" (194) and 25 roubles "*From the unknown*" (a bet). (195) Kornilov received me remarkably amiably and very courteously. He asked me many questions, walked about with me, talked about me, recommended me and introduced me to people (among others he introduced me to his eldest brother) (Ed.: *several words crossed out and illegible*). There were about twenty people there (Maykov did not come). Strakhov was there and invited me for Monday evening. The fact is, my darling Anya, for lack of money I cannot go to see anyone. But worst of all is this Simonov's clinic: it is fixed for such awful hours, between three and five o'clock, so that it paralyses all my day. Of course, I should get up earlier (about nine) and go to bed earlier. But these two nights have worn me out. I slept for less than four hours. Last night I thought of making up lost time and went to bed at two o'clock, but my nerves were so upset I could not go to sleep for about an hour and a half. I woke up continually during the night, and although I did not get up until after ten I had still not had a full seven hours' sleep. From to-morrow, Monday, I must somehow or other set to work. I have quite forgotten some of your instructions; for instance, should I give Polyakov some money or not? Still, I think I shall manage everything, don't worry. I am only worried about you. Good-bye, my angel, I love you and I feel lonely, and beyond that I feel a terrible need for you. I kiss the children and bless them. I hope to leave here on the 15th for certain, or perhaps sooner. I embrace you, my darling, keep well, and let me know every detail. Remember me to everyone.

All yours, your husband, who kisses you,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

80

Monday, 10 *February* '75.

MY DARLING ANYA,

I had no letter from you yesterday. It would be better if, when you wrote, you were to hand your letters in to the post office in the evening rather than in the morning. You say that you also have not heard from me. I post the letters myself every day and I write every day, but they clear the boxes irregularly, sometimes before two o'clock and sometimes after. I was at the clinic yesterday. This place paralyses all my work. It spoils my whole day by breaking it most stupidly into two parts. From the clinic and after dinner, I went to see Polyakov and returned the 50 roubles to him. He did not tell me anything fresh. He said he had some buyers in view and that he and Korsh (196) were going to the estate during Lent and so on. I asked him to write to me and tell me everything he discovers. Then I went to see Prokhorovna and after that came home to go to bed early and to rest my nerves. But that didn't happen. There was some merchant-shopkeeper's wedding being celebrated in the drawing rooms of the hotel—there were hundreds of drunken guests, music and refreshments. I went to bed at two o'clock, but I couldn't sleep until half-past five, because some of the drunken visitors had come up to our corridor and were wandering about and shouting. I jumped out of bed several times, opened the door and swore at them. Now I have a terrible headache. If it were not for the action of the compressed air, which does calm my nerves, I think I should have had a fit with all this irritation and insomnia. Good-bye, my darling, I kiss you, the children and everyone. Tell the children that Prokhorovna sends them her greetings, and loves them and weeps over Fedya's photograph. Both Fedya's and Lily's photographs hang on her wall. Remember me to everyone. As soon as I have some money from Nekrassov I shall go to Panteleyev's, etc. How I long to come home quickly! My health is worse here in many respects. I kiss you and the children.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

81

PETERSBURG,

11 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—So there was no letter from you yesterday. Perhaps my letters are being mislaid. Still, I write every day. I did hardly anything yesterday. I only went to Simonov's and in the evening to Strakhov. Strakhov knows about my annoyance with Maykov and I think he has told him about it, because Maykov has sent me a letter in which he invites me to dine with him to-day, Tuesday. But I met him last night at Strakhov's. It was quite pleasant, but I don't like either of them and still less Strakhov—both of them are false. I shall go and dine with him to-day, but that is all. My brother Kolya came to see me this morning and is sitting here as I write to you.

I have still not had anything from Nekrassov, but I should feel uncomfortable to go and remind him about it. But if I don't receive it to-day, then I shall certainly go to-morrow. I am waiting impatiently for a letter from you and I ask you *to be sure* to write each day and to post it in the evening. I kiss the children. I want news of them. I am terribly bored here. I have absolutely no news. I kiss you many times and I bless the children. Good-bye. I embrace you all.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

82

PETERSBURG,

Wednesday, 12/'75. [*February*].

DEAR ANYA,—I received your very anxious letter of the 10th (Monday). For God's sake don't worry about me: if I don't feel well then it is only because of my nerves, because I am in an hotel and not in my own home, and with all these worries ahead of me I cannot sleep. Don't be alarmed, everything will be settled and, of course, I won't stay a day longer than I need. Simonov's clinic takes up all my time and doesn't allow me to finish a single one of my affairs. I hasten to write to you and after that I shall go straight to Nekrassov and I will get some money if I can. You ask me to send you some: I swear I haven't a single free minute. If I do get any from Nekrassov—I shall send you money at once; until then, borrow some from the priest. Last night while Kolya was here, Kornilov came in (to return my call); he was most amiable and stayed for more than half an hour. A very nice man. Then, after Simonov's, I went to dine with Maykov. This is what happened: when I was at Kornilov's I hinted to Strakhov that Maykov had met me far too coldly and that I thought he was angry, but that it was all the same to me. Strakhov immediately invited me to come and see him on Monday, and Maykov's letter of invitation was consequent upon what Strakhov had told him about me. Maykov, Anna Ivanovna, and all of them were very nice, but Strakhov for some reason or other was annoyed with me. Also, when Maykov began to ask me questions about Nekrassov and I told him of Nekrassov's compliments, he put on a solemn face and Strakhov became very cool. Yes, Anya, he is a horrid seminarist and nothing else ; once before in my life he has played me false, when the "*Epokha*" failed and he only ran back after the success of "*Crime and Punishment.*" Maykov is incomparably better, he may be cross for a while and then be friends again, but in spite of that he is a good man and not a seminarist. After Maykov's I went that same evening to the Snitkins ; neither Alexander Nikolaevich nor his wife was at home, but I stayed with Mikhayl Nikolaevich's wife until he returned later from his educational institution and I spent a very pleasant time with them talking until 11 o'clock. I shall go there again to fetch your cape.

If I don't leave on Saturday, I would very much like to leave on Sunday. Good-bye, my dear, I am not writing much, I shall tell you everything later. I embrace you and kiss you passionately. I want you very badly. I embrace *all* the children and kiss them many times and bless them.

Your very loving,

F. Dostoyevsky.

There is a terrific anecdote here about certain people we know. I will tell you all about it when I return.

—I have not yet received my passport, but don't worry.

83

Petersburg,

Wednesday, 12/'75. [*February.*]

This evening, dear Anya, I received your letter of the 11th from the office and I am writing a reply on the same evening, although I shall post it to-morrow and take it myself to the main post office. I send you, my darling, *nine hundred roubles* (900). I could never have imagined you would be so hard up and that you would write me such desperate requests to send you money. But, my friend, you yourself told me that you could always borrow from the priest or from Anna Gavrilovna. I said to myself that a loan for two or three days, when you were so certain of my getting money, could in no way injure your honour. Such an idea is petty ! I wrote to you long ago and told you to borrow some money. Of course I could have sent you part of the 200 roubles which Nekrassov gave me, but I swear I had not a single minute to send it to you. Not only that—sometimes I haven't even the time to go to the "*Grazhdanin*" office. Just imagine, I went to Nekrassov's to-day, took the money from him, drove home to put it into the trunk, when suddenly in walked Vladimir Lamansky. (197) He had heard from someone or other that I was in Petersburg. Surely I couldn't chase him away? So I stayed with him. And it is like that every hour. Also, I still cannot sleep and my nerves are terribly upset, devilishly so. And the main reason is still the same; I had no idea you would be ashamed to ask such good friends for a trifle—especially as you yourself had spoken about it to me! Otherwise, of course, I should have sent you some money, because I should always have had enough to send such a small sum and I could certainly have trusted it to Putsykovich. Simonov's clinic still hinders everything. The whole of my day is lost, but to-morrow will be my last treatment. Meanwhile, I have an endless number of things to do. To-day I went to see Emilia Feodorovna. I shall try to go to the Panteleyevs to-morrow or somewhere more urgent. I embrace you closely—don't be cross with me. Nekrassov gave me 1600 roubles of which 1000 or slightly less are in advance, because we cannot yet decide upon an exact calculation. We can settle that later—I have 700 odd roubles in hand. Money is simply running away and I am spending a great deal here. I kiss the children. I don't think I shall be able to leave on Saturday. Lamansky has invited me for Saturday and Nekrassov wants to take me to Saltykov's on Saturday (and I am very anxious to make his acquaintance). Besides, I have not been to see Koni (198) or Poretsky (199) and I have hardly settled a single money matter yet. I cannot write to you satisfactorily about everything in a letter. I doubt if I shall be able to leave on Sunday, though I should very much like to be with you on Monday evening. I am longing to return to you as soon as possible. I will do my best and I will let you know for certain on Friday, the day after to-morrow, but if you tell Timothy to wait for me in Novgorod on Monday, I think it would be all right. I kiss you and the children three hundred thousand times.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

You wouldn't believe how your request for money has upset and hurt me. Is it so shameful to borrow, Anya? I had no idea of anything of the sort! After all, we are not thieves or swindlers and we have proved this.

Nekrassov met me to-day with these words: "I had your money ready long ago." And all the time I had been too shy to go for it, hoping that he would either bring it himself or send it. If I hadn't gone to see him he might not have thought of sending it for another three days.

I met the bookseller, Pechatkin, at Nekrassov's yesterday. I am afraid he will tell the other Pechatkin—and that one will pass it on to the creditor and the creditor will find me here.

I have not been to Bunting. I have not even had time to buy myself a pair of boots.

I kiss you passionately, your hands, your feet and all of you. I love you and I am longing to see you.

84

PETERSBURG,
Thursday, 13 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,

I have just sent the money to you, but they told me at the post office that it would not leave to-day, but only to-morrow. So you will not have received my letter on Friday and that is why I am writing this to you at Misha's, in the Society of Mutual Credit. And so I embrace you. Everything is quite all right and you will receive the money on Saturday.

I kiss the children.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

85

PETERSBURG,
Thursday, 13 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—I have just sent you nine hundred roubles and you will probably receive them at the same time as this letter, which I am writing this evening, because I shall have no time to write to-morrow morning. I have also written about six lines to you while I sat in Misha's office in the Mutual Credit, because they told me at the post office that the money would not leave until to-morrow, Friday. After that, I went to Simonov's and to Panteleyev. I gave him your letter, but he won't listen to anything and demands another settlement. He wants two bills of exchange drawn by Nadein and is also keeping Kozhanchikov's. It is altogether a great muddle. He is to come and see me on Saturday. After hearing what he said I don't think it is any use keeping him waiting for a long time, and I want to give both bills of exchange back to him; as for the 54 copies which he sold, but for which no money has been received, he says he cannot get the money. Klein positively will not pay him. He will draw up an account and I shall try and settle with him on Saturday. Then I shall tell him that in future he should write to you himself. He said that if I don't give him the bills of exchange he will hold up the sale of the copies. Because of all this, I don't know how I shall be able to pay Vargunin off, it is quite clear that again I shall not be able to clear everything off. I haven't so much money that I can pay everybody. Then I went to see Vsevolod Soloviev and then to the Snitkins, none of them were at home (Soloviev was at the theatre and the others had gone out to see friends). So I took your cape from one of the girls. To-morrow and the day after I shall have much running about and visits before me. I spend about 3 roubles a day on cabs. Last night I was at Emilia Feodorovna's. I am thinking of leaving *definitely* on Sunday. Tell the cabman. It would be best if it were Timothy. I have just had another letter from you this evening, it came from the office. If you write on Friday then, of course, I shall still get it, but there is no need to write after that. I shall do my best to arrive on Monday, Fedya's nameday (be sure to buy him a drum and a tea service for Lily, but don't give them to them, keep it a secret, for it will be quite impossible for me to buy them any toys here except some little things). My darling, my nerves are terribly upset, I am very much afraid of having an epileptic fit. I can't get enough sleep, that is the trouble. Literally, I don't sleep for more than five hours. I am always wakened up in the morning by noises in the corridor. You have dreams, but I have something much worse. I embrace you and kiss you, also the children many times. I love you all and bless you.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Unless something very unforeseen occurs I shall certainly leave here on Sunday.

86

PETERSBURG,

Friday, 14 February '75.

DEAR ANYA,—I have just received your letter of Thursday and I am placed in a most awkward position and am very worried. You have decided, for some reason or other, that I am leaving for certain on Saturday and you say you will send the cab for me on Saturday. Whatever happens I cannot leave, however, before Sunday. I now know for certain that I shall leave on Sunday. But when I sent you the letter and money yesterday I learnt at the post office that you would only receive it on Saturday. I wrote that I was *almost certain* to leave on Sunday. In my six-line letter of yesterday, which I wrote in the Society of Mutual Credit, I think I forgot to say I was leaving on Sunday and so you will only hear on Saturday that I want the cabman to be sent for me on Sunday, while he has already been sent out by you a day too soon. He will wait for the train on Sunday, he will see that I have not come on it and will calmly go back again, and on Monday I shall be left without horses. What a business that will be ! In short, I am terribly worried. And how can you think of sending him for me without waiting to hear from me ?

I am driving round and rushing about town all to-day as if I were in hell. I haven't been once to the theatre during these two weeks. I have lived in the most abominable way, either running about on business or sitting in the clinic. God knows how many worries I shall have to-morrow. I was at Trishins to-day, at Vargunins, at Buntings, in the Gostiny Dvor and at a meeting of the Slav Committee. All details later. The interest at Vargunins is 156 roubles.—He will send an account. Tell the children that I shall bring them some toys. I am spending a terrible amount of money. I don't know what to do about it. Perhaps I shall be with you on Monday. I embrace and kiss you a thousand times. I bless and kiss the children. Tell them to expect me on Monday. My nerves are very much upset. I have many more people to see and there are many things I have not yet done. I embrace you tenderly. Love me.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I am writing this letter to you at midnight and I shall post it to you to-morrow, Saturday mid-day—consequently this letter will be my last. I embrace you, Anya. I shall soon kiss you in reality. And how I long to see the children !

87

STARAYA RUSSA,
6 [*March*] *April* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—It is only five hours since you left and, of course, we have not much news. I slept for another two hours and I am now feeling rested. The children are behaving beautifully, they are playing, not crying. Fissa has come to see them. You have, of course, reached Shimsk by now, but what will it be like after that ? I shall be anxious until I have your telegram. I somehow cannot believe that you will finish everything quickly in Petersburg. Besides, by the time you return, the river will be clear of ice and the roads will be bad. And what if we have to spend Easter without you? That will be very sad. I am thinking of setting to work as soon as possible. Don't go to the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski.*" I will send a letter myself to the office to-day.

I am nervous for you and for all 'the unknown' and I am afraid you may fall ill and that something will happen. I am very worried. I embrace you and kiss you; the children also kiss you.

Whatever happens do what you set out to do. Be firmer with Ivan Grigorievich. *Bind him* by a promise; let him really *do something* and tell him to be more severe, without sacrificing the fate of his children like a foolish man. With such a mother any man would beat his children! He must certainly let the property and he ought to go to the estate himself without any stupid feeling of shame. Only I don't know whether we ought to interfere in this business!

Good-bye, Anya, I embrace you once again and kiss you. Think about us. Buy a new hat for yourself.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

88

PETERSBURG,
12 *May* '75.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I have just arrived; it is now ten o'clock. I am stopping at the Znamensky Hotel in the same room, No. 6. The journey was abominable, I didn't sleep a wink. We waited two hours at Chudovo and the train was worse than ever; every single place was occupied, it was stuffy and there was an awful crush. Your telegram arrived, but no one took it in. Up till now neither the mail train nor the express has come in (10 and 11 a.m.). Still, I am setting out at eleven o'clock on my martyrdom. I shall probably write more to you to-morrow. Although there is bright sunshine here it is cold and there are hardly any leaves out. How are the children? Kiss them often, both Lily and Fedya. I shall try to come back quickly: as soon as I left you I felt very sad. As for you, dear Madam, I love you passionately and I consider you are a most magnificent being. I embrace and kiss you, my dear, the children also.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

For heaven's sake, look after the children.

89

PETERSBURG,
Tuesday, 13 *May* '75.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I am late and I don't know whether you will get this letter to-morrow or not, they only clear the pillar box at the station between 12 and 1 o'clock. Ivan Grigorievich and Olga Kirilovna arrived here yesterday and stopped at the Znamensky Hotel (Room 16); but I didn't see them in the morning, but only saw them at about eight o'clock. I went to Nekrassov's and took the proofs home with me and I received 300 roubles from him, and he promised to come and see me on Wednesday (to-morrow), probably to talk about money, which I have not yet mentioned. I am writing all this without details, because I cannot put them all into a letter. Then I went to see Meshchersky, who invited me for Wednesday. He is very well disposed towards me. Then I went to Polyakov. For some reason or other he *does not want* to mortgage the estate, and as he had told me this before, we decided not to. Then I looked in at the hotel and saw Ivan Grigorievich alone, without Olga. Details later. He had not received a copy of Olga's letter and I doubt if he knew anything about her letter. He had found her in Moscow. Then I ordered myself a suit. Then I returned home and, as I had not slept during the night, I was in such a state as I don't remember ever to have been in before. Then I sat down to the proofs, but Putsykovich came in and stayed talking for an hour. Then Ivan Grigorievich came, and after Putsykovich had left, he went and fetched Olga. I had agreed with him not to show that I knew about anything. However, they had evidently come to be *judged*, *i.e.* they told me their whole story as if it had happened to some people on a neighbouring estate, and after that they asked for my opinion upon certain points. Then when they had gone away at twelve o'clock I went back to the proofs, literally hardly able to stand on my legs. I looked through the proofs and went to bed at two o'clock, slept for about ten hours and only woke up after twelve o'clock to-day.

I cannot write anything to you now about Ivan Grigorievich and Olga Kirilovna, because it is all such a muddle that if I try to express it in words I would not be able to express myself intelligibly. Ivan Grigorievich has just been to see me again, they have not decided anything, and in my opinion their situation is hopeless. He only seems to be provided for in the sense of money, and that is only for the moment, namely, this morning. I am leaving on Thursday and I shall be with you, in Staraya Russa, on Friday. To my persistent and repeated questions to Ivan as to whether Olga was going to live in Staraya Russa, he replied that nothing was decided, and it is quite obvious that she doesn't want to. It is a dreadful muddle.

I embrace you tenderly. I kiss the children, Lily and Fedya, etc. I love you very much.

Your, F. Dostoyevsky.

I don't know whether I shall write anything to you again from here before Thursday.

90

Petersburg,
Wednesday, 14 *May* '75.

My dear friend, Anya,—It is now after twelve o'clock at night and I am sitting at home waiting for Nekrassov, who promised to be here exactly at mid-day and he has not been yet. In the meantime, there is an accumulation of work. Korsh sent me his card and asked me to fix a time for meeting him, and Kazansky (200) has already been here twice and not found me in. He wants to come at three o'clock and I cannot even go out to Putsykovich for your letter, because I must stay at home and wait for all these people. I think Ivan Grigorievich and Olga are leaving to-day. Evidently they will not go to Staraya Russa. Absolutely nothing has been decided and the state of their affairs is worse than ever. He does not know what will happen and I think he is very depressed by all this. I am only writing to you now to say that in case I cannot manage to come on Friday, you will not have been left without news of me. I have been to see Maykov and the Snitkins. I have not yet had time to go and see Koni. I simply have not the energy. Don't worry about me. I think about you all and miss you.

4 *p.m.* Kazansky has just been. He talked about the Ryazan estate, nothing special. I will tell you all about it when I see you. Nekrassov has been, I have arranged everything with him, but I shall only receive the money to-morrow. Ivan Grigorievich and Olga Kirilovna are leaving *to-day* for their place in the country, they will not go to Russa. Good-bye, I have much to do and I have not yet arranged anything, and I shall not have the money until to-morrow. I embrace and kiss you and all the three.

All yours, F. Dostoyevsky.

91

Petersburg,
Saturday, 25 *May* '75.

My dear love, Anya,—I arrived yesterday, but I don't know whether I shall be able to leave to-morrow, Sunday. (201) There is a train which leaves to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock and gets to Berlin on Monday, that is on the following day at midnight. That would be the best, but I feel I shall be kept here to-morrow, and also, I may not sleep properly to-night. Besides, my suit has been delayed at Scharmers for final alterations and they have not yet brought it to-day as promised. They also offered and undertook to make me a white waistcoat, costing 8 roubles, to be ready either this evening or to-morrow morning. But if they bring it after nine o'clock to-morrow then I shall not be able to set off, as the train leaves at eleven o'clock. I have bought myself a pair of boots. I have been to see Putsykovich and Meshchersky. Maykov didn't come to dinner—he had refused beforehand on the plea that he was dining elsewhere. It is too obvious that he didn't want to see me, so I shall not go to see him. I have been to the Kashpirevs. They received me very warmly and spoke enthusiastically about "*The Hobbledehoy.*" I have also been to see Korsh: he is somewhere in the country about 50 miles out and he is only in Petersburg on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. I went into the bank to see Misha—no special news, he is quite prepared not to mortgage the estate, but to wait. Alexandra Mikhaylovna is sending up a petition again and insists on taking the matter into court. Polyakov—the devil only knows why—is going to the Government of Ryazan.

I was very tired yesterday. Although I slept last night, and slept well, I should have slept an hour or two longer. There is bright sunshine here, but it is cold. All the women here, without exception, Anya, go about in black, which does not look at all bad. I suppose it is the fashion, but I don't know. Tell darling Fedya that for a long time I could see him from the steamer and I could see Lily bowing to me. I could see you very distinctly as you left the steamer, Anya. My darling, for God's sake look after them and take care of them. I love you endlessly. I dreamt of you all night. Write everything about yourself down *to the smallest detail.* Don't forget the beans and the bath. Good-bye, darling. The next time I write it will be from Ems. It is very possible that I shall not be able to leave to-morrow and that I shall be detained, in which case I shall write to-morrow from here. There are crowds of flats here, but they are all expensive. I have bought Suvorin's book (he tired me on the journey). (202) They will send the "*Russky Vestnik*" to me at Ems. I kiss your eyes and *all* our children.

Your eternal and unchanging husband,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Still, changing for the better.

92

Berlin,

Tuesday, 27 *May*/8 *June* '75.

My dear love, Anya,—Last night at midnight I arrived in Berlin and I am leaving to-day for Ems, where I shall be to-morrow. I am writing so as to make you send me a letter a day sooner ; otherwise, you may be waiting to hear from me at Ems and will not write until then, but that is too long for me to wait. I left Petersburg on Sunday at 9 a.m. after no sleep at all ; and I was very worn out by the journey, although the weather was fine and warm. I don't throw my money about, but I have already spent a good deal. The journey here cost 40 roubles for the ticket alone. I slept very badly in Berlin (five hours in all) as I was disturbed by knocking and banging. I had a bath. Prices here are appalling. My trunk was terribly scratched on the journey. I saw how careless they are abroad with luggage, especially the porters.

How are you all ? I think about you continually, about Fedya and dear Lily. I think about many things and worry. Write oftener, be regular in your correspondence. For God's sake, be cheerful. Kolya came to see me in Petersburg. Korsh was out. I did not go to see Maykov. I have seen Misha. I was at the Snitkins. Mikhayl Nikolaevich only smiles at our doubts and says that from all symptoms you ought to give birth splendidly. I am afraid of something upsetting you for you have been so nervous lately. Good-bye, my angel, perhaps I shall write again to-morrow. I love you all very, very much. I embrace you and I kiss the children.

All yours,

F. Dostoyevsky.

93

Ems,

Thursday, 29 *May*/10 *June* '75.

My dear love, Anya,—I arrived here yesterday and I went straight to the post, but did not find your letter, which you promised to send " poste restante." This has so upset me that I am very anxious now. I am consoling myself with the thought that you may have posted it on Saturday after 9 a.m. and that it only left on Sunday, while I had already left Petersburg on Sunday, and as I went by express all the way to Ems I have probably arrived before the post in spite of the 24 hours' stay in Berlin. I am wondering whether I shall hear to-day. If I don't hear to-day I shall be most worried. If you have decided not to write to me before hearing from me from Ems, then it will be some time before I receive anything from you. That is why I sent you a few lines from Berlin so as to provoke you to a rapid answer. We must be regular in our correspondence, without waiting to receive letters, and write, say, every three days. To-day, for instance, I am writing on Thursday, I shall send my next letter on Sunday, without waiting for an answer. That, by the way, does not prevent us from writing immediately on receipt of a letter if something happens which requires an immediate answer. I also went to the telegraph office yesterday to inquire if there were a poste restante telegram from you. Altogether I am very worried.

I spent a dull day in Berlin, the weather was windy and rainy. I bought myself an umbrella and a hat. They told me at the hotel that I had paid two thalers too much for the umbrella. I gave 10 thalers for it; the silk, by the way, is not at all bad. I paid 5 thalers for the hat. I could not find any shirts I wanted, so I didn't buy any. I forgot to buy a cigarette case. I left Berlin at 11 p.m. on Tuesday. At least I was able to sleep for a while on the journey. Yesterday we had a hot, sunny day, but it is pouring with rain to-day, so I don't know how I shall be able to go out. Ems is very horrid in the rain. All day yesterday I was very sad and depressed and again last night I didn't get sufficient sleep but was constantly disturbed. The first sight of Ems produced a wretched effect on me. I went to see the doctor; he found that I was incomparably better than last year. The sore that had not healed had increased in size, but the other three places, which healed last year, have not returned. He made me strip, examined me very carefully and sounded me. He found that my physique had improved surprisingly during the winter (and that, no doubt, is because we didn't live in Petersburg). He is hopeful of a successful cure. We decided to start the treatment as from to-day, *i.e.* from Thursday. Two glasses with milk in the morning and one in the evening, to be increased gradually later on. I shall begin, to-day after dinner, and drink my first glass, and from to-morrow I shall begin to get up at 6 a.m. If this treatment does not help me, and I have come here in vain, I shall be too unhappy for having been separated from you all at such a time, and for so long, and for having spent so much money.

Yesterday I booked rooms, not at the Hotel d'Alger, they were full up, but two houses away in the Hotel Luzern, not on the 2nd but on the 3rd floor, two good rooms with a balcony. I am paying the same as I would do at the Hotel d'Alger and I have made the same arrangements. Madame Bach (of the Hotel d'Alger) offered me a room without a balcony on the 3rd floor, but although she reduced the price a little and very much wanted me to stay with them, the rooms I have now in the Hotel Luzern are very much better, only I don't know yet whether they will be quieter. I have a neighbour who talks and bangs about too loudly in the morning when he is going out, and upstairs there is an appallingly bad piano student, who tortures me for an hour and a half with her dreadful schoolgirl playing. I shall wait and see, and if anything goes wrong I shall move over to Bach when the rooms I had last year are vacant. My present landlady, Madame Moser, is tall (two inches taller than me) and is as thin as a rake. She is a red-haired German, not very old, and with an official smile. I don't know whether I shall settle here or not.

There are very few Russians here so far, the real season has not yet begun. I have only seen Tachalov, the priest. He is here for a short time. It was he who told me there was no one here yet. There are about 15 Russian names (all of them foreign Russians) in the list published by the Kursaal, and a few unfamiliar names from the aristocracy and merchants. Count Komarovsky (203), a Slavophile, but I don't know him ; Prince Vyazemsky (204), the poet from Homburg, is also here, but I shall probably not make his acquaintance ; and finally an Aksakov from Moscow, but I don't think it is Ivan Sergeyevich, but it may be the other one, the Nihilist. (205) Nowadays there are many Aksakovs. Tachalov does not know which one it is. So you see I am in complete solitude here, and I can foresee that I shall be hopelessly bored.

If only I could hear from you soon. This uncertainty is terribly hard to bear. How are the children ? Write as many details as you can to me about them. Yesterday and all last night I was tortured with thoughts about you and your health. Anya, my darling, be brave, God is merciful, perhaps everything will turn out for the best. I embrace you with all my heart. I think of the children continually. Give Lily an extra kiss and tell Fedya that little horses (donkeys and mules) with red saddles on stand by the bridge. They are very pretty, and little boys and girls hire them for rides. Tell him also that I have already been asked why I didn't bring Fedya with me and I told them I would certainly bring him next summer. Tell them I shall bring them presents. Write to me, Anya, *in greater detail* how you spend your time.

Money goes very quickly here. The fare was not cheap, nor is living cheap here. Yesterday I bought some strawberries and cherries before I start fasting for the rest of the time, as all such things are strictly forbidden by the doctor. My digestion has been much better on the journey. It is curious, but my digestion always improves on a journey.

I wore Sharmer's suit for the first time yesterday and I was quite shy about it. It was amazing—I felt just like a fashion plate, I swear I did. It is perfectly made; I bought a hat, quite a different shape, and I think it suits me wonderfully well. I can imagine what a dandy you will think I am for saying this. I kiss your eyes and embrace you, my darling angel. You are more precious to me than anyone else in the world and there is not another wife like you. I have told you this before, but you don't know how often I feel it. Above all, be more cheerful. And don't be lazy about writing to me. Remember me to everybody. I kiss the children a thousand times. I feel very worn out by the journey; last night I twitched terribly before going to sleep, which has been happening only very rarely of late. During the first week of taking Kränchen one usually sleeps badly, has bad nightmares, terrible irritability and liverishness and this condition lasts for a week or more.

The Emperor is supposed to leave here to-day. I have not managed to see him. The Emperor William has arrived. All yesterday the band played under his windows. There are crowds of people in the garden, mostly insolent fellows and dandies, and many pretty women of all nationalities.

What if I don't hear from you to-morrow either? I would have written to you yesterday, but I missed the post, for letters must be posted before 3 p.m. if they are to leave on the same day.

I embrace you all.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Just think of it:—yesterday as soon as I arrived at 11 o'clock and stopped at the hotel, I ordered some tea and roast beef, which they brought to me, but I lay down on a sofa, shut my eyes for a second, and suddenly fell asleep for an hour and a half! I was so worn out.

94

EMS,

Sunday, 1/13 *June* '75.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I received your letter on Thursday and to-day I am expecting another one again as promised. How I should love to see you and kiss you. I am painfully, deadly bored here. The weather has been cold and rainy since Thursday. I don't remember ever to have known two such days of wind—a regular storm. Every morning it usually pours with rain and then towards evening the sun begins to shine. There are only 13 or 15 degrees of heat at the most and I always wear my overcoat. I should like to save my umbrella, but it cannot be helped; I must protect myself from the rain. Evidently my health is quite good, I have not yet begun to feel any effect of the waters. But then I only drink 3 glasses a day in microscopic doses (4 ounces of water at a time). I want to argue again with the doctor; I shall go to him to-day as arranged. My appetite and sleep are good, but I twitch in the night and I think I shall have a fit. My neighbours in the room next door sometimes make a noise and stamp about, and I am afraid they will not let me work in peace when I once begin. I stay more at home nowadays and read a little. I should like to go out, it is a part of the cure, but it is impossible. At this minute, it is pouring with rain. I haven't a single acquaintance among the Russians, and there are very few Russians here so far. The Aksakov is probably one of the other Aksakovs and not the one I know. On the printed list of arrivals there are some Myasoyedovs, Dundukovs and Webers from Russia. Altogether a number of Germans from Russia. And so I have not a single acquaintance, and I foresee I shall not have a single one. I repeat, the boredom is unbearable. My dinner is brought to me for 20 groschen—it is pretty bad. The landlord and landlady are very attentive to me, and their little children (about the ages of Lily and Fedya) brought me some flowers yesterday. I ought to buy them a present, but there aren't any here. In short—it is very dull here.

And how are you, Anya? I am always wanting to kiss you, and in the night I dreamt of you (you were dressed). I think of you all every free minute, and I have many free minutes here. *Write to me in greater detail* about the children. Dear Anya, how sorry I was to hear that in spite of my request you did not take the baths. First, I should like that woman to examine you, and secondly, the thought that the children go without baths for half a month at a time—is terrible. That hinders the development of their bodies, clogs the pores and does not allow the body to feed on air; it isn't only through the mouth that the body is fed. I was so sad to read *that* in your letter, that I thought about it all day long and I still think about it.—Anya, my darling, I shall manage somehow, and we must try to arrange this for the children.

What else am I to tell you about myself? The "*Golos*" is the only Russian paper at the Kursaal. Putsykovich wanted to send me the "*Grazhdanin*," but I have not received it. I also made arrangements with Bazunov for the "*Russky Vestnik*" to be sent to me. I saw the Emperor William for the first time to-day. The music here is not at all bad, two large orchestras, string and wind instruments. But above all there is boredom, boredom and again boredom. I am sure it will drive me mad. I have not started work yet. As for the rain, I can't even see an end to it!

I kiss and embrace you a hundred times, also the children, talk to them about me, tell them I think of them and ask about them. Anya, my love, don't shout at them impatiently. I believe you, my angel, and I understand how hard it is for you in your present condition, for they probably torment you very often. But for goodness' sake keep an eye on the nurse. All this worries and torments me and I confess my mood is very black.—And most of all I am afraid for you; what if my cure doesn't do me much good—why then did I leave you? I reproach myself and torture myself. Good-bye, my love, I embrace you very, very tenderly. Kiss the children. Remember me to all who should be remembered.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Don't be cross with me for writing about the baths. I love you as my guardian angel who has given me happiness. I am very sad here without you, Anya.

95

EMS,

Wednesday, 4/16 *June* '75.

ANYA, MY LOVE,—I received your letter of the 28th May, the day before yesterday. What a time it takes to come! I thank you for your letter and for going to the baths and for news about yourself and the children. Please have a little variety, go to the theatre and take walks oftener and do your best to be brave, *i.e.* fight depression. In your condition you only need to give in to different moods and it becomes three times more difficult. Above all, write often, regularly, at least every three days for certain, otherwise I shall think God knows what. Talk to the children sometimes about me. Fedya's song is sweet. Give Lily a special kiss. Anya, I am literally in torture here. There isn't a soul I know (if only Kublitsky would come). There is no one to exchange a word with. There are some Russians here, but all absolutely unknown to me and half of them are Russians from abroad and Russian merchants. Is it going to be like this all the time? It is very trying. The weather is abominable. Until yesterday there was nothing but wind and rain, but yesterday it only rained three times in the day. In the mornings at 7 o'clock there are about 13 or 14 degrees and then by 2 o'clock it rises to 24, then suddenly within an hour there is a strong wind and it drops again to 15 or 14 degrees. I felt I had caught cold the day before yesterday and all day yesterday

I had a terrible cold, I sneezed about two or three hundred times an hour (without the slightest exaggeration), and I used about five handkerchiefs in one day until I was compelled to blow my nose on a towel. In the evening I had such a temperature, headache and weakness that I was quite alarmed ; but this morning I got up feeling incomparably better than I imagined possible when I went to bed. Although I still have a cold it is very much better. I have no temperature and only a slight headache. The main thing that has cheered me up is that my appetite is still the same (it is splendid) and my tongue is quite clean (*i.e.* to-morrow I shall be quite well again). That is why I shall not go to see the doctor, but will go at the right time so as not to pay any extra thalers. Then there is always infernal boredom and inexpressible misery. There are many people here, five thousand names are already on the Kursaal list. They are incredibly pretentious, conventional, abominably rude and they all have hideous faces. There are absolutely no distractions, nowhere to go for walks (everything is vile). I went to the Russian Church on All Souls' Day, there were many people there, more than I had expected, but God knows who they all were. The ladies have mincing manners ; they sit down on chairs and faint. While I was in the church three fainted (probably because there was so much incense and no air) ; but, no doubt, they are quite able to dance through the night and eat enough dinner to satisfy two peasants. Horrible ! The doctor has added three glasses of 6 ounces in the mornings and two of 4 ounces after dinner. He hasn't said anything yet about the treatment. But the worst of it is I haven't even thought about beginning my work. I am depressed, and all these ailments and unpleasantnesses knock the desire out of me. And other people think I have gone abroad to have a good time. Anna Gavrilovna and Alexandra Pavlovna think so, I am sure. By the way, which one of them was it who wanted a picture of Gambetta ? I forget ; I haven't found one of Gambetta yet, and besides, I have no time to think about it and I cannot understand the hurry for it to be sent by post. Let them wait until I bring it back with me. If I cannot find it here, then I shall have to look for one specially in Berlin ; I shall probably find one there. My sweet Anya, all the time I am horrified by the responsibilities I have taken upon myself ; I see that, no matter how I try, I shall have hardly any time left for writing. Then, as soon as I leave here, it will be absolutely impossible for me to write on the journey, what with the removal to Petersburg and after that in view of what will happen. I get terribly depressed about it all. And just think, Anya, what are we to decide about the flat in Petersburg : shall I look for one as I pass through Petersburg or shall we leave Russa together and go to a hotel and find a flat later on ? We must decide this quite definitely and finally. Also, about the servants ; it wouldn't be a bad idea if Lukeriya came with us.

I have nothing to write to you about yet. I should like to be able to recover to-day. I take the waters regularly. I get up at 6 a.m. and go to bed at 11 p.m. Life is not at all cheap here, but I am not particularly extravagant. I kiss and embrace you extravagantly but do you love me, my darling, that is the question ? I continually think of you all. Kiss the children and write to me about them in detail. It would be very nice if you told me every detail about the children and also wrote them down for yourself for the future in a separate notebook. How pleasant and useful it would be for them and for us later on, if we manage to live. You once had some such idea.

Dear Anya, believe in my endless love, I implore you to take care of yourself and of the children. By the way, don't dream of worrying about my cold. All that is nonsense. And perhaps after reading this letter, you will laugh and call me a dandy. I wrote : " don't worry," because I know the good, kind heart of my little wife, without whom alas ! I have had to live for a fortnight now. Anya, my dear, love me and think of me sometimes and the thought of that will make me happier.

Kiss the children for me, greetings to all. Is there no news from Mother or Ivan Grigorievich ? Oh ! Anya, how nervous I am lest something happens there again and that it will react upon you. That damned Olga Kirilovna, the vile hag !

I embrace you all, all.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

96

EMS,

Saturday, 7/19 *June* [1875].

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—Once again I implore you to write to me regularly, every three days, so that I can have news of you once every three days for certain—otherwise I shall die of boredom and loneliness here. I too will write regularly once every three days (unless, of course, something extraordinary happens). Still, I hope to have something from you to-day, but I am not at all certain. It is now 11 o'clock and the post office only opens at one o'clock (*i.e.* after the post has arrived and the letters have been sorted). What is the matter with you all ? These four days that I have had no letters from you have seemed ages. I am just the same: dull, sad, cross and gloomy. My cold has gone. At my regular time I went to see the doctor (I go once every five days): he did not find any temperature. Still, I cough badly, I perspire at night, the hoarseness in my chest is worse than it was in the winter and I find difficulty in clearing my throat. Perhaps it is the action of the waters or it may be simply because of this vile climate. It is a second Petersburg. It rained steadily until the day before yesterday, and it was terribly cold yesterday and to-day although there was some sunshine; there are 13 degrees in the mornings and often less, and 15 degrees in the sun at mid-day, exactly as it is in Staraya Russa in the middle of April. I drink three 6 ounce glasses in the morning and two 4 ounce glasses in the evening. I still continue to feel the scar on my lung. Still, to-day is only the eighth day of the cure. It will be too galling if I do not get any relief at all, and I find I have come here to no purpose, wasting both time and money. I am not very happy in my present rooms; under my bedroom windows in the house next door there is a workshop, a locksmith's, and the workmen get up before 5 a.m. and start hammering. Two days running I awoke at 5 o'clock in the morning. I complained to the landlord; he went to them and asked them to begin work at 6, but now all day long it is tap, tap, tap without stopping. It is enough to drive anyone mad and my nerves are going to pieces. There are some rooms vacant in the Villa d'Alger next door—and I don't know whether to move over there or no. I hesitate and cannot decide. Meantime, I have not yet started my work. I don't see how I shall ever be able to write anything. Supposing I have to stay here for about four weeks, well, what shall I do alone without you, and besides, I am not ready yet to sit down straight away and write, the plan is not yet ready in every detail. But after these four weeks (and perhaps it will only be three) when I leave here I can foresee I shan't be able to write; I shall have to run about in Petersburg looking for a flat, and no sooner shall I be back with you than I shall have to begin thinking of leaving again. So when *am* I to start work? I have nothing but gloomy thoughts and doubts and I am always alone, all by myself. You cannot believe how crazy and hysterical this boredom makes me. I don't know a single face, I don't exchange a word with anyone, I am always alone, alone—no—it is unbearable! Never have I had a viler time in all my life. And what if I suddenly have an epileptic fit and am not able to write at all! The thought of that is simply awful and it will probably come to that.

I am hoping you will write something to me, something to gladden my soul for a moment at least, *i.e.* facts, facts, that is the chief thing. But most probably the postmaster will say in a minute or so: "Nothing for you."

Putsykovich started to send me the "*Grazhdanin.*" I have arranged with Bazunov for him to send me the fifth book of the "*Russky Vestnik*," and suddenly I see from an announcement in the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*" that "*Anna Karenina*" is not to appear in it, so even *that* will be boring. At least I interrupted my novel for Nekrassov at the end of the second part, while here it is being interrupted simply in the middle of the third part. They don't trouble about the public very much. My darling Anya, I think we shall have a hard autumn before us in Petersburg. To begin with there is your condition, then my work, money and decisions to be made about next year—*i.e.* what I shall do, how shall I make money, shall I publish the "*Diary*" or shall I not be able to? I think of all this continually and nearly crack my skull over it. I dream of the children at night. I must work for them—they cannot be left without anything—but how is it to be done? That is the problem. I look to you for co-operation in everything. Also, God disposes. But all this is far ahead. If only we could see each other soon. Morally I long to see you soon, but *actual* circumstances don't allow this. I cannot return home without having written at least something of the novel.

Money still runs away. It is not so cheap here. In one way and another the money simply flies. They have begun to feed me badly (from the hotel), and I have stopped having my meals from there for the time being, I want to find something better. They have started to bring me absolute filth.—On the 22nd or the 23rd, for certain, I must begin to write and manage to set out a plan, otherwise I shall not be able to bring anything back to the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski.*" My dear friend, I kiss you, you are my good angel, without whom I realise I cannot live. I also cannot exist without the children.

Absolutely nothing happens here, at least for me; everything is dull and dead. Both at the Kursaal and in the park there is always a terrible crush and jostling (a glass of Kränchen has already been spilt over my coat).

The people here are hideous. I hear Russian spoken, but the devil only knows who they all are. Certain Myasoyedovs, Varaksins and others. Last night I wandered out into the country; pretty places but sad. There are very many flowers here now. Good-bye, my angel, I embrace and kiss you so much that even you would tire of it. I kiss your hands and feet. For God's sake look after the children, I implore you, my angel. I bless the children and kiss them. I have found a picture of Gambetta, but it is an old one and bad; the face is very stupid, but all the same I shall not enclose it in my letter ; it may arouse suspicion in the post office. They may unseal and read my letter and it will be lost or delayed. It won't harm them to wait a little—I shall bring it myself. I have had to contribute three thalers to the Russian Church here and one thaler for the deaf and dumb.

I have just been to the post and received your letter (ED. : *three words crossed out*), and was very surprised to see that your letter is dated the 31st May (Saturday) and the postmark of the Staraya Russa post office is the 3rd June ! Surely it has not been lying in the post office for four days ? It probably has, because if it were otherwise you would doubtless have received my letter from Berlin by the 3rd June and you would have added something to your letter about it. It is also strange because I wrote from Berlin on Tuesday, the 27th May, so that even by Saturday, the 31st May, the day on which you wrote you ought to have heard from me. And so the result is that your letter of the 31st May only reached me on the 7th June. I ask you ! I beg you to make enquiries at the Staraya Russa post office and ask them severely what they mean by it. Perhaps someone is reading our letters ? It is funny. I shall bring you the envelope when I come to Staraya Russa ; it is clearly marked on it that it was posted on the 3rd June. The Petersburg postmark is the 4th June. But how is it that my Berlin letter has not yet reached you ? Even if it left Berlin on the Wednesday and not on the Tuesday (as I imagined) then you ought to have had it by Saturday. So I am very worried now, it is terrible ; and my Ems letter should have reached you by Tuesday. I posted it to you from here on May the 29th (old style).

You write that your nerves are upset. I am very sorry, for goodness' sake amuse yourself, go out for walks, go to the theatre. Don't imitate me in my boredom.

Thank you (ED. : *one word crossed out*) for the few lines. May God keep you and the children safe.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

And speak to them at the post office. I shall keep the envelope.

97

EMS,

Tuesday, 10/22 *June* '75.

I RECEIVED your letter, my darling Anechka, on Sunday, *i.e.* the one you wrote on Tuesday, the 3rd June, marked 7 a.m. Still it did not leave Staraya Russa the same day, for the Staraya Russa postmark on the envelope is the 4th of June, and that is because they kept your letter at the post office for an extra day on purpose, so as to have time to send your last letter of the 3rd (28th May), which had been lying about in the post office for five days. If they had sent both letters at the same time their carelessness would have been obvious. Please complain to them about it, Anya, so that they don't do such stupid things again. I am very worried about what you write of your nerves and irritability. What will all this lead to? Everything worries me here, because I myself get terribly irritable. For goodness' sake, my love, don't look on the dark side, there are people a thousand times worse off than we are, and we have got something to be glad of, we have our children. I was so happy to read what you said about them. But I worry all the time, I think of them and about you all day and night; everything is all right now, but what if something should suddenly happen? I fear the unexpected most of all.

In any case we shall meet soon. I don't think I shall stay here for long. And even if I don't have time to write my novel, I shall come back sooner. I don't know whether the cure will do me any good this time, so far I feel absolutely no benefit at all. True, to-day is only the tenth day of the treatment; but much more phlegm gathers than in Staraya Russa and I feel quite definitely that the weak spot is not at all better. Also, the climate is not at all helpful for the cure. Since I last wrote to you and until to-day it has been pouring with rain, literally without ceasing. What good can it do to take a cure in this dampness? I am continually catching slight colds. It is always damp, and to add to that—boredom. I think I shall end by going mad from boredom here or else I shall do something rash. It's not possible for me to bear any more than I am bearing now. Literally, it is torture, it is worse than being in prison. The main thing—if only I could work, then I might be able to forget all this. But I cannot even do this, because the plan has not matured and I see great difficulties. Without having thought it out properly it is impossible to set to, and also, inspiration is impossible in this depression, and inspiration is the most important thing. I am reading about Elijah and Enoch (it is beautiful) and "*Our Age*" by Bessonov. Bessonov's stupid comments and explanations, which are not even in good Russian, madden me on every page! I am reading the Book of Job and it gives me a curiously painful delight: I stop reading and I walk about my room for an hour, almost weeping, and if it were not for the inane moments of the translator I might almost be happy. It is strange, Anya, but that book was one of the first to impress me in my life—I was almost an infant then! Apart from this, there are absolutely no diversions at all, not the slightest, except that twice a day the band plays at the springs, but even that has deteriorated; it is very, very rarely that they play anything interesting, otherwise it is usually some Potpourri or other or a March of German Glory; nothing but Strauss, Offenbach or, even an "Ems Pastillen-Polka"—so that I don't trouble to listen! Also there is this dense crowd of five thousand people in a relatively very narrow space; they jostle and wander about aimlessly like hens. On days when it is raining there is less room than ever; they all huddle together wet and with dripping umbrellas under some gallery or other, everybody at the same time, because they all take the waters and are all obliged to come at a certain hour, and during that time the orchestra plays the "Ems Pastillen-Polka." There are only two Russian papers taken here. I have received the "*Russky Vestnik*"—it is full of rubbish.—Although there are some Russians, there are not so very many yet, and it is just as it was before, they are all strangers to me. I read in the Kurlist that Ilovaysky (the Moscow Professor) (206) has arrived here with his daughter—he is the Ilovaysky who was Chairman of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters, when the passage was read out where Anna Karenina was travelling in the railway carriage, and he got up and loudly proclaimed that we (the "Lovers") didn't want gloomy novels even if they were full of talent (*i.e.* mine), but that we wanted light and playful novels like the works of Count Tolstoy. I don't know him personally, and I don't think he would like to make my acquaintance, and certainly I shall not make the first move. Still, I do hope someone will come, but then, D.V., I shall be at work on my novel and I shall not have any time. Oh! *what* shall I write and shall I be able to write anything at all? I am terribly worried, because I am alone. Although I used to sit alone at home in Russa, at least I knew that my children were in the next room and that I could go out to them now and again, talk to them and even scold them for shouting—that gave me life and strength. Above all, I knew that Anya was next door, who is truly my other half and from whom, I see now, I absolutely cannot bear to be parted, and the more the years go by, the more impossible it becomes.

Well, that is all my news. I have decided not to change my rooms. I shall remain at the Hotel Luzern. By the way, here is my address in case you need it: Bad Ems, Haus Luzern No. 10 à M. Dostoyevsky (*i.e.* write as usual always poste restante—this address is only in case of emergency). The hotel proprietors are quite nice people; I realise that more and more. There is less hammering under my window and the proprietors' children, aged four and three, a boy and girl, have grown fond of me and bring me flowers. He has a house and some land; she does the cooking herself and prepares the coffee, while he is a schoolmaster and gives lessons. My neighbours are out all day and only return home to sleep. They are a fine handsome young German from Berlin, a merchant; and a youth of nineteen, a Frenchman, M. Galopin, a very polite young man. On the floor below, immediately below me, a German family is occupying three rooms. The mother of the family, a fairly stout German, is so absent-minded that she sometimes goes up four flights of stairs instead of two and she comes straight to my door, flings it open and stands there for about three seconds without realising where she is. Then she cries, "Oh, my God!" and runs down to her own room. This has happened twice, once in the morning—another time in the evening. But then I too seem to be absent-minded—it was only yesterday that instead of going into my own hotel, the Luzern, I went into the Hotel Ganz next door, took my key from the board, *i.e.* No. 10 (the house is arranged in exactly the same way as the Luzern); but the proprietor and the servant ran up to me and explained that I was not living there but at the Luzern next door. It was fortunate that they recognised my face and knew I was living next door at the Luzern, otherwise they might have taken me for a thief.

Anya, my darling, write to me every three days and write as many details as possible. I wait for letters as for heavenly manna. Don't be cross with me, my angel, for grumbling in my letters. God grant I may set to work and forget all my moods! And then perhaps the cure will be more successful. It is sunny and warm to-day. The only thing is I know that I shall never stop longing for all of you; all the time I am afraid of something happening to you. I have become a terrible old woman in these eight years, Anya; I cannot bear to be parted from you all, not even for a short time—that's what it has come to. Anya, my darling, I think about the future all the time, the near and distant future—if God will only grant me life, then you and I will arrange something for the children.

My darling, live more happily, go about, take walks, chase away black thoughts. Have you got a doctor? You should certainly ask one to come and see you. The news of Ivan Grigorievich is very characteristic. He is unhappy in the fullest sense of the word; I am only afraid that he will not have sufficient patience. But he, like you, Anya, knows what he owes to the children, and by fulfilling his sense of duty will probably pull himself together and won't decide to do anything rash. But with her, one should be more careful—she should be dropped altogether.

I embrace you and bless the children, all of them. Anya, why shouldn't we call her Anna if it is a girl ? Let us have a second Nyuta in the family. Do you agree ? I very much want this.

Once again I embrace you and all the children.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to everyone.

I *often* dream of you. I have also started to have nightmares (the effect of the waters). I am terrified of having an epileptic fit, I haven't had one for so long. If it does happen then I shall have three in one month ; it always happens like that after a long interval. What shall I do then about the novel ?

98

EMS,

Friday, 13/25 *June* '75.

MY DARLING LOVE, ANYA,—I received your nice letter of Saturday (7th June) yesterday, Thursday, and I thank you for it. Above all, for the comforting news and that you have called in the doctor. That worried me more than anything else. It hurt me that up to the very last minute you should want to make a secret of it. I also thank you for looking after the children, for being pleased with them and for letting the doctor see them. I still only hear from you once in four days, whereas I write once every three days. I posted my last letter to you on Tuesday. That same day a fog suddenly settled over the whole of Ems ; it was milky-white and so thick that it was impossible to see anything beyond 20 to 30 paces ahead of one—it hung over Ems like that for a whole day, with 30 degrees of heat and no wind—consequently there was no air and it was so damp that one didn't know what to wear —if you put on light clothes then you would catch cold because of the damp—if you put on thick clothes then you would perspire and again catch cold. It lasted for 24 hours and then it suddenly began to rain. Since then it has been pouring buckets of rain for three days—when I say " buckets " then please take it literally. It is like a downpour, which in our Russian climate only lasts a quarter of an hour during a thunderstorm. Here it lasts for three days—literally without stopping, the water is pouring down even now—and yet one has to live, one has to go to take the waters. All my clothes are wet through. The soil here is very stony, for as soon as the sun appears it dries up very rapidly, but during these last three days everything has become so sodden that you walk in mud, you get your feet and trousers wet through, and an umbrella no longer protects you. How can I derive any benefit from the cure when I have a perpetual cold—a slight one, but nevertheless a cold and a cough? It is prophesied that the weather will clear up by this evening. As for my cure, I still don't know what to say about it, because, in spite of the climate, I think according to certain signs it may be doing me good. I am now drinking the maximum, four glasses in the morning and two after dinner, but you can imagine for yourself how dull I am and how upset my nerves are. Worst of all, I am worried about my work. Until now I sit and worry and doubt and I have no energy to begin. Works of art should not be written like this, written to order with someone always at the back of you with a stick, they should be written at one's own leisure and inclination. But at last I feel I shall soon sit down to real work; what the result will be I don't know, for in such depression I might spoil even the idea itself. I am expecting to have a fit any day, but it doesn't come. I think it is also strange that I have begun to grow thin, which did not happen last year, although it is evidently the action of the waters. Still, my appetite and digestion are good. Well, that is all about my health.

What interests me most is yourself. I am expecting to hear from you about taking a flat. I assume that I shall not stay here very much longer for the cure, consequently the flat will need to be taken early, *i.e.* probably in the first half of July. I would very much like to return to you quickly; then at least I shall not be so worried about you when I have you under my own eyes. Yes, I shall revive when I am with you all again. And above all, Anya, you will be under my eyes during the difficult time ahead, while here I am all the time fearing some mishap. But the novel, and the question when I shall write it, is driving me simply mad. I dare not be late with it and besides we need the money. Anya, how will things turn out for us this winter? What will happen? Absolutely everyone in the literary world has turned away from me; I shall not run after them. Even the "*Journal de St. Pétersbourg*" (207), which would have praised "*The Hobbledehoy*," was probably told by someone to criticize it unfavourably, and so I read in the last number that *everything* at the end of the second part is dull and "there is nothing outstanding in it." They can say what they like, they can even reproach me for extravagant effects, but they cannot say there is nothing "outstanding." Still I can quite see that the novel is ruined, it will be buried with all honours and with general contempt.—Enough, the future will show, and I am not at all in despair about the future. Only keep well, my helpmate, and we shall manage somehow.

I am quite alone as before, there isn't a soul I know. Quite a number of Russians have arrived, but they are all "from Reval," "from Livland," certain Storchs, Borchs and among the Russian names—Pashkovs, Panchulidzevs, etc. All strangers. But curiously enough; they seem to know me. A short time ago at the springs I turned to a "gentleman" with the simplest question in German and he immediately answered me in Russian, and I did not even know he was Russian. That means he already knew me, for God knows how he could have guessed I was a Russian! Besides, I keep away from everybody. Life is unbearable here. The landlady makes coffee and cooks the supper abominably, but I always order my dinner from another hotel (I have given up the first) and they bring me a dinner, which is really twice as good as from the Hotel Goedeke. I have only received one number of the "*Grazhdanin*," they have suddenly struck. It is not worth writing to ask them to send it. I see the Emperor William fairly often at the springs. He is very simple and nice, a handsome old man of 80, but he doesn't look more than 60. He dresses very elegantly in civilian dress. One day, a lady was sitting in the crowd holding a glass of water, she was tall and thin, about thirty years of age, in a very crushed black shawl and a very simple black dress. Suddenly, the Emperor went up to her as if to a friend, talked with her for about a quarter of an hour and as he said good-bye he took off his hat and held it in his hand, and she shook his hand as if it were the hand of the most ordinary mortal alive, absolutely without any special curtsy. She was some rich Countess belonging to a former ruling house. Yet in that crowd she seemed quite ordinary and our Russian society dames probably looked upon her with scorn as they passed her—and now quite unexpectedly they have opened their mouths in astonishment.

I dreamt of Fedya and Lily last night, and I feel very worried in case something has happened to them. Oh! Anya, I think of them day and night. Whatever shall I leave them when I die? If only I could finish this cursed work, after that I could undertake something else—but about all this when we meet. And now I only pray to God that our daily bread may be provided somehow or other. I kiss and bless Fedya and Lily and . . . By the way, Anya, what do you mean by writing about *twins*? Oh! you rogue! But then I kiss the twins too. God help us!—as Fedya says, I kiss you thirty-five times. Write about yourself oftener. I will continue to let you know about myself regularly every three days.

I kiss you and the children a million times.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to those who should be remembered. Has nothing been heard of Ivan Grigorievich?

99

Ems,

Sunday, 15/27 *June* '75.

My dear love, Anya,—I shall post this letter to-morrow, Monday, but I am writing it on the previous evening, Sunday, because I now intend working in the mornings, and it will always be so in the future. I received your Monday letter (9th) on Saturday; every time I hear from you I rejoice that at least nothing has happened to you, but always the next day I begin to doubt and worry about you. How soon will this torture end ?—I don't know. But I doubt if I shall stay here longer than two and a half weeks, or at the most three. I think the cure is doing me good, but God only knows, especially in such weather; still it has not rained either yesterday or to-day, although the barometer continues to show " Rain and Wind." I have decided this about my work; *that the matter is lost*; I have begun writing, but it is obviously impossible for me to send it to the editorial office in time for the 25th June. And if I don't send it in in time then Nekrassov will be angry and won't give me any money just when we most need it, and it will be bad for the novel. Here, however, in this loneliness and misery, I feel I am not writing well, and besides, I am expecting to have a fit any day now. My dear love, Anya, I miss you, that is what is the matter. If you were here, everything would be different in every way. If it were not for this perpetual strain of thinking about this work, perhaps I should feel better. Every day, especially towards the evening, I begin to feel depressed; I feel better again in the morning and that is why I have chosen the morning hours for work.

Thank you for the details about the children, they cheer me up here tremendously. Be sure to get a little book and write down all their sayings. Thank you also for telling me that you are chasing away the dark thoughts and ideas about your condition; only is it true? If you have really become more sensible and determined to chase away these imaginary dangers, I, on the other hand, think of you and worry about you day and night, and it is all because we are separated. Also I daydream about you and kiss you continually day and night. . . . I try to exercise myself so as to tire myself out. I don't sleep well, nearly always less than seven hours. But how is one to go out for walks when it is only beginning to dry up a little to-day? There are absolutely no distractions here, but I shouldn't go anywhere even if there were. I always feel I am wasting time and yet if I stay at home the result is I don't get any work done. I have hardly begun the first page, but I am not pleased with it. Putsykovich has sent me two numbers of the "*Grazhdanin*" at one and the same time. It is appalling what Prince Meshchersky has written in his "*Lord Apostle.*" And Poretsky has quite lost his head over Tolstoy.—One distraction here has been a "Regatta," *i.e.* simply a boat race for prizes on the little river—between Frankfort and Cologne. Our stream was chosen because the Emperor is here and it was arranged to amuse him. They were to race past him—of course there was discordant German singing, which sounded like animals roaring, and music—but the worst of it was it had to take place in the pouring rain; nevertheless everybody, literally everybody, rushed to the railings of the embankment and stood there for over two and a half hours in the pouring rain. The Emperor watched it all from the windows of the Kursaal. The people here are very dull—Germans for the most part, quite a number of Russians, the men are fairly presentable, but the Russian women are frightful. They squeal and scream and laugh and are both brazen and cowardly at one and the same time. One can easily hear from their laughter that they don't laugh naturally, but simply in order to attract attention to themselves. The German women are not like that; they may burst out laughing and shout or slap their cavaliers on the shoulder, but it is obvious they are laughing spontaneously, they are not thinking about other people watching them. And how our Russians, especially our "Society people" from somewhere on the Elagin Island, how they would have laughed at such manners; but unfortunately this isn't possible. One of them in my presence shouted after her cavalier: "pst, pst," and when he came up to her she slapped him on the shoulder. And I suddenly heard the voices of some Russian ladies near to me: "What next, who is she?—what manners!" and a Russian suddenly answered them: "That is the Princess of Thurn and Taxis" (which is considered a ruling house); but to hell with such Russian cringers! Also I can never read the Russian papers: they are never free for a single minute, Russians are always reading them. One young Russian keeps the "*Golos*" for days on end in the drawing room and he never seems to move from his seat. I wait and wait and then I have to give it up.

I have nothing, absolutely nothing to write to you about. I don't know when I should tell you to stop writing to me so that you needn't be writing to me after I have left. But then it will probably be best if you keep on writing until the last minute. Don't forget to let me know your decision about the flat; must I look for it now on my way back or afterwards when we have both returned and are settled in a hotel? It is still a long way ahead, however, and I have about three more weeks of torture before me and work, work! It is terrible! This visit to Ems has been terrible in every respect. I only hope I shall bring some health away with me. You say that your money is going, mine is going too, my love, and yet we both need money badly. Well, and what do you think about the nurse and the cook ? Surely we cannot return to Petersburg alone with the children ?

I am very afraid you will hear some bad news about Ivan Grigorievich and that it will worry you. Well, good-bye, my precious angel, keep well (and please do me the favour *not* to appear in my dreams). Don't worry about me, things will turn out all right somehow. Talk to the children about me. Do they remember what I look like ? Please ask Fedya what I look like. The poor things will have to return to Petersburg in the middle of the summer.

I bless you all, I love you and kiss you, and I wait impatiently for the day when I shall be able to leave this damned Ems and return to you all. I love you, all four of you. Good-bye, I embrace you. Remember me to those who should be remembered.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Darling Anya, I beg you to send three roubles, not less, to the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*" fund for the Morshansk victims of the fire. Write the letter thus :

"To the offices of the paper *Moskovskie Vedomosti.*"

Please accept the enclosed three roubles in aid of the Morshansk victims of the fire from F. L. and an Unknown (*i.e.* Fedya, Lily and the Unknown)" ; but it would be better to write only the initials "from F. L. and an Unknown," or they may perhaps guess that the Unknown is our next child.

Donations to the fund for the Morshansk victims of the fire can be sent to almost all the newspaper offices and to various departments.

Your D.

Once again I embrace you all.

100

(STARAYA RUSSA) EMS,

Wednesday, 18/30 *June* [1875].

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANECHKA,—I am writing you this letter on Wednesday, but it will only leave here on Thursday, which I have already explained to you.

I received your letter of Thursday, the 12th June, only to-day Wednesday, which, by what you say, should have left on the following day, *i.e.* on Friday the 13th, whereas the postmark of the Staraya

Russa post office on the envelope is the 14th, *i.e.* it only left on Saturday, and I didn't receive it on Tuesday, yesterday, as I should have done, but only to-day, Wednesday. It is obvious that letters are being kept in the Staraya Russa post office and certainly opened, and it is very possible that it is Gotsky. Anya, do go and talk to them at the post office, shout at them and insist on your letters being despatched the same day they are posted. The devil knows what they mean by it!

Of course I read your letter with delight, and I am glad you are all well, especially as I always begin to worry dreadfully about you and the children before I hear from you. I am only sorry, Anya, that you don't say anything about a very important matter, in spite of my repeated questions: namely, how am I to take a flat in Petersburg? (1) Must I definitely find one when passing through Petersburg? and, (2) what am I to do if I cannot find a flat for some time? I tell you, Anya, my time is very valuable now, and if I have to stay a long time in Petersburg, I shall not be able to look for a flat and write my novel at the same time. And, if I do stay longer than a week in Petersburg, then what am I to do? Wouldn't it be better if we were to take a flat on our return to town? If we stay at an hotel, we should pay the same for a room as we should for the flat during the time it stands empty until we move from Staraya Russa. Of course, I am willing to spend two or three days in Petersburg, but I don't want to stay any longer. In any case, I do ask you (and this time I *insist*) to pay more attention to this question of mine, which I have repeatedly asked, and send me your decision. If you answer this letter immediately (with insistence at the *post office* to send it off at once and not after a day or two), then you will reassure me very much. To add to my worries, which are already numerous enough, there comes this worry about taking a flat and (for that purpose) having to stay in Petersburg—it is very tormenting. At least one of my doubts would then be settled.

I can soon leave here, but don't bother about that and continue to write to me. I will let you know when you should stop writing. But at the moment I don't know myself when I shall leave. To-morrow, the 1st July/19th June is exactly the third week of my treatment here. But the doctor says that hardly anyone has a four weeks' cure (and it is quite unnecessary) and that five weeks are only prescribed for most exceptional cases because of special considerations. And so, in eight days' time, *i.e.* next Thursday, the 8th July (new style) and the 26th June (old style), I shall be able to stop the treatment and leave on the *27th or 28th June* (*old style*). Only then will the doctor examine my chest. Now, however, since the cure is not yet finished (*i.e.* the four weeks), it cannot be decided whether I should finish the cure or remain another week. It is quite possible that I shall have to stay another week, and in that case I shall not leave here on the 27th June (old style), but about the 5th July. And so *the only thing that is certain* is, that I shall not stay here longer than the 5th July (old style) (which means that I could be in Russa on the 10th July, if I go straight there and don't stop in Petersburg). Still, I repeat, I am prepared to stay in town for three days. It is quite possible I may find something in three days; for after all, it is simply a matter of luck.

As for my cure, I can say absolutely nothing positive about its success. I think there will be an improvement. I am well. But it is quite wrong that the waters should be the only cure here; the doctor never interferes and does not even prescribe the course of treatment. Although there are many doctors, they are all so besieged that when you go to them there are literally about fifty people waiting their turn. And, consequently, they talk very hurriedly with each patient and almost casually. Take me, for instance: a week ago I went to Orth and complained that I was continually catching cold and that I coughed. He examined my throat and told me to take a glass of Kesselbrunnen that day at the spring (another hot spring) and to gargle my throat. I did so, and the same evening I felt some relief. The day before yesterday, I went to him and said: "As the 'gargarisation' with Kesselbrunnen has helped me once may I gargle my throat regularly, because for several years now I have had a constant irritation in my throat (like a fly in my throat) and would it not help me?" He was surprised at this and suddenly said: "So you only went once to gargle? I told you to gargle regularly. And now you have lost a week. Certainly, you ought to gargle twice a day." And so I have lost a week, but it is absolutely his fault, because he positively *did not tell me* to continue gargling, which is proved by the fact that the instructions about gargling twice a day, and the details about how to do it, were only explained to me the day before yesterday, whereas, if he had ordered it eight days ago, I should have known those details then, because everybody here observes them rigorously and they should be explained to the patient from the first, while he gave me absolutely no details whatever eight days ago.

So now throat gargling with Kesselbrunnen has been added to my usual treatment. If I feel any benefit during this fourth week and my throat improves then I shall risk staying here for another week (*i.e.* until the 5th July), because the throat irritation is one of the most important symptoms of my complaint. I never knew until now that here at the waters, close to the springs, there are two rooms arranged especially for "Gargarisation"—one for men and one for women. There are as many as twenty places in the room, rather like lavatory basins, and all the twenty people gargle at the same time. What music! And several hundreds of patients gargle!

Well, that is all the most important news about me. As for the rest, I have absolutely no news or details. I am well and the weather for the last three days or so has not been at all bad (though it is not hot). I am alone as usual. There isn't a soul I know and my German neighbour has left for Berlin and the room next door has been taken by a Russian (I don't know his name, nor do I want to). There are crowds of Russians here—all strangers to me. A certain Mr. Sorokin rushed up to me to-day and informed me that he had seen me at Lizaveta Atamarovna's (Baranov). I had quite forgotten him. He walked by my side and immediately began to talk about literature. I was very glad when he went back to his seat. As for my work, I am not going to say anything to you about it yet; it is at a standstill and not moving at all. However, I have composed a definite plan, but the work hasn't yet begun.—Not a page written yet. What will happen to me?—I cannot understand it. Also I am terribly afraid of a fit.

The details you give about the children cheer me up and gladden me, but why, my dear angel, do you write so little about yourself? Surely you must know how much I love you and how happy it makes me to hear the slightest news about yourself? Kiss the children and talk to them about me, so that they don't forget me. Please write down Lily's songs separately in a book (this is very important and necessary). But what you write about Ivan Grigorievich is simply terrible. That bitch of a woman ought to be treated like a dog and not like a human being. She will cause him much unpleasantness you will see. If only he would decide once and for all to separate from her (*i.e.* give up the hope and intention of ever living together again), then he could act both calmly and sternly, and that would at last bring her to her senses. But we shall see what happens, if only God helps him to keep his head. I hope he doesn't come across Kukarekin; what does he want Kukarekin for? If Kukarekin were to throw Olga over, she would immediately find someone else. I am only afraid that you are worrying about them.

I am very anxious about you and the two. And why two? Perhaps you have had a hint from the midwife? How I long to be with you! And here I have to try and find sufficient peace of mind to work, to write a novel—but how is that possible?

Well, good-bye, my darling, I shall write my next letter on Saturday, but I shall post it on Sunday. I embrace you, I kiss you a thousand times. I bless the children. The dears! You wouldn't believe what a prisoner I am here, Anya! Nobody outside could imagine it!

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

The music has improved to-day (probably with the weather) they played two pieces by Beethoven—it was perfectly delightful.

101

EMS,
Saturday, 3 *July* [21 *June*] '75.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I am writing to you to-day, Saturday, after dinner, but it will only leave here to-morrow, Sunday, just as my last two letters.

You once wrote that my letters arrived late. But your letters always reach me a day later than they should. I have just got your letter of Sunday the 15th June. You say definitely in it that you will post it on Monday (*i.e.* 16th June) at the right time (*i.e.* not an hour late), and that it should certainly be despatched on Monday the 16th. But the Staraya Russa postmark on the envelope shows that it didn't leave until the 17th June (and not Monday the 16th). (I am keeping all the envelopes.) It is perfectly clear that the letters are being kept and read. Ought we not to ask for a receipt so as to show that a letter has been taken and that it will be despatched on such and such a date? But I don't suppose they would give us such a receipt.

Answer this letter to Ems. But don't answer my letter, which I shall post to you on Wednesday the 27th June (6th July), for I don't think your reply will find me still in Ems. I will continue, however, to write to you as usual. But send me a letter to Petersburg (without delay), "to be called for," so that I shall find it on my arrival. Also, in case anything happens to you, I do ask you to send a telegram to Ems to M. Dostoyevsky, No. 10 Hotel Luzern.

I see from your letter, my darling, that you are tormented by doubts about the future event as if you contemplated dying. Oh! Anya, how difficult it all is for me. I know you are very brave, but you are terribly fearful for your health. But cases of unfortunate births are not only rarer than cases of typhoid fever or other complaints, but are far rarer than street accidents, than cases of people being run over by a horse, etc. That's a positive fact, ask anyone you like! Don't be afraid, my friend, remember you are giving birth for the fourth time and accidents are rarer with those who are used to giving birth than with those who are having their first child. Besides, your health has improved considerably from what it was before, thanks to the fact that we have been living for so long out of Petersburg. And so I beg you, think positively about all this and try to pluck up courage. But why should I write all this? I think that even with all the delays I shall be with you three weeks from to-day and then we can talk, and if necessary, be sad together. I say three weeks, but I look upon that as the maximum, and it is quite possible we shall see each other before the three weeks (from to-day). On Thursday of next week, *i.e.* the 26th June/8th July, it will be exactly a month since I started my cure here, and on Monday, the day after to-morrow, *i.e.* the 23rd June/5th July, I shall go to the doctor and ask him for a final opinion; should I remain any longer, a fifth week, or should I leave? I think he will certainly make me stay another week, so I shall finish the cure on the 3rd/15th July, and leave Ems either on the 4th or 5th; then we must reckon another week for my stay in Petersburg, and round about the 12th July (old style), I shall be in Staraya Russa again. That's what I think will happen, but the doctor *may* make me stay a fifth week. They consider it most important here not to overdo the cure. Additional treatment is considered to be even harmful. I have bought a book about Ems and its environs—a Russian one, published in Petersburg last year. (208) Among other things it speaks highly of certain opinions held by my doctor, Orth, about the Ems cure. It also mentions the harm which is often caused by too long a cure and excessive drinking of the waters. They specially mention the opinion of doctors (with innumerable examples), that patients on finishing the course of treatment very frequently don't feel any great improvement in their health, but on the contrary some of them feel worse in comparison with what they felt before they came, and that only a few months later in the winter, they begin to feel great relief and thank their stars that they ever went to Ems. I can undoubtedly bear witness to the same thing having happened to me after my visit to Ems last year. Will it be the same this year? If so, perhaps that explains why I don't feel the slightest improvement now after a three and a half weeks' cure. As far as I remember exactly the same thing happened last year. Certainly, apart from occasional colds, my cough is infinitely better, but the hoarseness is practically the same. Still, I think the gargling is doing me good. Everything depends upon Orth's decision. The day after to-morrow, I shall insist on his examining me as thoroughly as possible.

I have read one terrible thing in this book; namely, that it is absolutely essential to change one's former mode of life completely during the cure, *i.e.* to keep to a strict diet, and not to do any mental work *whatsoever*, otherwise there will be no benefit derived from the cure and *definite* harm will be done, and, in the experience of many, the complaint grows worse. In the sense of harm, the *mental occupations are placed first.* What about me then ? Orth told me this last year, but I didn't pay much attention to it. But I didn't work so much last year, or rather I wasn't so worried or troubled as I am this year. Does this mean that just as I have settled down to work I shall have to give it up ? And Nekrassov ? And the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski* " ?

I made up my mind and I wrote a letter to-day to Nekrassov (209), in which I explained all this to him. I was very apologetic and asked him the following : (1) to allow my work to appear not in the August, but in the September number. In return I promised to write well (and I do believe I shall write well, the plan has succeeded admirably, and it wasn't in vain that I worked at it for so long). (2) If it was impossible for him to accept this suggestion, then I told him I absolutely could not send him more than two and a half sheets for the August number, and in that case the whole effect would be lost. I asked him to send me an immediate reply to my request, not to Ems, but to the offices of the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski*," where I should find it on passing through Petersburg. I sent a letter to the office of the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski*," asking them to forward the enclosed letter to Nekrassov, to wherever he might be (they would, of course, know his address). I have no idea what his reply will be, but I won't stop my work here, I shall simply cut it down to half. Well, that is what I have decided and I am letting you know all about it. But you will realise, in case there is delay in receiving money when we most need it, that we cannot take any in advance, for we have already done so.

My neighbour is a Russian Jew, many local Jews come to see him, and all the time it is business and a veritable Israelitic consistorium—such is the neighbour God has sent me ! I have absolutely nothing to write to you about ; everything goes on as usual, I am tired of everything, I haven't a single friend and there is always the same varied polyglot crowd. It was hot for two days and now rain again to-day. Still, I feel fairly well and my digestion is quite good and these are good signs. Thank you for news about the children ; for goodness' sake write down all their little sayings and songs in a special book ; I beg you to do this. Anya, why don't you want to call the child Anya, if it is a girl ? If you don't like the name, I do. Please.

Tell the children when to expect me. I don't know what to buy for them. Write to me to Petersburg about the flat, *i.e.* am I to stay and look for one or not ? If I am not to, and I should suddenly see a suitable flat, then am I to take it or not ? In spite of the early date ?

Poor Kublitsky, yes it *is* the same one ; he was a good man. He was at the meeting of the Lovers of Russian Letters, when they were reading how Anna Karenina was travelling in a railway carriage between Moscow and Petersburg. So he wasn't able to wait for the end of Anna Karenina !

Good-bye, Anya, my darling, perhaps we shall soon be together again. I kiss you thousands and thousands of times and I shall be anxious about you because you are anxious. Oh ! I must be with you soon. I kiss the children and bless them. Talk to them about me. Good-bye, my dear, I adore you.

All yours,
F. Dostoyevsky.

Greetings.

102

Ems,
Monday evening, 5 *July*/23 *June* [1875].

This letter will leave here on Tuesday, dear Anya ; I received your telegram at 1 p.m. to-day. It surprised and upset me very much. What made you think I was ill ? It is quite obvious that you are not receiving my letters, *i.e.* one of my letters has been lost. But why worry because of that ? Believe me, my precious friend, absolutely nothing can happen to me. I posted my last letter to you *yesterday, Sunday*. Before that I posted one on Thursday, and before that I sent a letter to you on *Monday, i.e.* exactly eight days ago. *Three* letters in eight days. I write constantly and regularly a letter every three days. —I answered you by return, also by telegram, and it was sent at two o'clock. It is now after 8 p.m. and it must have reached you by now, but I am still very worried. To begin with, your telegram was in German and arrived with the words all jumbled. Staraya Russa was called Skraja Russe, and there wasn't a trace of my name left. The wire only found me because it had Haus Luzern No. 10 on it. Perhaps my wire to you will be also jumbled in Berlin, and will never reach Russia, or it may be sent to Ruza. And so, if the telegram doesn't reach you, I keep on imagining that on Friday or Saturday you will suddenly open my door and run in to me here in the Hotel Luzern. Anya, you can't believe how worrying this all is ! How can one possibly get better in such a state of mind ? Just now when I received your telegram, I almost fainted and sank into a chair. I wrote in my telegram : " I am quite well " and now I curse myself for having said " quite," it costs them nothing in Berlin to change the " quite " into " not well." Judging from your mutilated telegram, anything can happen. I shall be in a terrible state of anxiety all this week.

I went to see the doctor at four o'clock to-day after having been absent for a whole week, and I asked him to examine me carefully and thoroughly in view of the four weeks' cure coming to an end in three days' time. He examined me for a long time, thoroughly and carefully, and he found that my chest was in a splendid condition and that everything had healed. But the hoarseness and difficulty of breathing have remained. He said they may pass of themselves and that I might leave Ems, if I liked, on Thursday (after exactly four weeks). Although the gargling with Kesselbrunnen has done me much good during this last week, my throat is still irritated " and if you were to stay for an extra week it would do you good." And that is what we decided. I am to continue the cure for another week, starting as from to-day. To-day is the 5th July/23rd June, and next Monday will be the 11th July/30th June, so that next Monday (*i.e.* 30th June old style), in exactly a week's time, I shall leave here. So don't write again to me here, but write to me " poste restante " at Petersburg *as soon as you get this letter*. Tell me in that letter: whether I should take a flat in Petersburg, in spite of the early date, or whether I am not to and how long I should stay looking for one, etc. I ask you to do this most insistently and for the last time.

You will understand that since my yesterday's letter, which you will most probably receive before this one, nothing new could have happened, except that my novel is absolutely at a standstill and that I cannot write. I am waiting for peace and I shall have it some day. But living here is appallingly wearisome, I shall long remember this hellish month.

Don't forget to write something to me in your letter about the children.

If I leave here on the 11th/30th, then I shall be in Petersburg on the Friday or even Thursday. And if I don't need to sit in Petersburg too long, then I can be in Staraya Russa by Monday the 7th July. That means in exactly two weeks' time.

Good-bye, for God's sake be calm; there is so little time now before we meet. I embrace and kiss you, and I shall dream about you all the time. I bless the children. Greetings (tell me, is there anything I can buy for you in Petersburg?). Tell the children I shall soon be back now.

Always your eternal and changeless,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

If the slightest thing happens to you (pray God it doesn't) in a certain respect, then send me a telegram at once to Ems, until the 30th June (old style). I shall be here. In such a nervous state as yours something may happen. Oh! Anya, how hard it is not to be together and at such a time!

103

EMS,

Wednesday, 25 *June/7 July* [1875].

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—This letter will leave here to-morrow, Thursday.—I am only writing a few lines to you now, I sent a letter to you yesterday, Tuesday. I received your letter yesterday (written on Wednesday the 18th, but which only left Russa in Friday 20th and not Thursday 19th, judging by the Staraya Russa postmark). In that letter, among other things, you write about my finding a flat on my way through Petersburg and suggest coming yourself to look for a flat with me. It is because of this point that I hasten to write to you. It would be absoluely mad for you to come to me in your present condition. *For God's sake*, don't even dream of coming. You would only wear yourself out unnecessarily. I can find a flat by myself, only I shall not spend more than three or four days looking for one. I hope I shall be able to find one in that time. You evidently did not understand me at first : I didn't suggest that you should come to Petersburg to help me to look for a flat, but I thought of leaving Russa and coming to Petersburg with the children and all our things ; of stopping either at an hotel, or in rooms, or else with relations, and then looking for a flat together ; I wrote to you all about this in one of my last letters.—But now I shall find one by myself. In any case we shall see, but don't you move from where you are *whatever happens*. Write to me to Petersburg, "*to be called for*." I wrote to you yesterday and said I was leaving on Monday. And I shall do so (but I shall send you a letter on Saturday). I should arrive in Petersburg on Friday, but it is more likely to be Thursday. I shall write to you as soon as I arrive in Petersburg. My dear love, I implore you to be calm in every respect. My health is excellent, if only we could meet soon. I have a very long journey before me. I kiss the children. Tell them I shall soon be back.

I bless you and love you all.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

104

EMS,

Friday, 9 *July/27 June* [1875].

DEAR FRIEND, ANECHKA,—I am writing a few lines to you again ; the letter will leave here on Saturday.

I received your Saturday letter yesterday (it left Staraya Russa on the right day for once, *i.e.* the 22nd, the same day you handed it in at the post office, Sunday). This letter gave me much joy, especially when

I read how much you love me, for during the last few days I have been thinking day and night how much I love you. God grant we may meet soon and then we can talk to our hearts' content. I am in love with you *more* than on the eve of our wedding.—And now a few necessary words. I wrote you, my friend, that I was leaving on Monday, but after certain considerations I have changed my mind; I shall not leave here on Monday (the 30th), but on Wednesday the 2nd of July. It may even be Tuesday, but I want you to know that it won't, *in any circumstances*, be later than Wednesday. So I shall be in Petersburg either on Friday or Saturday. If I travel on Tuesday, then I shall not write again to you from here, but from Petersburg. But, if I travel on Wednesday, I shall write a few lines from here on Tuesday, the 1st of July. If you don't hear from me for a day or so, don't worry; it means that I am on my way. I was persuaded to put off my departure for two whole days for two reasons, namely, because I saw from your Saturday letter that everything was all right and that although my letters arrive late they do reach you regularly. I cannot therefore understand what happened on Tuesday when you sent me a telegram. If I leave on Monday, then your letter explaining this may not reach me in time (the express leaves here at 6.20 a.m.) and I shall worry on the way and have to wait for your letter, which will probably arrive on Monday or Tuesday (I have also had a terrible thought; perhaps the telegram was muddled and instead of " are you really ill? " it said, " I am really ill.") What if that is so? In any case I shall find out here and will probably receive a letter before I leave. My second reason for delay is that I shall have two extra days here for taking the waters and for gargling. In this way it will be four weeks and five days of the cure. That is almost the same as last year, when my complaint was worse.

And now, I embrace you, my love, until my Petersburg letter. But most probably I shall write again on Tuesday, only for God's sake, Anya, don't come to Petersburg from Russa. That would be mad. I am only terrified of that now.

We shall probably see each other on the 8th or 9th July.

I embrace you and kiss you countless times. Also the children. At last I shall see them!

All yours,

F. Dostoyevsky.

On no account shall I leave here later than Wednesday.

N.B.—I shall have enough money in Petersburg to leave money in advance for a flat.

Post Scriptum : 10/28 July. Saturday.

I had only just sealed your letter down at 12.30 p.m. to take it to the post, when the postman came in and handed me your letter (Tuesday, the 23rd June, the day of your telegram). So that's why you sent the telegram ? And I had been thinking my letters were not reaching you. But how strange ! And, of course, that clumsy fellow had to turn up to frighten you. I have never felt better in this wretched Ems : I haven't had a fit for goodness knows how long, my chest is evidently better and physically I am quite energetic and fresh. Ah ! my love, how could they frighten and grieve you so ? I can only console myself with the thought that you received my telegram in time. But when ? Very late ? You sent yours at ten o'clock, which means eight in our time (meridians don't exist for the telegraph), consequently your telegram was crawling here for five hours (I got it at 1 p.m. and sent a reply at 2 p.m.). And what if my wire has also been mutilated in some way ? And whoever could have printed such nonsense ? (210) (seriously, of course, and not as a joke, for what would be the use of such a joke ?). Oh ! it's dreadful to be " *a great man* " ! Dear heart, you can now be at ease, but I am not ; I only hope it doesn't affect the confinement ! Perhaps I should wait for your next letters ? I shall leave, however, as arranged either on Tuesday or Wednesday, but if you write anything distressing *in a letter* about your health, then I shall certainly leave at once.—Good-bye, my love.

All yours, I embrace you and kiss you one hundred thousand times.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

We have had three hot days, but it is stormy to-day, windy, rainy, and cold. The barometer is standing at " stormy."

N.B.—By the way, it is quite possible I shall leave here on Tuesday the 1st July.

105

EMS,

Tuesday, 1/13 *July* '75.

DARLING ANYA,—I am writing my last letter to you from here and it will leave to-day. I am still here and have put off my departure until the day after to-morrow, *i.e.* until Thursday (at 6.30 a.m.). Various odd things have prevented me from leaving, first it is the washerwoman who has not brought my washing back, then it is the difficulty of packing my trunk ; I have so many things that it is difficult to get them all in. And among other things I wanted to stay an extra day for the cure. To-morrow, Wednesday, it will be exactly five weeks minus one day since I started the cure. I am doing this, because throughout this last week I have felt so much better after taking the waters that I swear, if it were only possible, I would stay another week or at least until Saturday inclusive (*i.e.* until the 5th, old style). The gargling is particularly successful. That rogue Orth! He is so casual with his patients in spite of the fact that he has as many as fifty patients during his consulting hours! He should have told me about the gargling with Kesselbrunnen a year ago, but he didn't say a word then, simply out of the grossest carelessness. (Ed.: *one and a half lines crossed out.*) Still, I think a five weeks' treatment is sufficient. Also I am continually catching cold. It is the fourth day now of rain, wind, storm and cold. At seven o'clock this morning the barometer showed 11 degrees Réaumur. I have got toothache because of all this dampness and I am in terrible pain. I could not have believed it possible; all the roots of the teeth I have left are aching as if my mouth were full of teeth, and the front tooth which is still sound is aching to such an extent that my gums have swollen during the night and it is painful to wear my false set. I shall try to leave on Thursday for certain. I don't know if I shall have another letter from you, perhaps you have already stopped writing to Ems as I told you. Your last letter in which you said you had a headache worried me dreadfully. God only knows, perhaps you are hiding something from me. Well, good-bye, my angel, I have nothing more to write about, but we must try to see each other —again very soon. I have a tedious journey before me. The thought of my novel simply tortures me. I don't think I shall have enough money, if I have to pay a month in advance for a flat in Petersburg; still, I don't know, but don't worry; if I need any I shall borrow some from the Trishins (on condition I repay them at once on my return). Just imagine, Princess Shalikov arrived here the day before yesterday together with her niece, Katkov's daughter (aged 16), who had been ordered to take the waters at Ems. They had left Pelageya Egorovna in Venice where she is sea bathing. We only exchanged a few words in passing and I have not seen them either yesterday or to-day; I shall probably leave without seeing them again.

Dear Fedya, dear Lily! How they love me! At last I shall be able to leave this vile hole and kiss you all. Good-bye, I kiss you all a countless number of times, just as a preface, but later . . . .

Your husband, who adores you,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

PETERSBURG,
Sunday, 6 *July* '75.

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND, ANYA,—To-day, Sunday, I arrived by express in Petersburg at 7 p.m., which means that I have been crawling from Ems ever since 6 a.m. on Thursday. True, I spent Thursday night and all Friday in Berlin, but I was dreadfully bored, and I left there at 11 p.m. on Friday. Wednesday night, the night I left Ems, I had an epileptic fit, so that I didn't sleep any more than four and a half hours all that night. Again in Berlin I didn't get enough sleep. You can imagine the effect that journey, especially the part from Berlin to Petersburg, had on me in such a condition of body and soul. My nerves were very upset and I don't think I was altogether in my right mind ; and not even now, for I have still not had enough sleep. To-morrow, I shall have to start looking for a flat, but I would much rather come to you and rest at home. Dear Anya, you will probably realise how tired I am and that I don't feel like giving you any description of the journey ; I write now because I feel I shall have so much to do to-morrow and I am anxious to post this a little earlier. The first thing I shall do is to go to the post office to see if there is a letter from you. I have less money than I expected. I shall have to borrow some from the Trishins ; that worries me slightly. If I don't borrow it from the Trishins, I shall try to find the money somewhere else so as to pay a deposit for the flat, I will tell you later on why I have had to spend so much money. I met Pisemsky and Paul Annenkov on the way. They were returning to Petersburg from Baden-Baden (where Turgenev and Saltykov are at present). I could not help giving Annenkov the 50 thalers (*i.e.* for Turgenev, (211) and that is what has crippled me now. But I *could not* do otherwise ; it is a question of honour. Both Pisemsky and Annenkov were charming to me, but I was suffering in mind and body. They met me in the Hotel (Znamensky) and exclaimed, " Why, we had read in the papers that you were very dangerously ill ! "

I kiss you, my darling, we shall probably see each other quite soon. In any case, answer this letter and address it to the offices of the " *Grazhdanin*," but only once and don't write after that. If there is anything urgent then wire *to me* to the Znamensky Hotel.

I embrace the children and kiss them. Tell them I have arrived safely. Oh ! that damned flat, I curse it without having seen it. Good-bye, my angel.

All yours,
DOSTOYEVSKY.

107

BERLIN,

Wednesday, 7/19 *July* [1876].

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANECHKA,—I arrived in Berlin at half-past six this morning and I am staying at the British Hotel, Unter den Linden. But where are you now at this moment, probably still in Novgorod? I have been terribly worried about you, Anya, all the way, especially as you have not had any sleep during the last few days, but have worked, run about for the four of us, and now comes this removal. I shall not stop worrying and the whole time will be poisoned for me until I hear from you (and when will that be?). I know this from experience in spite of any distraction on the journey. As for me, I arrived safely without anything unusual happening and I managed after all to get some sleep in the train during those two nights. Still there wasn't much room either in the German or Russian carriages, on the contrary, it was packed but the people were bearable. Just as the train was coming into Eydtkuhnen a Jew fastened himself on to me. He had got into the train at Vilna and belonged so to speak to the higher class Jews. He was rich and had two sons in Petersburg, one a doctor and the other a lawyer. The whole time he kept spitting in the railway carriage, it was terrible, he spat whole lakes. With these manners he settled himself down opposite to me, and started to tell me an interminable story of how he was going to Karlsbad for a cure for haemorrhoids and what kind of haemorrhoids he had and when they healed, what kind of sores, etc., etc., and I was compelled to listen to it all out of politeness; but it was absolutely impossible to escape from him and he tortured me for about four hours. I changed 100 roubles at Eydtkuhnen and they gave me 265 marks and a fraction without a murmur, whereas in Petersburg they very reluctantly gave me 262 marks. I was sorry the rest of my money was hidden, so that I could not change it. Then the train rattled on. All my fellow travellers were Germans—amiable and kindly people, merchants who talked about nothing else but money and percentages. I cannot imagine what they thought I was, but they were all very polite and almost treated me with reverence. It was they who made it possible for me to sleep by pulling out the carriage cushions for me, etc. One of them, a young German from Petersburg, kept telling the rest that he had a father in business in Petersburg, that he frequents the best society in Petersburg, that he went bear hunting with a party of people in a very high social position. He acted for us how the bear stood up on its hind legs and roared when he shot it, and how the bear when wounded ran after him out on to the railway line and ran by the side of the train, which was going to Moscow and only died after doing eight versts. This German Khlestakov[1] had a very solemn air and could evidently discuss business and percentages quite sensibly, for the other Germans (especially one of them) seemed to be experts and very sound people. But there was nothing in the German and Russian railway carriages but talk about business and percentages and the price of goods, and about a jolly materialistic life led by camellias and officers. No education, no higher interests whatsoever—nothing. I absolutely cannot understand who the people are who read nowadays and why "*The Diary of a Writer*" should still have a few thousand purchasers! Still, the Germans are a polite and kindly people, when they don't make you lose your temper, in which case, of course, you cannot *help* cursing them. At one o'clock in the morning the guard announced that we would stop for eight minutes at Bromberg. It is an express train and if they say eight minutes they mean three. I ran off to a certain place for a second, found it with difficulty, and then suddenly I hear two bells; I rush back (terribly far away), and suddenly I hear the guard banging the carriage doors to. I run as fast as I can. I get up to the train but I can't find my carriage, for it is too dark to see the number, No. 163. The guard has already gone further down the train, the whistle blows and the train is about to move. Suddenly I hear: 'pst, pst, here, here!' coming from an open window two carriages away from where I am standing. I imagine it is my friends, who having seen me are now calling to me. I run up and see a stranger, a German, with his head out of the window; however, I shout to him: 'Is it here?' He: 'What here?' The devil! I want to run on, but he shouts: 'Hie, there! What are you looking for?' 'Oh, the devil, my carriage of course! Is it here?' 'Oh no! It isn't here!' . . . Then, why did the blockhead call me? Suddenly the train begins to move, I recognise the carriage in front of me! I open the door as the train is moving, my friends help me and I manage to jump in, otherwise I should have been left behind. That is the second time such a thing has happened to me on this journey. Do you remember how we asked a German in Dresden where the Gemälde Galerie was?

Then one of the Germans, who looked fairly respectable and prosperous, suddenly felt sick and was sick all the way to Berlin—through the window, of course. All six of us were very sympathetic and each one gave him advice—one suggested he should drink *more* beer and he jumped out at the next station and drank some, but it didn't help him. I advised brandy.—" Brandy? Yes, I had thought of that myself!" So he jumped out at the next station and drank some. The advice even went so far that one man told him to eat a marzipan ginger cake (they were being sold at every station after Eydtkuhnen), and he ate one. Finally, the German Khlestakov advised champagne; but we were already nearing Berlin and he said he would order some champagne as soon as he got to his hotel in Berlin. It started to rain in the night, and we came to dull Berlin in pouring rain and it is still raining. Meanwhile, I must go to the post office for I don't know what stamps to put on this letter. I leave at 10 o'clock to-morrow for Ems.

---

[1] Khlestakov, a character in Gogol's "Revizor." Translators' Note.

Darling Anya, kiss the dear children and especially Leshinka. Somehow I am particularly sorry for him. I am sorry I cannot walk about Berlin but must stay in the hotel. I think I shall have to buy a rug; the nights are cold, don't forget to send me Prokhorovna's address and tell me what you decide about the coat. Forgive me, my dear, for all the trouble I have given you. I grudge these 500 roubles for Ems. My only consolation is that I shall make 5000 out of the 500 if I regain my health. My dear, how I long to kiss you. Kiss Fedya and Lily, especially Lily and also Fedya. Talk to them about me, more with Fedya. How dull I shall be. I pray God you may rest and get better, my angel.

I kiss you all over, many times, *as much as on the eve of my departure.* Think of me.

All yours and the children's,

F. Dostoyevsky.

P.S.—Write about everything, more particulars and details. I shall not write again before the day after to-morrow, after having seen Orth and found rooms.

Your Dost.

108

Ems,

Friday, 9 *July* 27 [*June*] '76.

My dear Anya,—I arrived quite safely in Ems yesterday at half-past eleven. After writing my letter to you in Berlin, I took a cab to the post office in the pouring rain and after posting my letters, and instead of going to bed (because I hadn't slept for two nights) I went to the Museum to look at the pictures, statues and antiquities, and I spent three hours there. When I came out into the pouring rain I went to the Berlin Aquarium and paid one mark to go in. I had heard so much about it in Petersburg, and I spent two hours there looking at various curiosities, enormous crocodiles, snakes, tortoises, live sea rarities, fish, birds and finally a real live orang-outang, which I saw for the first time in my life ; then I had some dinner and after that I went to buy a rug, but I could not find one and put off buying it until my return journey ; and finally, I went to the railway station two hours too soon for fear of missing the train and out of boredom. I slept a little on the way ; the Germans were again polite, but a Russian and his daughter pushed their way into the carriage—they were all that is hateful, ignorant and bloated with the conceit common to Russians abroad, and the daughter was fat and stupid. They made me quite angry. At dawn, before we reached Giessen I saw a picture of shame in real life. The train had stopped for ten minutes, and as we had not stopped for a long time, everybody naturally ran off to a certain place labelled " Gentlemen," and just at the busiest time there ran into the place, which was crowded with about twenty people, a lady, beautifully dressed, and judging from her appearance, an Englishwoman. She was probably in a great hurry, because she ran into the middle of the place before she realised her mistake, *i.e.* that she had gone into "Gentlemen" instead of the place next door labelled " Ladies." She suddenly stopped, thunderstruck, and then with a look of utter horror and terrified amazement, which didn't last for more than a second, she gave a very loud cry or rather a scream, just as you scream when you suddenly get a fright, then she clapped her hands together, raised them above her head and we all heard the sound of clapping. She must have seen everything, *i.e.* absolutely everything, for no one had time to cover himself. On the contrary, we all looked at her like dummies. Then she quickly covered her face with both hands, turned round slowly (the worst had happened, there was no need to hurry any more !), and bending forward with her whole body, without hurrying and not without dignity, she left the place. I don't know whether she went into the place for " Ladies," but, if she was an Englishwoman, I think she must have died there and then from shame. The surprising part of it all was that there was absolutely no laughter at all, the Germans were all glum and silent, whereas in Russia there would probably have been a burst of laughter and a guffaw of delight. I first stopped at the hotel, the day was fairly cold, 14 degrees Réaumur, wind and occasional rain, but they say the weather has been quite good ; then I went to the baths, then changed and went to the post office and to the telegraph office, but of course I didn't find anything there. But they all recognised me everywhere, all over Ems, at the post office (the shopkeepers, porters, shop assistants and fruit sellers), and they all greeted me with a smile. Ems strikes me as being appallingly dull. There is a terrible crowd of people here.

Then I went to see Orth. He recognised me at once and examined me carefully after having made me strip. The result of his sounding and examination is this: that in the upper part of the chest, to the left and to the right, there is an *improvement* (that is why the lung doesn't ache as it used to), but instead, there is a place under my right breast, under the fifth rib, where I complained of pain last winter and which was pointed out by Botkin eleven years ago when he foretold trouble with it—that place has *grown worse* and possibly much worse. Still, Orth says he cannot say for certain, because I had been very strained, travelling from Monday until Thursday; but that in about three days' time, after a rest, he will examine me again. Then in reply to my urgent question, he told me that death was still very far away and that I should live a long time yet, but that, of course, I ought to take precautions, etc., etc., with the Petersburg climate. He prescribed Kränchen, two glasses to begin with in the morning and one at night, with milk and a glass of Kesselbrunnen night and morning for gargling. Well, that is all so far about the treatment. Then I went to find rooms; everything was booked up at the Luzern, but they met me almost with delight and recommended two or three places to me at once; but Madame Bach, the proprietress of the Hotel Ville d'Alger, where I stayed two years ago, caught me as I was passing her gate (she is almost next door to the Luzern) and she drew me into her place. I told her frankly that she was very expensive, although I was very comfortable in her rooms, and, after a little bargaining, she willingly lowered her prices, so that she only asked ten thalers a week for a room and a splendidly furnished bedroom which she used to let two years ago (I remember this) at fourteen thalers. She reduced the prices accordingly for breakfast, tea and supper, and they will even bring me my dinner for one and a half marks instead of two marks, as it used to be two years ago. We came to an understanding and I moved in at once. My room is next door to the room in which I lived two years ago (and it is just like it). But as soon as I moved in I came up against something unpleasant. The room next door (which used to be mine), which is only separated from my present one by a locked door, has just been occupied by two ladies from Greece, I believe, a mother and daughter. They talk Greek and French, but imagine it—they talk without ceasing, the mother especially; but it isn't just that, they literally shout, and without ceasing, without a minute's rest. I have never heard such endless chattering in all my life, and yet I shall have to work, read and write—how can I with such endless chattering going on? That is why I should very much like to move up to the top floor, which is cheaper and without a balcony, not so nice a room, but it is quiet. But Madame

Bach says she has already promised it and doesn't know now what to do. It would be a good thing if she came to some decision. My address, in case you may need it, is Bad Ems, Germany, to M. Dostoyevsky, poste restante, and in urgent cases (telegrams, for instance), Germany, Bad Ems, Hotel Ville d'Alger.

Last night I lived through some very painful moments. It is always terrible for me to be alone. While I was travelling, it wasn't so dreadful, but now when I have to *live* without you all, it is very hard. I think you will probably be with the children by now. How did you get back, you poor thing ? If only I could hear from you quickly. Last night I prayed fervently for you all. I dreamt of you, I wanted to sleep longer, but at 6 o'clock there were people bustling about all over the house and the linnets began chirping next door. I shall begin the treatment to-morrow, for I must have a day's rest, but I shall go and gargle with Kesselbrunnen this evening and probably drink a glass of Kränchen. Anya, my love, look after the children, for goodness' sake keep them clean and talk to them about me. How is Lyesha ? It is Fedya's birthday soon. I embrace you very, very warmly. I love you with all my soul and also otherwise to the last atom, may God give you good health. Remember me to Masha and to all the nurses. Kiss the children. I shall write again on Monday. I shall probably hear from you by then. I kiss your hands and eyes.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I went to the Kursaal yesterday and to my surprise I could not find a single Russian newspaper. Last year there were five or six newspapers. I don't know the reason for this. Still, I shall go again. I bought a printed list of visitors ; there are many Russian names, but all of them are either " Strogonov or Golitzin or Kobylin, Chambellan de la Cour," and then it is only their wives and families—they are not here. Or again Russian Jews and German Bankers or pawnbrokers. There's not one I know.

109

EMS,

Tuesday, 25/13 *July* '76.

MY PRECIOUS LOVE, ANECHKA,—I only received your first letter of Wednesday to-day, Tuesday, and now I seem to remember that last year they used to arrive on the fifth day. They are always delayed in that damned Petersburg post office. But I suffered agonies yesterday, I cannot tell you what thoughts crowded into my head about you. I was somehow convinced that something would happen to you on the way, that you would fall ill or something. You will remember what I told you when I said good-bye to you in Petersburg.—Last night I didn't sleep for more than four hours, I could *not* go to sleep for thinking. This will not help the cure, for the most important thing of all is peace of mind. But, thank God, I am *so* happy now and I am replying at once. Perhaps you didn't like my letter of yesterday ? But what am I to do, my love ? I nearly went mad. The lines crossed out in my letter of yesterday (212) were that if I didn't receive an answer by telegram on Tuesday, then I should leave here on Wednesday, and I should certainly have done so. But, thank God, all is well and I kiss and adore you. I was terribly glad to read all you said about the children. How extraordinarily well you write, Anya ! As I read your letter I kiss it at every three or four lines. I am glad about Fedya and especially about Lyesha, but you hardly mention Lily. I expect more details from you in your next letter, which I shall no doubt receive the day after to-morrow, on Thursday. I must have looked desperate at the post office yesterday, for just imagine it, the postmaster himself, after having found my address in the visitors' list, sent your letter round to my rooms at 10 a.m., immediately after the post had arrived and when the post office was still closed to the rest of the public. It was very amiable of him, especially as he did this himself, because, of course, I should have had no right to ask him to do such a thing. I can see one of our dirty little officials doing such a thing !

Now, I will tell you about myself. I have had absolutely no adventures and I am unbearably bored here. We had two such hot days that I had to change my shirt several times. On the other hand, yesterday, which was one of the hottest days, everything suddenly grew dark ; twice, once in the morning and again in the evening, a strong wind arose, clouds gathered (quite unexpectedly) and it poured with rain, but not for long. It is very easy to catch cold here and I have already done so. The day before yesterday I felt a slight effect of the waters (which did not happen in other years), suddenly a kind of dizziness, but not for longer than a second. I was walking along an avenue and I seized hold of a tree. Then my heart began to beat fast and this lasted until the night, and I had an excessive rush of blood to the temples. But I wasn't at all alarmed ; all this is described in the book about the Ems waters ; the only difference is that I felt the action of the waters too soon, *i.e.* in the first three days. Orth told me yesterday that that was splendid, and he increased the drinking of Kränchen to three glasses in the mornings. I get up at 6 a.m., drink the waters at 7 a.m., and this takes an hour and a half. The band plays and people go backwards and forwards. There is a crowd of some 6000 people. After that at 8.30 a.m. I drink coffee with rusks—the coffee is abominable, but I drink it with great relish. Still, I am not the only man to drink such coffee, all the Germans drink it. They don't know any better in Germany. Then I dine at one o'clock ; two large helpings of soup, meat with potatoes and stewed fruit (two marks). But my appetite is increasing because of taking the waters, and I eat as if it were a dinner from " Dusseau." At five o'clock in the evening I again take the waters and listen to the music, then I go for a walk, at eight o'clock I drink tea, eat a small piece of meat, and at ten o'clock I go to bed. The only trouble is that I still cannot get enough sleep. For instance, yesterday and the day before I was wakened up by my neighbours far too early in the morning. I could not stand my two chattering Greek neighbours any longer (it was absolutely impossible), so Madame Bach allowed me to move upstairs, and now I am occupying two rooms, with not such high ceilings and not so well furnished, but cheaper. Only I don't know whether I shall be comfortable in this Ville d'Alger, although Madame Bach is very attentive. She is a widow, it turns out she is French but from Algiers. And I didn't know it ! At least I can now speak French with her. She is thirty-three years old and her fiancé comes to visit her. He is a most respectable man from Ems, about forty, and owns property. She does not entertain him in her rooms, but sits with him all day long on a bench at the gate. When I go out she always blushes guiltily. I told her the best thing for her would be to get married quickly, although she has three children and she is beginning to look old. Then I bought myself some ties, subscribed to the library, unpacked, sent some clothes to the laundry, gave a contribution to the " mentally deficient children," and so on and so on. There is no one here I know, crowds of Russians ; there are four Russian papers in the Kursaal, but no " *Novoye Vremya*." Two Russians walked past me on the promenade and one said to the other (I heard him) : " You know that is Dostoyevsky." And yet I have no friends here.

Many thoughts torment me, literally torment me terribly. The chief thing is : I must write the " *Diary*," but I haven't any thoughts and I don't know when I shall begin to write—when I asked Orth about literary work, he absolutely forbade it. Of course, I shall take no notice of him, but five days have gone by and I haven't done anything yet. It makes my heart ache to think about the children—but I am not worried about them, because I know you are with them, and on whom better than you can I depend ? The trouble is you may fall ill—and that is what tortures me. You have strained yourself very much lately. Who then will look after you all, Anya ? My love, I do nothing but think about you, I think of you in all sorts of ways. You know that every time after a long separation I have come back and fallen in love with you all over again. But, my angel, it is slightly different this time ; you probably realised that when I left Petersburg I was in love with you. After our big quarrel I would sulk and be impatient when packing for the journey (that is my nature), but at the same time I began to fall in love with you and when I analysed it I was quite surprised.

During the nine years we have been married I have been in love with you four or five times and each time it lasted quite a time (once, I remember it now with pleasure, it was about four years ago, I fell in love with you after we had quarrelled for some reason or other and we hadn't spoken to each other for a few days ; we went somewhere together to see some friends and I sat in a corner and I looked out at you and watched you with an aching heart, and I admired you and thought how jolly you were when talking with the others). Just imagine it—and it has occurred to me now, that I fell in love with you during the last few days in Petersburg and partly because we slept together (it was a long time since we had slept together, not since the children were born, and this must have had a definite effect upon me). Don't say, Anya, that this is too materialistic a thought ; it isn't only materialism. The thought that this being is *mine*, wholly mine, that she doesn't want to separate herself from me and will even sleep in the same bed with me—that thought affects me tremendously. It is quite true that I was an egotist, you slept on chairs and were uncomfortable, but still every time I lay down to sleep towards the morning I felt so happy that you were next to me, that this feeling was quite *new* to me, although we had slept together before of course, but I had forgotten about it long ago. You can judge for yourself with what delight I think of you when we are separated from each other. And I repeat, although I have been in love with you about four times for several days on end at different times, I don't think I have ever been in love with you as I am now. I think of you and have you in my thoughts every minute, and I go over in my mind all we have talked about. But you were so busy and only once, when we were returning from a dinner, the night before I left, and also the mad (Ed. : *a line crossed out*). I remember now, my angel, I allowed you to (Ed. : *one word crossed out*)—but now I am afraid. Perhaps you are laughing at the word. Anya, my goddess, I know that everything is *in your power alone* and (Ed. : *a few words crossed out*), but I prize your intellect and your character so highly and believe in them that I know one thing (Ed. : *a few words crossed out*) but if my Anya says to herself in her heart (Ed. : *five lines crossed out*), but Anya

I believe in your great intelligence (ED.: *a few words crossed out*). Write to me, my love, I would like to write ten pages to you on this subject. I kiss you all over, down to the last atom, and I kiss you every moment of the day, all, absolutely all of you. I love you, Anya, to distraction, don't laugh at me. It is very sweet to me to confess my love to you. Kiss the children. I bless them all.

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to all. Is Mother at home or has she left?

110

EMS,

Thursday, 15/27 *July* '76.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—Yesterday I received your second tiny letter of the 9th July, and I hasten to reply by return without waiting for our fixed day. The fact is your letter has made me very depressed. So it is going to be difficult for you to improve your health; but why do you say you will only be able to take fifteen baths? You may not be unwell for ten days, and with the change of air and different conditions of life you may cease to be unwell in the usual way, and besides, even if you are unwell for ten days you will still have a month or more for the baths; surely you don't have a bath every other day? Can't you have one every day? My angel, all the time I dream about one thing only, how you can get your health put right again in Russa after this year of childbearing, feeding and working at the "*Diary*." Oh! my dear, my heart aches for you, I have thought everything over, how you have suffered and how you have worked—and for what return? If only we had earned more money—but we did not even do that, and if there is any reward perhaps it is in the hope for next year, but that after all is only a castle in the air. I have fallen so much in love with you, Anya, that I have no other thoughts but of you. I dream about next winter; you must get your health back in Russa, and when you return to Petersburg you will do no more shorthand or copying for me, I have decided this definitely, and if we have many subscribers, then you must *certainly* engage a help—Nikiforova, for instance. However, I shall tell you all my ideas in greater detail when we meet. I am glad about the children, so long as they are well. Love Lyesha—I should so like to see Fedya. Don't neglect Lily, and if possible, begin to teach her how to read a little. I think Lily has your character; she will be kind and good and honest, and at the same time *generous*, whereas Fedya has my character and my simpleheartedness. You know that is the only thing I can boast of, although I know you have probably often laughed to yourself about my simpleheartedness. Isn't that so, Anya? Still, everything is allowed you; you are my master, my ruler, my queen, and I am happy to submit to you. That is, I shall remain as I am, for I cannot free myself of caprices and hypochondria; but in spite of all this, Anya, you know how much I loved you, and now I feel as if I have been renewed and as if I have begun to love you afresh and I have never loved you as I do now. Wait a little, my angel, and I will be with you and perhaps you will see some good in me.

I have almost nothing to say to you about myself: I am dying from boredom here and, above all, I am *without you*. So far my treatment is not going at all well. My nerves are terribly upset, I have throat spasms, which happened very rarely in other years, and only when my nerves were terribly upset. Yesterday and the day before yesterday, I began to feel the first symptoms of a fit, *i.e.* my heart missed a beat, as it often does in the last seconds before a fit, if it occurs when I am awake. The possibility of a fit frightens me, what will happen to my "*Diary*," which I have not yet touched? Shall I be able to write anything, for I feel so upset and weak? Still, I go about, take walks, and I have an appetite, but I sleep little, only for about three or four hours a night, because I sweat so. I sweat terribly also in the daytime and it isn't because of the hot weather; it is the effect of the waters, I know it, and who can say—the waters may not do me any good this time, for they only show good results when the nerves are quiet. At night, however, when I sweat, a nasty dry cough appears. In spite of beautiful weather here not a single day passes without a whirlwind suddenly arising, in the actual sense of the word, and the day before yesterday there was a terrible thunderstorm. It is very easy to catch cold with this continual perspiring.

As preparation for writing, I am re-reading all the notes in my old note-books and I have also re-read all my correspondence which I brought here with me.—I have subscribed to the lending library (a wretched library)—I have taken Zola to read, because during the last few years I have neglected European literature terribly, and just imagine, I can hardly read it, it is such filth. And they shout about Zola in Russia as if he were a celebrity, a beacon of realism! As for my life here, the food is bad and I cannot say it is very quiet for me; the lodgers are terribly thoughtless, they are noisy on the stairs, they bang doors and shout loudly. I don't know what Orth will say; he is only anxious to get rid of his patients as quickly as possible, he never examines them thoroughly except at the first visit and even then he only examines them for the sake of decency, so as not to alarm them at the outset by his carelessness. Still, I may get better, if only I could rest my nerves, then the cure would go well. If you had come here with me then it would certainly have gone well, *i.e.* if only it had been possible. I cannot be *without you* for a long time, that is certain. And yet, when I was leaving you, although I knew it would be hard for me, yet, fundamentally, I was glad that by my departure I should *relieve* you, because I had worn you out by my depression and work, and without me you would be able to *rest*, and your spirit would revive. And then here, in your postscript, you suddenly amaze me. Those four lines are written in such a hurried hand and the letters sprawl as if your hand were trembling with emotion. So you met *him* at the very last moment on Saturday morning? And you add " details later "—which means I have to wait until Sunday. And in the meantime, Anya, I am positively frightened. My dear, my only friend, although I know a husband who doesn't hide his *fear* in such a case makes himself ridiculous in the eyes of his wife, I am stupid enough, Anya, not to conceal it; I am afraid, actually afraid, and if you, laughing your dear laugh (which I love so) added: " Be jealous ! " you have achieved your object. Yes, Anya, I am jealous ! I have Fedya's character and I cannot hide my first feelings from you. My love, I said to you: " Enjoy yourself." (Ed.: *a line crossed out*). I love you infinitely, your dear rich, generous character (your heart and mind), your generosity, so rare in other women, has wilted and you have been very bored by me, who was always depressed and working, and I could (Ed.: *a line crossed out*) believing in the generosity, the conscience, and above all in the good sense of my Anka—jolly and charming.

My dear, my beautiful one, I write all this and . . . .

Anya, my idol, my dear, my honest (Ed.: *one word crossed out*) don't forget me or that you are my idol, my goddess—that is a fact. I adore every atom of your body and soul, and I kiss you all over—*all, because it is mine, mine* ! Good-bye,—when shall we be together again ! Write me all details (Ed.: *a few words crossed out*). Which dress did you wear? I go down on my knees before you and I kiss your dear feet a countless number of times. I imagine this every minute and I enjoy it—Anya, my goddess, I bless the children and kiss them. Talk to them about me, Anya ! Once again I kiss you and I kiss you every minute, and I even kissed your letter, the second one. I kissed and kissed it about fifty times.

All yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

III

EMS,
Sunday, 18/30 *July* '76.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I received your little letter (of Monday, the 12th July) yesterday. From what you write about nurses I can see great difficulties ahead, and I feel that since that is so, we may not be able to find a good nurse and that won't be good either for you or the children. How annoying it all is—that's your Staraya Russa for you! But there is absolutely no doubt whatever that Praskoviya and Agrafena are both spoiling it all for you. And how loathsome of that nurse if she did beat Fedya! Do you remember four years ago, when we suddenly left Russa for Petersburg and took Lyubochka with us and left Fedya with Prokhorovna? Well, what if we suddenly had to leave the children alone with a nurse now and she took to beating them—what would they have to suffer alone without their father or mother? How their little offended hearts would grieve.—By the way, for goodness' sake, take care they don't catch whooping-cough, about which you write. May God send you a nurse, otherwise you will have no rest or peace. It worries me greatly. I was glad, however, to read that you were going to take baths as from Tuesday (*i.e.* by now you have long since begun them). So you were unwell for three or four days and not for ten, that is splendid; I believe in the waters and that they will certainly make you well. That is my great wish. Write to me in detail about the nurses and about your baths. I was much amused by what you wrote about Lyesha and to hear he was becoming intelligent. Kiss Lily for me for wanting "to work for God" and kiss Fedya, and tell him that all the grown-ups and children here ride on donkeys and that very many dogs are harnessed to little carts, and that one day I shall certainly take him and Lily abroad to see them and to have a ride. As usual, I am terribly bored here, although my nerves are better, I sleep well and am gradually regaining my strength. Orth maintains that all this is the usual effect of the waters, which is to be seen in everyone, and he asserts that my cure is progressing regularly and successfully, and that my chest has expanded and is clear, so that I am now able to breathe more easily and take in more air with each breath. That is actually the case. I live on the third floor, and I go up four flights of stairs without being out of breath. I see Orth every six days and each time I pay him ten marks *i.e.* three thalers and ten groschen (a small gold piece), so that he should be more attentive. I am thinking of describing Ems in the "*Diary*," but I am only composing the "*Diary*" so far. I have not begun writing it yet and it worries me dreadfully. When I go out for walks I always stop when I come near to children to admire or talk to them. I also stop by the little one-year-old babies, imagining I see Lyesha in each one of them. Lyesha will probably not recognise me. A certain Melnitsky from Moscow, quite a young man, came up to me and said he had made my acquaintance two years ago in Ems; I was polite to him, but I don't remember him at all, and now he doesn't come up to me any more. There are a number of very pretty well-dressed women here, but I don't look at them. I read the papers and occasionally Zola. I have finished my tobacco and I now have to smoke the nastiest cigarettes. Money simply runs away, although I am most economical. I think much (with sorrow and pain) about the end of the year, about the "*Diary*" and my promise to Nekrassov. It is terrible, terrible! And, above all, I am quite alone, all alone.

"So that you shouldn't be too worried" (your own words), and this is how you explain your meeting "with him," a meeting with your former fiancé V. in Petersburg! My dear friend, Anya, (although a treacherous friend) I think you are slightly deceiving me, with the best intention however on your part, namely, "to calm me." Being in a pleasantly and happily excited mood, you end up your last letter but one with the famous postscript. This postscript does not harmonise at all with the rest of the letter; it is quite clear that it was suddenly added out of agitation, almost by mistake, and that when you were ending your letter you didn't even know you would write it until in the interval you met *him* (Ed.: *a few words crossed out*). And the handwriting is different, the letters are sprawling, your hand must have been shaking—all that is obvious. Now how could that have happened if the meeting with V. took place four days ago? Why didn't you write about this meeting in your second letter and not in the first? And, lastly, you know yourself, I was never, never jealous of you and V., and you know I won't be jealous, and yet you write "Guess who it was and be jealous." I simply and solely explain it all this way: you met *him* (Ed.: *one word crossed out*), he danced well and reminded you of me. You were drawn to him. Your heart fluttered and so to tease father (which after all was quite innocent and amusing) you wrote the postscript, "Guess who it was and be jealous." Then after posting it, you thought it over, repented, were sorry for father: "he may perhaps be jealous. I had better write about V." (Ed.: *three lines crossed out*). As for V. of course you met him on Monday in the Gostiny Dvor—I quite believe that, so he was useful as an excuse. I have deduced all this, Anya, without being angry with you. I kiss your feet and yet I am unhappy that you should take away my trust, for that is not a good sign to me.—Don't dream of being cross with me; I rely on your good sense, you won't be cross. But, my precious love, it is very hard to dream here and to imagine, to make deductions, to calculate the chances, etc. Well, enough, I kiss you without end, and my love for you grows daily. Don't think that jealousy will increase my love or that to torture a man with jealousy is sometimes good for him.

As for Mr. V., my angel, it was with great, great pleasure I read you had treated him gently and amiably and that you " parted friends." I have thought a good deal about this Mr. V. and I will tell you my thoughts about him when I see you. As for Marie Mikhaylovna's opinion, although she is a very nice woman, she is fairly limited and will never be able to understand certain things. In my opinion your words : " really I was quite touched by such a warm reception " are most natural and noble. One cannot help being interested in such a *sincere* and absolutely *disinterested* feeling as his towards you. So far as I know him through you, he is not the type of man who would suddenly decide to spoil his pure feelings towards you by seeking to make an intrigue ; his ideal of you would then crumble, he would be disillusioned and become unhappy. It would be just the same with you. You are so developed and so generous-minded, that you can understand for yourself that, by overstepping the mark, you would only sadly surprise him and he would not think any better of you, but worse. I shall never be jealous of him, but you must have known that yourself. That is why I can't believe that your words in the postscript : " Guess who it was and be jealous," and the exclamation " Him ! " referred to V. It is incredible. On the contrary, if I were jealous (and I have only once been jealous of you), then I would be jealous of the other one. Don't be angry, don't be cross, my angel, Anya, my precious wife, agree with me that if there is the slightest jealousy in me then it is an involuntary feeling.

Kiss the children for me, don't forget me. May God grant you all peace and quiet, so that you may rest for at least three weeks. Write to me, Anya. Any news about you and about you all revives me here and cheers me up like medicine. I usually read every one of your letters about ten times. Don't worry about me, I can worry about myself. By the way, it is terribly easy to catch cold here. The day before yesterday, for instance, there were 24 degrees of heat in the shade. Yesterday I awoke at 6 a.m., there was a fog over everything, everything was white as if it were the winter. I went out to the springs exactly at 7 a.m. and suddenly I felt so cold that I had to return home and put on my overcoat. When I got back to the springs, I looked at the thermometer—I saw—can you believe it, 10 degrees in the shade —absolute winter ! An hour later, the sun rose, the fog lifted, I went up to the thermometer—18 degrees in the shade. That same day at 1 p.m. it was 24 degrees in the shade—within six hours 14 degrees difference !

My angel, this morning I heard the overture from Beethoven's " *Fidelio*." Nothing greater has ever been created than this ! It is in the light graceful manner, but it has passion, there is passion and love everywhere in Beethoven. He is a poet of love, of happiness and of the anguish of love! Well, good-bye, good-bye all. I pray for you. And so Mother has left. God give you peace. I am terribly afraid for you all! If anything happens to you or to the children—then don't hide anything, write at once.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY,

who kisses you without end day and night.

112

EMS,

Wednesday, 21 *July/*2 *August* '76.

MY SWEET ANECHKA,—Yesterday I received your letter of the 15th July. First of all and before anything else, kiss Fedya and wish him many happy returns of his birthday; even if I have not mentioned it before, I remembered his birthday and congratulated him in thought. Secondly, write to Mother and thank her from me for her message and good wishes. Dear friend, if Mother has left and you have not got a nurse yet, I can imagine how difficult it is for you to be alone with the children and with such bad servants. Is there really no way of changing them? Otherwise, we shall simply become their slaves and they will wear you out. All this worries me. Believe me, Anya, I am very glad you thought of having prayers said, that is as it should be. But I am very grieved I hear from you so seldom; it is too bad having to wait three days (actually it is four) before I hear from you. My dear love, can't you write every other day to me? Even if there is nothing new in your letter it will calm me simply to read "we are well." I don't ask for a long letter, write only a page (with frequent correspondence it cannot be otherwise), but do write oftener to me. At least I should then be calmer. My angel, I realise that I am becoming more and more "glued" to you all and I absolutely cannot bear to be separated from you as I could before. You may use this fact to your own ends and make a *greater slave* of me than you have ever done before, but make a slave of me, Anya, and the more you *enslave* me the happier I shall be. I don't ask for anything better.

On the night of the 18th I had a dreadful nightmare, that I had lost you. If only you knew, Anya, how I suffered! All your life with me came back to my mind, and I reproached myself that you had been so badly rewarded, and would you believe it, the nightmare was so vivid it lasted all day as well. All that day I thought about you and longed for you and if it had only been possible to see you for ten minutes I should have been immeasurably happy. Write to me without fail and tell me if anything happened to you between the 18th and 19th. And on the following night, *i.e.* at five o'clock in the morning when I awoke and got up, I felt so giddy, I could not stand up and kept falling over, and that lasted for about three minutes. The giddiness lasted all day, although it was not so severe. I went to the springs, then to church, but still it did not pass. When I started to read, the letters became jumbled although I was just able to read. In the evening I went to see Orth (about whom I am beginning to change my mind—he is a fairly sympathetic man, and when one really needs him he is very attentive, and nobody here questions his skill as a doctor and he is quite famous). I asked him to examine me and to tell me if I was going to have a stroke. He examined me very thoroughly, in all sorts of ways; squeezed my head, sounded me, made me close my eyes and then open them suddenly and told me most emphatically that there was not the slightest danger of my having a stroke, that the rush of blood was not to my head, but only seemed like it, it was due to the weakness in the lungs; he said that my stomach was slightly paralysed as a result of taking the waters, and that in such a complaint as mine the stomach was always affected, that it was only temporary, and after drinking more Kränchen the effects would disappear. Also, the waters were having a greater effect on me this time than ever before, but that it was in accordance with the complaint, and that all these attacks of giddiness would go of themselves in a day or two. However, he gave me some Seidlitz powders for the nerves and stomach and told me to take one in the evening without having any supper: "And you will sleep splendidly and it will all pass." I did this, I took a powder and slept splendidly and to-day, the 21st, I feel better. To my emphatic question as to whether my complaint had so far developed that I should not have much longer to live, he laughed and said I should not only live eight, but even fifteen years more—and then added "of course, that depends on the climate, or whether you catch cold, whether you abuse your strength in any way or no, and altogether keep to a careful diet." I write all this to you, my angel, in great detail so that you need not worry about me (I see you are worrying from your letter). Everything goes on as usual here; although my complaint will never be cured completely, no doubt if I take certain precautions it may even get gradually better.

Yesterday morning I met Eliseyev. (213) He is the author of the weekly reviews on home affairs in the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*." He is here with his wife. He is taking the cure and he came up to me of his own accord. Still, I don't think I shall have much to do with them. The old " negator " doesn't believe in anything, he has questions and arguments for everything, and, above all, he looks at everything from a superior height. His wife is probably a priest's daughter, but belongs to the category of " advanced " women, to the " negators." When the priest arrived he tried to persuade him to hold a service for the success of the Montenegrin armies (there was a telegram about a large battle and victory for the Montenegrins), and he tried to get me to persuade Tachalov (the priest). He didn't go to church himself, so I spoke to Tachalov, but he very sensibly refused under the pretext that the news of the victory was not sufficiently confirmed (and that was true) ; but I persuaded Tachalov to invite the Russians to open a subscription list for the Slavs. He did this, wrote out a paper (an appeal), which he signed himself and contributed 15 marks ; I signed my name immediately under his and also contributed 15 marks, then he went on from me to Eliseyev, but I don't know whether Eliseyev will sign it or no, for seminarists only like manifestations and do not like to contribute anything. Then the paper is to go to all the Russians through the church beadle. I don't know that anything will come of it. I did not meet the Eliseyevs at the waters to-day. Perhaps he is cross with me because I gibed against seminarists. His wife was quite angry with me ; she began to argue with me about the existence of God, and I told her among other things that she was merely repeating her husband's thoughts. That made her very angry.—What a character and self assurance those seminarists have! They both arrived here for the cure on the advice of a Petersburg doctor, Belogolovov (214) ; but they have not been to any doctor here, and they haughtily declare that it is quite unnecessary. They have started to drink Kränchen without any prescription—"the more glasses we drink, the better," they say, and they have not the slightest idea about diet.

My darling Anya, I have not yet set to work, and I swear it is partly your fault ; I think about you and dream of you all the time and I wait for your letters—and I cannot work. How could any one work in such misery as I was in on the 19th ? But for God's sake write to me about everything and don't hide anything that is unpleasant from me in your letters ; otherwise, I shall suffer and start to exaggerate. Have you found a nurse yet ? Oh ! my angel, it is hard for me here without you. Still, I do everything I should ; I drink the waters, I take exercise, but I cannot manage the food ; they bring me awful stuff. It is a pity, dear, that you didn't send on that letter to me from the provincial who grumbled. I need it very badly for my "*Diary.*" There will be a section in it called : " Answers to letters I have received." Therefore, if you can, do please send it to me by the first post without considering the stamps you will have to use and *without shortening your own letter.* Also, write *clearly and accurately and without fail* about my overcoat; where can I find it when I return to Petersburg? Well, good-bye, my angel, I kiss you to the last atom, and especially your feet. You are my mistress and my queen, I am not worthy of you. I adore you and I would not give my wife away to anyone even though I don't deserve her. Kiss the children: Fedya, Lily, and especially Lyesha. I bless them.

All yours, with my whole heart,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

113

Saturday, 24 *July*/5 *August* '76.

MY PRECIOUS WIFE, ANECHKA,—I kiss you passionately for your angelic little letter of the 18th July. My darling joy, where on earth have you got the idea from that you are "the golden mean"? You are a rare woman, and besides that, the best woman in all the world. You yourself don't suspect what talents you have. You not only keep house and look after my affairs, but you lead us all, and we are all capricious and irritating, beginning with me and ending with Lyesha. But in looking after my affairs you have reduced yourself almost to a shadow, you don't sleep at night, but keep on thinking about the sales of my books and "the office" of the "*Diary*," whereas really we are only collecting kopecks—shall we ever have roubles? But in comparison with you, all these are trifles. If you were made a queen and given a whole kingdom, I swear you would be able to rule it better than anyone else—you have so much intelligence, common sense, heart and gift for managing. You add: "How can you love such an ugly old woman as I am?" Here you lie absolutely. For to me you are wonderful and there is no one like you. And every man with a heart and good taste would have to say so too if he were to look at you carefully—that's why I am sometimes jealous of you. You don't know what wonderful eyes you have, what your smile is like or your animation sometimes in conversation. The trouble is that, nowadays, you so seldom go out to see people, otherwise you would soon be amazed at your conquests; but Anya, although you are the queen and mistress of my heart, I would sacrifice everything, even my attacks of jealousy, if you would only go out more and amuse yourself. How happy I should be at the thought of your happiness. And if I were jealous then I could avenge myself through love for you. And I tell you, Anya, quite honestly, that if you would only smarten yourself up even a tiny bit before going out, and dress a little better, you would scarcely believe how very much younger you would suddenly look, how amazingly pretty. Many a time I have been surprised.—The whole trouble is you are always working at home and therefore you sometimes simply (Ed. : *one word crossed out*).

No, Anya, I repeat you must order yourself some new clothes this winter and go about with me or without me, it doesn't matter which. You must enjoy yourself for my sake. You must work less, and whatever happens we must make other arrangements about the " *Diary*," which we will do gradually, but as soon as possible. And, finally, how can you be surprised that I love you so much, *i.e.* as a husband and as a man ? Who, if not you, spoils me and has become one with me —body and soul ? All our secrets, *in that respect*, are mutual. And after all this, why shouldn't I adore every single atom of you and kiss you as I do now without ever tiring of it ? You don't know what an angel-wife you are to me ! But I shall prove all this to you when I return. I may be a passionate man, but do you really think that it is possible (even for a passionate man) to love a woman with such insatiableness as I have proved to you a thousand times. True, all those past proofs are nothing ; but now, on my return I think I shall devour you. (You won't show this letter to anyone, will you ? And no one will read it ?).

Well now about business. Mother has gone away and you are alone, and you don't say a word about the nurse, which means that you are still without one. Well then what rest can you possibly have ? I shall not be at all at ease until I hear about the nurse. I am glad you are taking baths. Dear Lyesha, I shall be so glad to see him ! Write to me also about Fedya. Dear Lily ! Oh ! Anya ! if only we could earn some money ! You write your usual tale—that we are strange people ; ten years have gone by and we love each other more and more. But we shall live together twenty years, and I can prophesy that the time will come when you will write : " We are a strange couple, we have been living together for twenty years and yet we love each other more and more." At any rate I can answer for myself, although I cannot say whether I shall live another ten years. Still, my health is good, but I don't know whether the cure will be successful. My nerves are incomparably better ; when I go for walks I can go twice as far as I used to before I feel tired. Perhaps the cure will be successful. I met a certain Baron Hahn here, an artillery general from Petersburg, with whom I used to sit under " the bell " at Simonov's clinic. He told me that Frerich in Berlin had told him he was *incurable*, but last year he went to a " Wunderfrau " in München (you have probably heard of her, she cures all diseases by some secret method and *cures everyone*, and people come to her from all over the world, and the doctors in Germany dare not say a word against her, because she cures absolute incurables) and she helped him enormously, so that he now feels splendid. He also drinks Kränchen here. It might be a good thing if I were to go to München next summer and take you with me (you who are so anaemic), especially as she charges hardly anything. The entire treatment does not last longer than ten days, so that in case of failure we could always take Kränchen afterwards. I say this, of course, because I am firmly convinced that the 500 roubles spent on the journey would soon be repaid by my being able to earn 5000. But in any case I think both my health and the cure are progressing as well as can be expected. But my great trouble, Anya, is "*The Diary*"! "*The Diary*"! I have just settled down to write and I discover I am impossibly late. I have only twelve days left for writing, but what days! Would you believe it, I have absolutely no time! I get up at six, dress, and at seven I drink the waters. I return at nine, breakfast and rest until ten (or take exercise). From ten I write, half an hour for preparation and then I write until twelve, but from twelve to one, again exercise—this is all as the doctor ordered. Dinner at one, it is impossible to begin work again immediately after dinner and, above all, that time goes in copying out my work (that is why, Anya, you mustn't be cross if I only write short letters in future). I take the waters again at four and home at six. Then I have to sit down to copy out my work, but at seven again I have to get up and go for a long walk. Tea at eight and bed at ten.—So actually I have only two hours for my writing and one and a half hours for copying—it's terrible, terrible! What *can* I write? It isn't like writing in the night at home. And the "*Diary*" I write seems to be so bad, so wretched as if on purpose, when it ought to be as interesting as possible. Otherwise it is done for! In short, Anya, I am depressed, in a state of literary depression. Also I am worried about you; has anything serious happened to you? I feel I cannot get rid of this fear. Anya, I think I shall leave here on the 7th August. I have worked out that I could have another nine days working and writing in Staraya Russa. That would be splendid. My angel, I am at your feet, I kiss you and adore you. I pray to you and for you. I kiss you passionately, all, all of you. I kiss the children. Tell them that papa will soon be back. Ah! my darling, may God keep you all safe. You write that you have no books. But, my friend, there is the lending library to which you could subscribe. Don't stint the money.

All yours, your adorer and your husband who is in love with you.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Anya, my joy, remember (ED.: *one and a quarter lines crossed* *out*). Keep your word my (Ed. : *word crossed out*). It is most important, most important. Do you hear ? Do you understand ? (Ed.: *a line crossed out*) I kiss the five toes of your little foot. Kiss the children.

114

Ems,
Monday, 26 *July/7 August* '76.

My precious Anechka,—I hasten to answer your letter of the 21st (I hasten because I have absolutely no time on account of the " *Diary* "). It was quite unnecessary, my angel, for you to be upset about my jealousy. Although I suffered, I am all right again now, and I always have and always will believe in my Anya. But about that later, when I return we shall have plenty of time to talk. Anya, I have decided that I shall leave here on the 7th August (*i.e.* the Saturday of next week) for certain, because on Friday I shall have had exactly four weeks of the cure). Orth says there is no need to prolong it. The only thing is I don't know whether the cure will do me any good. I am afraid it will only help me a little, although I now feel very much stronger ; my nerves are quieter and I have more physical strength. I have to walk twice as far as I used to before I feel tired. But then ever since I came here my hoarseness has increased and yet at the same time my breathing has improved, in other words I don't lose my breath so quickly. What will it be like at the end of the cure ? I gargle and I am afraid of catching cold, for I am constantly losing my voice. I shall go and see Orth to-morrow. The Eliseyevs think I am looking much better and were surprised when I told them I was fifty-four ; they thought I was *forty odd*. (They are terribly strange people, she is a most comic little Nihilist, although only a moderate one). Whatever happens I shall leave on the 7th and, therefore, dear angel, answer this letter, but after that write on the 2nd August (for certain, *i.e.* write on the 1st, so that the letter shall leave on the 2nd *for certain*). I shall get it on the 6th, *i.e.* on the day before I leave. But don't write any more after that letter, *i.e.* after the one you post on the 2nd. I, however, will continue to write until the last minute and I will even write on the last day, so that you shall have time to send Andrey to the steamer's landing-stage (at the Zvada—is it ?). Well, this is the difficulty: although I have decided to leave on the 7th I don't know if I shall get to Russa on the 12th, for I shall probably be a day late and arrive on the 13th. Still, I shall write the day before I leave and, if necessary, also from Berlin, because the letter from Berlin will arrive in Russa before I do.

You write about the children and again nothing about the nurse. You are evidently still without that damned nurse, and you won't be able to rest. And I can't understand how the children are living without a nurse. You *cannot* look after them all the time, and they cannot always be sitting at your side.—Kiss the children for me. My angel, I am killing myself over the work and I am wretched; I have no time for work and that's a fact, it is moving very slowly and what I do write is very bad. Imagine it, to-day I was only able to write, but I had no time to copy out a single line. I should have gone to the baths a long time ago, but I cannot find the time. In future I shall only write short letters to you. V. Soloviev has sent me a reply to my letter and his article in the "*Russky Mir*" (215) about the July "*Diary*," full of the most exalted praise. It is a long article. He tells me that extracts from it have been reprinted in the "*Novoye Vremya*," which mentioned it with *great praise*. He says the July "*Diary*" is creating a very good impression and that he knows this for a fact, and that he has heard and is continually hearing it being highly praised.—You say, my angel, that I shouldn't worry and that you will copy everything out for me when I return. But, my kindest one, how can I harness you to work again the minute I arrive? That would be too awful for me, too depressing. Still, I am moving, though slowly. Above all, I hope when I arrive to have another nine or even ten days for work, and that I shall succeed in doing something. If only I could send in two and a half sheets, as long as they were not too poor.

Good-bye, my precious, my wife (and mistress) (ED.: *one and a half lines crossed out*). My love, promise me (ED.: *two words crossed out*) that's splendid, and you will have better health and more of *everything*. My angel, don't be cross with me for these words, I see you in my dreams. I kiss you without stopping; kiss the children for me.

All yours, Your husband to the last ounce,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

And you are his queen.

P.S.—And do you love me? Is it true?

P.P.S.—Don't worry about me and think I am killing myself with work. I am not killing myself, on the contrary I have quite decided not to work between eight and ten at night, so that my head should be clearer. I have, therefore, shortened my hours of work. After all, work is a good thing, because it shortens time tremendously. Otherwise it is dull, dull!

I kiss your foot and the sole of your foot (I kiss you and I shall never tire of kissing, I imagine it all the time).

And you, haven't you dreamt of me even once?

115

Ems,

Friday, 30 *July*/11 *August* '76.

My precious Anya,—I received your letter of the 24th July yesterday, Saturday (but it says on the envelope that it left Staraya Russa on Sunday the 25th), and I am only answering it to-day, because I am terribly busy with work and I am progressing terribly slowly and almost negligibly; I daren't even think of what will come of all this. But don't worry about me. So you have no nurse? Well, Anya, you can say what you like, but it isn't good for you to be without a nurse and I don't believe the children are *not* getting on your nerves. Again, why can't you dismiss Lukeriya and Agrafena, otherwise we shall become their slaves. I see from your letter that you are not pleased with Lukeriya. Thank you, dear friend, for news about the children. How well you notice everything and write about it. Fedya's remark about donkeys is the height of perfection. I quite believe that you are busy with the children and are looking after them as well as a nurse, but it is wrong, wrong. Are you speaking the truth when you say the treatment is doing you good? Oh! if only it were so, dearest. You were so upset and tired that it is difficult to imagine you have begun to get better after eleven baths. You promised to grow fatter; may God grant you will do so, not only for *that*, that goes without saying; and we will not allow you to lose weight, but God grant you will make a complete recovery and become a strong healthy woman by the time you are thirty. How I shall kiss you for it, and rejoice in you. And my conscience, my heart and spirit will be at rest.

I have already told you in my last letter that I am leaving here on Saturday the 7th of August for certain. I shall try to do this. If I travel direct and have no special delays or adventures, then I shall be in Russa on the 12th. In any case, send the horses to meet me at the landing stage on the 12th. But I shall write about this on the day before I leave. I believe the cure will probably do me good and is already doing so. My tongue is quite clean, which it never is in Petersburg, my appetite is enormous, although they feed me on absolute filth. And would you believe it, I have grown fatter, and, unless I lose weight by the 12th, you will see for yourself that I have probably grown fatter *than you*. Only my nerves are sometimes upset and I am afraid of having a fit; that would be untimely. Also, the boredom here is becoming hideous, almost unbearable, and although it is difficult for me to work, work at least shortens the time. I think the Eliseyevs are cross with me and are keeping away. Those wretched little Government Liberals—even they have upset my nerves. They push themselves forward so, I am constantly meeting them, yet they treat me with a certain cautiousness as it were, " so as not to soil ourselves with his conservatism." They are the most conceited creatures, especially she, who is a complete blue-book full of liberal rules. " Oh ! what *is* he saying ? . . . What *is* he trying to defend ? " Those two . . . imagine they can teach a man like me. Madame Likhacheva (the publishers Likhachev and Suvorin) has arrived here. She has been to Belgrade because of liberalism and she is wrapped up in liberalism, and does nothing but talk about humane compassion for the Serbians, but she seems to me to be a gossip. When she found out that I hadn't read any of Suvorin's feuilletons from Constantinople since I had left Petersburg, she offered me her copies of the " *Novoye Vremya* " and sent them to me by her sixteen-year-old son. He had also been to Belgrade and I liked him. I kept him for a quarter of an hour and began to teach him ' *non-liberalism* ' and, at the same time, I also mentioned to him that *seminarists* had done us much harm, but, of course, I didn't so much as hint at Eliseyev. But when I met them that same evening I noticed their coldness, and I imagine (from certain things) that the boy had repeated my conversation to his mother and she had passed it on to them. I shall be very glad not to have to meet them. It only used to upset my nerves to meet them.

Good-bye, my little angel, my beauty, my light and my *hope*. You are better and superior to all other women ; not one is your equal. We are linked together in soul. God grant we may live together for some years yet. It is perfectly true that the longer we are together the more I shall love you. Well, good-bye, I think we shall meet again quite soon, thank God ! only how this week will drag.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I bless the children, kiss them for me.

I kiss both your feet and *everything, everything*. I dream of you very often. You are my queen and I am happy because of it.

116

EMS,

Monday, 2/14 *August* '76.

MY SWEET DARLING ANECHKA,—Yesterday I received your letter of Tuesday 27th (it left on the 28th). I am glad you are all well, but you have pricked your finger and I hope it won't ache as mine did ten years ago. How you must have suffered with the abscess. Did you know how to treat it ? I am still of the same opinion about a nurse and I shall not feel at all content until you engage one. You must realize, my love, that when I return it will be three times as difficult for you to look after the children and it will be most inconvenient for us in every way. You say the children are behaving well, but even so you have to look after them. It would be a good thing if you could take as many baths as possible before my return—I am still quite certain that I shall leave on Saturday, August 7th, and I am preparing for that. I am sick to death of this place in spite of the glorious weather, but I have been worn out by the unbearable stifling heat. 26 degrees in the shade, and this has been going on for nearly a fortnight. Try to work in such weather ! You ask me about the gargling. Surely I have already written to you about it, I don't know what the result will be but I gargle my throat assiduously. There must certainly be some result, the Ems waters have a strong effect.

If you want to know the whole truth, then I lean towards one conviction, namely, that the length of treatment for me ought to be six and not four weeks. There are two sorts of treatment here ; one for four and one for six weeks. Some people may need four, but that is often too short a time for others who require six. This is based on lengthy experience. Two years ago the waters helped me tremendously; they made a new man of me. My treatment then was for five weeks and five days. Last year my treatment was only for four weeks and five days and the effect of the waters was not at all the same. If it were possible for me to stay here for the six weeks this time, then perhaps it would be something like two years ago. But in view of "*The Diary*" it is absolutely impossible to stay for six weeks. Besides, I console myself by thinking it is only my supposition. There are others who only have a three weeks' cure. Last winter the weather was very bad and I, therefore, felt worse than two years ago. Also, I feel that the drinking of the waters has a strong effect on me, *i.e.* this year. In the first half of the cure the nerves generally go to pieces, I have nightmares, etc., that is a sign that the waters are having a strong effect. Never have my nerves been so upset or have I had such nightmares as this time. That is why I think the waters must have had some effect. Now my nerves are better again, my appetite is good, I have more strength and so on and so on. I have already written to you about all this.

I have not even opened the letters you sent on to me (from correspondents). I have had no time. I am busy all day, I write and copy out, but progress is slower than it has ever been before. I have worked out that when I arrive in Petersburg I shall not be able to give the printers more than one sheet and four pages, which means I shall have to finish the greater part in Staraya Russa. As for the contents, well, I will say nothing about them,—they are bad. I am in a very bad temper about that. Still we shall see. I shall gain at least ten days for work in Staraya Russa, if only I don't have a fit.—I am very angry with you for not going to see either Slavyansky or Weinberg, and for not going to the theatre. It would have given me infinite pleasure if you had gone. Not only that, but you should have taken a box and taken the children. It is quite time they saw a comedy. But things will be different. I shall return and all the winter you must not deny yourself any pleasures. I insist, do you hear? Otherwise, I shall be very unhappy.

Everything goes on as usual here. Don't be cross with me for short and hurried letters. I have really far too much work to do. But we shall see each other soon and then we can talk about everything. (For goodness' sake, find a nurse by then, and don't hurry but find a good one). Kiss the children, tell them I shall soon be back. I expect I shall arrive on the 12th. Please give instructions about the horses. I am impatiently waiting for the moment when I can put my arms round you. I have been a long time without you (I don't only mean in that respect, but my soul longs for you. Sometimes, a sudden and terrible fear comes over me: has any harm come to you?). And I want to talk to you, to share my soul with you, I have been alone far too long. *And in that respect* it is time for us to meet again. (Yes, it is time!). Anya, my angel, all mine, my alpha and omega! Ah! so you dream of me too and on waking are sad I am not there? That's excellent, I like that. Yes, long for me, my angel, long for me in all respects—it means you love me.—And that is sweeter to me than honey. When I come I shall kiss you to death. And I dream of you not only in my sleep, but when I am awake. But I adore you not only for that, you are my friend in the highest sense of the word and that is what is so wonderful. Don't betray me in this, on the contrary increase your friendship by your own frankness (which you *sometimes* lack), then everything between us will be even ten times better. We shall be happy, An'ka, do you hear?

I cannot understand why Yazikov (216) should suddenly need me so badly? It is probably some trifling nonsense. The Eliseyevs have come round again (yesterday) and are more amiable to me than ever. They wanted to leave on the 5th, but they seem now to be delaying it. I hope I shall not have to travel with them in the same train. That would indeed be a calamity! But enough. I shall write again on Friday. Then I shall tell you *for certain* on which day I shall leave, and in any case you will receive the letter about two days before I arrive. And now I kiss you greedily and with agony and I kiss your foot a countless number of times. Love me and wait for me. I bless the children. God keep them safe.

All yours,
Wholly,
F. Dostoyevsky.

117

Ems,
Friday, 6/18 *August* '76.

My precious Anya,—I received your letter, the last one to-day, *i.e.* Friday. It is a good thing it arrived to-day and not to-morrow, Saturday, because I am leaving at 6.30 a.m., and if it had arrived on Saturday, I should not have received it. I am only writing a few lines now because I am terribly busy and I have not begun to pack and the wretched laundress has not brought me my washing. So if there is no delay on the journey, I shall arrive on the 12th—send the horses for me. If there is a delay (which I don't anticipate), then I shall let you know from Berlin, but if there isn't, then I shall not write again. You write about the flat and about the 50 copies. That's just the trouble—if Kolya has the keys, then how shall I have time to let him know and get them from him when I shall only be in Petersburg for 24 hours ? I shall have quite enough bother with the printers. I must re-read, pen in hand, everything I have written and everything I give to the printers for I have not had time to do so here. And, if you don't write to Kolya, I don't know what to do. (*N.B.*—It's no use writing to Kolya when you get this letter for it will then be too late). I think I shall get the 50 copies at the printers. We shall settle the matter somehow or other. You also say that Fedya is longing to know what I shall bring him ; but, my love, even if I manage to bring them some clothes it will be absolutely no good, for he is expecting something unusual, some toys, and how can I bring them toys ? I have also thought about this and now I am still more perplexed. It was absolutely impossible for me to prolong my cure here, otherwise my " *Diary*" would never have been finished, but now there is some hope that I shall finish writing it in Staraya Russa. I will tell you all my plans when I arrive. I said good-bye to Orth yesterday ; he examined me thoroughly and told me with confidence : " You will have a good winter." When I regretted that I could not possibly stay here longer, he replied that it was *quite unnecessary* for me to stay longer than four weeks because a cure of four weeks is quite enough for those who come *every summer*.

Well, enough, my love, I am in a hurry; I have still got a thousand little things to attend to. I embrace you and kiss the children and bless them. I am afraid of having a fit on the journey. Thank you for wanting to write another letter c/o "Alexandra." The Eliseyevs are also leaving to-morrow, but—for Paris.

I embrace and kiss you.

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Your great anxiety (ED.: *four words crossed out*) that anxiety was so sweet, I became quite romantic (ED.: *a sentence and a word crossed out*). My delight (ED.: *a few words crossed out*) and I send you a million kisses. (ED.: *a sentence crossed out*). About Petersburg expenses; I shall be terribly sorry if, through lack of money or for any other reason, I shall not be able to make one quite permissible purchase in Petersburg. It worries me very much, especially as I have thought so much about this purchase. My treasure, my angel wife, I kiss your feet, about which I dream with passion. Well, good-bye, good-bye.

1877

118

PETERSBURG,

Wednesday, 6 *July* '77.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I hold you in my arms and kiss you, also each one of the children. What kind of journey did you all have? I am impatiently waiting for your letter. All my thoughts are of you.

I arrived yesterday, worn out by the journey and I am not going to write you any details, because I am in a dreadful hurry, I have a tremendous amount to do and I have found many matters to attend to. The train arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning. I went to the flat—Prokhorovna had just left before I came, she had been waiting for me since yesterday. I sent for her (ED.: *twenty-one lines crossed out*).

The moment I arrived and without waiting for Prokhorovna, for whom I had sent the yard porter, I went off to the printers. Alexandrov (217) told me they had set everything up, but had not printed anything, because the censor was away. Ratynsky is away on leave in the government of Orel. Alexandrov had also been to Putsykovich (to ask him to arrange with the committee for a censor for me), and I went to the committee. The secretary didn't even want to put it before them, but after having listened to me he announced that since

I was acting without the censorship, I could publish without censorship. This means that if everything is printed by the 9th July, then (adding another seven days) it will appear on the 16th. Then we began to count the copy which had been set up. It suddenly turned out that including the packet, which I had brought yesterday, and the announcements too, we should be five pages short, which meant I should have to write some more. We counted the lines for half an hour and then it suddenly dawned on me to ask for the packet itself, and I saw that they had *not yet received* the last parcel of manuscript, which I had sent to them on the 1st July, *i.e.* five days ago, and that I had arrived before it. They had, however, received my other parcel, *i.e.* on the eve of my arrival, the 4th, the one before the last, which was posted on the 30th June. I was glad to find I did not need to write any more. Then I hurried to the censorship committee. Both the secretary and Petrov, although they were quite polite, strongly advised me to publish it uncensored, otherwise I should have most of it blocked out (they probably have some special instructions on the subject of modern literature, so they were obviously not threatening me personally. But in general, the political situation is such that they have had orders to be more strict). I am terribly afraid of this, but I insisted on their finding me a censor, and they promised to do so yesterday, but this morning there is still absolutely no news, and I shall have to go to the committee again, whereas we could have been printing the first sheet. I have had a mass of corrections piled on to me. I corrected a sheet yesterday, but I couldn't do any more. Marie Nikolaevna (218) had been in my absence, she left me a note to say that I should name a day for her when *she could come to me*. It is quite clear I must go to her myself. Meantime, I haven't a spare minute. I am just going to the printers and to the censor. Then I shall sit down to corrections. And so on, and so on. Late last night the packet with the manuscript from the 1st of July arrived at the printers. I haven't seen anyone yet. Nikolay came both yesterday and to-day (I was out). Everybody imagines that I have masses of free time, and that I have nothing to do but to visit people and chat with them. If I don't go to see Marie Nikolaevna to-day, she will be offended.

One of these days, perhaps the day after to-morrow, if not to-morrow, I shall write to you in greater detail. But I don't yet know how everything will be decided to-day. It is both very worrying and distressing. I kiss you all. I dreamt of you in the train. I also dreamt of you yesterday. I kiss you all a thousand times.

Your eternal and *changeless*,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to everyone.

P.S.—The binder has just been here. God knows how they have all discovered I have arrived. Although he is delicate in health, he runs his own business. I told him I would let him know when I needed him; then a subscriber came in and subscribed. (I wonder how many have already been and gone away again!)—A short time ago when I was still in bed, a boy rang the bell violently. He was sent round by some merchant, a certain Nikolaev from the Sadovaya, with money and an order to purchase the novel, "*Insulted and Injured*" (!) He woke me up. I sent him away with a copy.

Write me details about the children. Be patient. I kiss your feet and all of you, *i.e.* all over and I think about that a great deal.

119

PETERSBURG,

Thursday, 7 July '77.

DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I am writing this to you at midnight, so that the letter will only leave here to-morrow, Friday, the 8th July.—This morning (*i.e.* Thursday) at 6 o'clock, I had a fit in my sleep and it shook me as it has seldom done before. I am tired now and feel I have no strength left and my nerves are upset, and there is *darkness* in my soul. And meanwhile, I have a host of worries and masses of work, which is mounting up all the time. I have been given a censor, Lebedev, but still I don't know *when I shall appear in print.* It is doubtful whether the censor will finish reading by to-morrow, *i.e.* by Friday, and after that there is still the third proof reading, revision and printing, and to add to that Alexandrov has fallen ill to-day and hasn't been to the printing office! And what will happen if he is seriously ill and isn't able to come either to-morrow or the day after? Then everything will be lost, because no one at the printers but he can calculate and determine the number of lines, while with all these additions and corrections in the proofs I still don't know whether I shall have sufficient text or if it has gone over to a third sheet. If that is so, then it can't be helped, for it will be impossible to leave any out, as they always print immediately they receive the copy from the censor. On the other hand, if Alexandrov recovers, when shall I begin to appear in print? That is the question. Of course, it cannot appear on Saturday the 9th, the 10th is a Sunday and how would it be able to appear on the 10th? I don't know at all! And yet I must publish the announcement about the appearance of "*The Diary.*" (*N.B.*—I have not yet got the form of announcement, I have to compose it afresh.)

I went to see the Snitkins yesterday and I saw Marie Nikolaevna. All the Snitkins (*i.e.* Mikhayl Nikolaevich) are at home, but are going to the country at the beginning of next week. They asked many questions about you. But Marie Nikolaevna received me haughtily and rudely ; she was most annoyed that you had written to her one day and told her to come to see me on the 5th—" I arrive, I see a samovar on the table—and there is no one at home. I confess I was most offended ! " What was she offended about ? When you told her to come on the 5th, you also said I should arrive by the 30th June ; but I only managed to arrive on the 5th. In the note which she left for me she asked me to let her know when she was to come. She told me (although I didn't even ask her) that she would explain everything to you in a letter and that she had nothing to say to me.—" Anna Grigorievna left some sort of packets with me, marked with numbers and letters, they are somewhere on the window sills, but I have forgotten all about that now and I don't remember anything else about it." Imagine how pleasant that was for me to hear ! She puts on airs, talks grandly and feels she is important and indispensable. I expect she will be rude to me and make me lose my temper. I am quite ill enough as it is without all that. The suspense of waiting for the day of publication is having a very bad effect on me. But for my part I shall try to avoid the wretch without making myself miserable and I shall be patient.

Last night I received a letter from Pobedonostsev. He wrote on chance, he was worried about me and not knowing where I was he wrote to the *old* address ; " your ' *Diary* ' has not yet appeared—has anything happened to you ? " He is at Oranienbaum, living in the palace. I shall write to him, but I doubt if I shall go to see him—I have no time. I have already used up two tins of powder, which I bought for the beetles—we have swept up a number of dead ones, but the rest are still swarming, especially in the kitchen among the logs of wood. Their principal nests are there. To-morrow I shall give instructions for the wood to be stacked in the outhouse. The porter didn't tell me he had received payment from you as from the 13th June to the 13th July, so I have paid him until the 13th August and another four roubles in advance. I *implore* you to find, either in my table (or on the table in the drawing room, but most likely in my little study) the " *Severny Vestnik* " article written against me—a feuilleton about Kornilova. (219) As we don't take the " *Severny Vestnik* " it will be quite easy for you to find it, there is only one number. Look for it and put it away *carefully*, so that it does not get lost. God forbid ! That is why I am writing to you about it, *otherwise I shall have no article for my next* *number*. I shall write to you again the day after to-morrow, or as soon as I have a free moment. But my head is going round now, I am quite exhausted and I cannot gather my thoughts. By the way, Marie Nikolaevna told me that Ovsyannikov had returned her 280 copies for April. What do you think of that! It means he has only sold 200 in all. Consequently he may not take any double numbers for May to June except those which he will exchange for the 280 April ones.

Marie Nikolaevna gave me 74 roubles. But she didn't give me a detailed account, she said she would write to you. Of those 74 roubles some merchant or other from the provinces had sent 42 roubles; he writes to say we should only send him 40 copies instead of 60. In short, the sales of "*The Diary*" are evidently falling.

How are the children? Write to me, I kiss you all and bless you. Anya, take care of them! Talk to them about their daddy. This morning at half-past six when I came to from my fit, I went to *your room* and Prokhorovna suddenly said to me from the drawing room, "Madam isn't here." "Where is she?" I asked. "She's in the country." "What do you mean? She must be here. When did she go away?" And I could hardly believe Prokhorovna when she tried to convince me that I had only arrived two days ago. How hard it was for me to recover consciousness!

Good-bye, Anya, I hold you in my arms, I kiss you, I kiss all four of you.

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Alexandrov is ill, and his assistant has told him that it is *impossible* to publish before the 12th, *i.e.* Tuesday. The devil only knows what the world is coming to!—The weather since yesterday has suddenly changed and is now cold and dull.

120

PETERSBURG,
Monday, 11 *July* '77.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I kiss you and embrace you. Also the children. My heart aches for them. I am terribly dull here without you all.

The periodical appeared to-day. It was ready on Saturday night and it could have come out on Sunday, but they didn't work on Sunday, and there were only 3000 copies ready. Besides, it was Sunday, so I put it off until Monday. Everything is rather unsatisfactory. To begin with I only had time to publish an announcement in the "*Novoye Vremya*," although it turned out to be quite sufficient, for everyone in

Petersburg seemed to be waiting for the periodical to appear. People made constant enquiries at the booksellers and during the last few days many people have been to the house, rung the bell, and asked when it would appear. The bookbinder's daughter came here last night, but even after working all yesterday and this morning, we couldn't paste down more than 500 copies, so at three o'clock we only sent off *those* 500 *copies* (because the town subscribers had theirs sent off in the morning), and the 22 packets for the town were also taken to the post in wrappers containing 2, 4 and 5 copies. We had time to sew up most of the packets, and to post them before 3 o'clock—we sealed them up at the post office and what do you think ? The post office clerk refused to accept them : " It is too late and there are far too many packets." So we had to bring them back again. The binder's son who had taken them to the post office told me that Marie Nikolaevna only sent off 500 copies in wrappers, and she didn't want to wait for the packets to be sent off so she left the post office thinking that the binder's son would send them off. So she doesn't even know that they haven't been accepted. The binder's son assured me, however, that it wasn't even four o'clock and that other people's parcels were being accepted. This evening the bookbinder's daughter pasted down all the wrappers, and nurse and her daughter sewed up and prepared the parcels for the post. There is nothing else to be done to-morrow except for Marie Nikolaevna to check the wrappers, which she does very slowly, as she did to-day for example. This morning she copied out the addresses of those people who had changed theirs and this took up time ; she might very well have done all this before. Also, she spent ages on packing the parcels in *blue paper*, she stuck them all down, but not the right way, so that she had to leave them to be altered to-morrow. I think, however, we shall despatch absolutely everything to-morrow, the 12th, and long before 3 p.m. Marie Nikolaevna has worked diligently, but she is a terrible messer, although we did not quarrel and were quite friendly. By the way, you did not tell me, nor did you write me a single word in your instructions about those wrappers, which were lying in the oak cupboard (the continuation of the numbers, etc.). I found them quite by accident and there are several hundred of them. Kolya arrived late. He also helped slightly by going for me to Issakov.

Some copies have been taken for retail sales, but not as in the old days. Ovsyannikov returned 290 copies of the April number to Marie Nikolaevna ; he came to me to-day and took exactly 145 copies of the May-June number, whereupon he departed and he didn't take another kopeck's worth more. "*I have no money these days*," he said. I didn't offer him any commission. I gave out 100 copies to *Ogloblin*, 200 to Kuzmin, 50 to Glazunov, Popov *only* took 40, the foreign shop 200, the Nevsky Bookshop 50, Kekhribardzhi 25, the Russian Bookshop 25 copies (and 10 subscribers), Mamontov 78 copies, Konopytin 30 copies (and 6 for the 12 returned), Semennikov 16 copies (and two subscribers). Also, we delivered 10 copies to Cherkessov and 30 copies through Issakov for Soloviev in Moscow. Issakov took 33 copies (and 87 subscribers), Egorov 10 copies *for cash* and 10 on commission, and finally, some one came—an agent like Ovsyannikov, a certain Dimitriev (do you know him ?), and asked for 200 copies for cash, but when he heard that Ovsyannikov had only taken 140 copies he changed his mind and only took 150 for cash. In all, and taking everything into account, I have only sold to-day about 110 or 115 roubles in cash (I have not counted it up yet). Perhaps I shall collect some more in the next few days, but not much. Yesterday I went to see Kuzmin in the Arcade, he is still ill and at home, but his wife is selling instead of him. I asked her purposely if the " *Diary* " was selling well and were people afraid of the price, 50 roubles ? She replied that it was selling just the same as before and that people were not at all afraid of the price. Several people I did not know came to my house to find out about my health on the pretext of *buying* a copy.

My darling, I am terribly tired. To-day is the fifth day since I had the fit, but there is still darkness in my soul, I am tired and absent-minded. I got up at 8 a.m. this morning and I shall also probably be wakened early to-morrow. I cannot complain about anyone, everybody is working and helping, but the matter is still moving very *slowly*, but perhaps I shall finish everything to-morrow. I want to go to bed at once, because I am so tired. I dined at eight o'clock to-day. I think about you all and am terribly anxious ; all the time I keep on imagining that something dreadful has happened to you. I pray to God about you continually. Write to me about Lyesha, how you managed to carry him about and also about Fedya's and Lily's impressions of Kiev. I shall try to leave here as soon as possible. I think of you continually. I think *good things*. I kiss your feet, and go down on my knees before you. At night I fall into a strange state of soul, because of the fit, and I think " if only I could see them once before I die." Anya, I do ask you not to worry about me ; rest if you can, take baths. The sun hasn't been seen here for the last three days, the clouds are like lead, there is a wind and 8 degrees of heat at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. No matter how many beetles I kill, I simply cannot exterminate them. I have spent 4 roubles on all sorts of powders, but they still continue to swarm about. I shall buy some more, even if I have to spend ten roubles, and I shall sprinkle it all over the rooms, but I have quite given up hoping ever to rid the place of them.

I have not been to see anyone. Putsykovich came in, I did not mention money. Meshchersky came to see me yesterday, he is in Petersburg, quite by chance, for about five days. He is going to Reval and then to Asiatic Turkey. I am very pleased with Prokhorovna, she works hard, cleans, irons, airs your things and sews up the parcels. I should have been absolutely lost without her. I hold you in my arms and kiss you, I kiss each one of your toes, I daydream about you and I also press you to my heart as my dear, kind Anya, my friend. Good-bye, I kiss the children. Heavens ! what if something happens to them.

Good-bye, I shall try to tear myself away from here as soon as possible.

I kiss you all a countless number of times.

F. Dostoyevsky.

121

Petersburg,
15 *July* '77.

My dear friend, Anya,—To-morrow, the 16th July, I want to leave Petersburg by the evening express. Ever since the 8th July, when I had your letter of the 6th from Kiev, *I have not had a single line from you* ! What has happened to you ? What is the matter ? I cannot understand what could have happened to you. Has your letter been lost in the post ? Why hasn't a single one of your letters to the porter, to Kolya or to Marie Nikolaevna been lost all through the summer ? How can I help worrying and doubting ? For three days I have been walking about like someone demented. At night I don't sleep for more than four hours and I have nightmares all the time. My stay here has been an extraordinary one. When I came—worries, bad luck, and just now, a fit. Then, while I was feeling ill I had to bring out the periodical, and just as my head is beginning to get clear—I am tormented about you all, about you and the children. I cannot bear it any longer and I am leaving to-morrow. I shall wait until two o'clock to-morrow and, if I don't have a letter from you by then, I shall send you an express telegram (if only they will accept a telegram for Miropolie or Sudzha to be delivered to Maly Prikol). I shall ask you in the telegram to wire to me *immediately* (and to do that I would ask you to send Gordey to Sudzha). Send it to Elena Pavlovna's address in Moscow : Znamenka, Kuznetsov House. I shall make a point of staying at her house. I shall be in Moscow on Sunday, the 17th July, and I will wait there for a telegram until two o'clock on Monday. If I don't have a reply telegram from you, then I shall not go to Darovoye as I intended to look at the places of my childhood, but I shall travel direct to you in Prikol. (220) What am I to do? It is very difficult for me, Anya, at this moment. My heart has been palpitating since last night and it won't stop. I think and think, and God only knows what doesn't come into my head. I keep on imagining that on the way from Kiev one of them, either Fedya or Lily, fell under the train and that you are now in despair.

My letter may arrive at the same time as myself and I shall, therefore, not write any details about the printing of the periodical, etc., especially as we shall see each other soon. Something must happen soon. We must see each other soon!

Late this afternoon I went to Marie Nikolaevna's, I took her some copies of "*The Diary.*" She told me that not long ago you had written to her and said you intended going to Kiev and to *Kharkov*, and I now remember you were very anxious to do this. So you were in a terrible hurry, especially as the children were with you; you were tired, the children were also tired, you did not want to write me a letter from Kharkov, you returned late home to Prikol and perhaps Gordey was drunk—so your letter to me only left on Monday or on Tuesday, instead of on *the promised Saturday*. But even so, it should have arrived here by now. I shall wait for your telegram in Moscow until I finish all my most urgent business, *i.e.* on Monday I shall go to Salayev and shall buy myself eight bottles of Essentucky (Mikhayl Nikolaevich Snitkin insists). But if I get a telegram from you in Moscow, then *I shall go for a day to Darovoye.*

If you have been to Kharkov, then the only bad thing about it is, that as usual, you have done this secretly without telling me. Yes, Anya, all these ten years of our married life you have been distrustful towards me, and I don't know whether I am to blame for it! I don't think so, for distrust is in your character. As to the journey to Kharkov—surely you know I would not raise any objection to that? Whatever you do is right. I have long had faith in your intelligence and common sense, but you don't trust me, and if you had trusted me then you would have written to me without waiting to return to Prikol from Kharkov, and I would not have been sitting here in such agony. I don't know why, but I very much want to believe Marie Nikolaevna's story, that you have been to Kharkov, because otherwise I have to think of some accident, the death of one of the children (Ed.: *several words crossed out*).

About business: I repeat we can discuss business when we meet. And besides it was not very wonderful, I have received very little money but have spent much. *N.B.*—Rudin paid 150 roubles to Pechatkin (recently) but he has not paid his landlord. I have not seen him.

To-morrow for packing and fussing, also the telegram. To-morrow, the 16th, is Fedya's birthday. I kiss him and bless him, also Lily and Lyesha, I congratulate them all and you *especially*. My dear angel, Anya ; I go down on my knees, I pray to you and I kiss your feet. I am your husband, who is in love with you ! My friend, ten whole years I have been in love with you and always "crescendo," and though I have sometimes quarrelled with you, I have always loved you, even to death. All the time now I keep on thinking of how I shall see you and put my arms round you. And do you think of me a little ? Well, good-bye, until we meet ! Even if I receive your telegram I shall not go to the Trokitsky Lavra, for I am longing to see you all and as soon as possible. But if I do receive the telegram I should still like to go to Darovoye, if only for a day and a half ; otherwise, I shall never see those places again !

I embrace you all once again.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Saturday, 16 *July*. 2 *p.m.*

I continued to write letters until two o'clock (this time your letter from Kiev arrived at 12). There was nothing for me, and now I am in doubt and I have quite decided not to leave here to-day, but to-morrow because I think it is too late now to send a telegram. It would only be sent off at three o'clock. By the time it gets to Sudzha and a messenger is sent from Sudzha, he will probably get to Prikol at midnight, you will be awakened and not get enough sleep and be cross with me. I had better send it to-morrow, Sunday the 17th, at about 9 a.m. and it will then reach you in the daytime. If you send Gordey to Sudzha on Monday (18th) with a reply telegram, then he would have time to hand it in at midday or even at two o'clock, and I should get it at Elena Pavlovna's by Monday evening. By leaving for Moscow to-morrow, I should be in Moscow on Monday morning. Monday is a working day and I shall have time to do everything ; I shall go to Salayev's and buy the Essentucky and probably see Aksakov. Then, if I don't receive a telegram I shall leave. If I cannot manage to do so on the Monday evening, then on Tuesday morning (all according to the train) and I shall be with you on Wednesday ; but if I do receive the telegram and all is well with you, then I shall go to Darovoye. My dear friend, it is exactly eight days to-day since I had any news from you and it is exactly ten days since you wrote from Kiev ! It is a long time to have to wait and I cannot help thinking things. Not only *one* but two letters could have come by now! Good-bye, my angel, may God keep you all safe. To-day again I shall be tormented. But, perhaps, a letter will come for me during the day or to-morrow. I kiss you and the children and I kiss you passionately.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Many happy returns to Fedya.

Elena Pavlovna's address is: Moscow, On the Znamenka, Kuznetsov House.

Elena Pavlovna Ivanov (for M. Dostoyevsky)

122

PETERSBURG,
Sunday, 17 *July* '77. 4 *p.m.*

MY PRECIOUS, A MILLION TIMES MY DEAR ANYA,—I kiss your feet, I have just received your letter of Thursday (14th) after I had sent you a telegram at about 10 a.m. What is to be done, my darling, such is fate. I wrote to you yesterday. Up to to-day, apart from the Kiev letter I have *not* received a single one of your letters. The Saturday letter has gone astray. I could reckon on one letter getting lost and not worry too much about it. But this is the ninth day without a letter, and in that time another could have arrived. We had agreed that you were going to write every three days, consequently if you had written on Saturday, you should have written again on Tuesday. If not Tuesday, then Wednesday, as on that day someone from Ivan Grigorievich goes to the Miropolie post office. Calculating solely on that Wednesday I did not send off a telegram yesterday, thinking that the one on Wednesday would arrive on Saturday, or on Sunday morning. But *nothing* arrived yesterday, Saturday, and all my life I shall remember the night I spent last night! I was tortured by the idea that two letters could not both have gone astray. Then something must have happened either to you or to the children. Anya, the last three days I have had to spend here have been terrible, especially at night. I cannot sleep. I think. I go over the possibilities, I walk about the room, I see the children before me, I think about you, my heart beats fast (I have had palpitations for the last three days, such as I have never had before). At last at dawn I sob, I go about my room and am shaken with sobs (I cannot understand it, it has never happened to me before), and I try not to let the old woman hear me. And at night the old woman shouts continually, which completes the picture! At last, the sun, the heat (it is unbearably hot here), and I throw myself on to the bed at 5 a.m. I sleep four hours and have terrible nightmares all the time. But enough of this, I write now only so that you should not be cross with me for sending the telegram. *I could not stand it any longer.* The telegram cost 6 roubles. The whole trouble is that you send me the letters addressed c/o the porter, Vassily Ivanovich—not to mention the fact that I don't like receiving letters from Vassily Ivanovich, I am ashamed to go in to him about fifteen times to enquire if there are any letters, to beg him and implore him not to lose them—I cannot understand why you could not have sent them direct in my name, since 400 letters have reached me safely this year. I can't understand it ; as for the letter, I am sure it was lost in the yard.

But enough ; I am in a hurry, I am afraid of being late, I am leaving here to-day. Perhaps I shall have to leave Moscow before getting your reply telegram. I shall go straight to Darovoye and then quickly to you, for I am dying to kiss the children, and above all you, my cruel and cold Anya, my cold wife. If you loved me passionately, you would not have kept me until Thursday without a letter. If you loved me passionately, you would have written (as you used to) that *you dream of me,* which means that you either don't dream of me or that you dream of someone else. Anya, my cruel one, I will kiss you, all of you to the last little corner, and having kissed all your body, I shall pray to you as to a goddess.—That cursed journey to Darovoye ! How I wish I had not to go ! But it is impossible ; if I deprive myself of those impressions, then how and about what is a writer to write ! Enough, we will discuss this later. Only understand that, at this moment as you are reading this letter, I am covering your body with a thousand most passionate kisses and I pray to you as before an ikon. Kiss the children for me. Yesterday was Fedya's birthday—what a sad day I had. Heavens ! have I ever experienced anything more agonising ?

About what pink and green exercise books are you writing ? I have not been able to find anything of the sort. I have taken everything out of the drawers in the tables you told me to take, and I am bringing it all to you.

Ever your inseparable husband,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Love me, Anya.

I kiss the children many times.

Kolya came and advised me to post this letter in Moscow. I shall do so as I have worked out it will reach you sooner.

If it rains heavily or if the weather is bad, *I shall not go to Darovoye.*

1878

123

Moscow,

Tuesday, 20 June evening, 1878.

Good evening, Anya dear,—How is your health—that is the first thing. Are Fedya and Lily well? For heaven's sake look after them. And now I shall describe only the most important things to you without very many details, because I can tell you those when we meet. I was terribly tired on the journey and I am quite exhausted even now, and to make matters worse, I developed a cough in the railway carriage (there was such a draught), such as I don't remember ever to have had before. We arrived in Moscow at about midnight, I took a cab to the Victoria on the Strastnoy Boulevard. On the way I asked the cabman, "Is it a good hotel?" "No, sir, a very bad one"—his curt and definite reply surprised me—"Why is it bad?" "No decent person would stay there except a person who didn't know what it was like. The rooms are like the baths. As soon as it is dark, men bring their women in from the Strastnoy Boulevard. They hire a room for an hour. Everyone knows about it and sometimes there are rows there." I asked him which was a better hotel. He spoke very well of the "Europe," opposite the Little Theatre (it is also not far from the Strastnoy Boulevard). So I told him to drive to the Europe. There are mostly families staying here and they seem to be quite respectable. I was given a room at 2 roubles 50 kops., which is fairly expensive and on the third floor, but having to climb up to the fourth floor seemed too tiresome to me, so I took the room. All night long I could not sleep—I was tortured by a choking, racking cough. I got up at 10 a.m. My cough had disappeared (but it is beginning again this evening). I went to Katkov soon after noon and I found he was in the publishing office (he lives in the country and only comes up to town occasionally). Katkov received me quite cordially, but somewhat cautiously; we began to talk about general matters, when suddenly a terrible thunderstorm came on. I thought; if I begin to talk of my own affairs and he refuses me and the thunderstorm persists, then I shall have to go on sitting here, refused and injured, until the downpour stops. I was, however, compelled to mention it. I explained everything *frankly and simply.* His face lit up at my first words about wishing to collaborate, but no sooner did I mention about the 300 roubles for each sheet and about the sum of money in advance than his face changed. "You see," he said, "it was only last week that we had a general meeting to decide whether we ought to continue publishing the "*Russky Vestnik*" or whether we should close down for the following year, because I am unable to supervise both publications ("*Moskovskie Vedomosti*" and the "*Russky Vestnik*"), on account of ill health, and you must, therefore, allow me time to think over my answer to you, as we shall have to decide whether we are to continue the periodical and spend a considerable sum of money on it." When he heard I was in Moscow for three or four days only, he promised to let me have an answer by Wednesday, the 21st, and he asked me to come and see him at the office on that day at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Now at this moment, *i.e.* at 10 p.m. on Tuesday the 20th, I am sitting and thinking he will *undoubtedly refuse* me to-morrow. But if he does not refuse me, then he will try to arrange for a considerable reduction off the 300 roubles. I shall post this letter to-morrow, the 23rd, after seeing Katkov, and I am, therefore, leaving the postscript, from which you will learn everything, until to-morrow.

The rain stopped for a moment and I managed to drive, in between the first and second downpour, to see my sister Varya. I waited there until five o'clock for a change in the weather. I had some dinner on returning to the hotel, and at 7 p.m. I went to the Neskuchny garden to see Soloviev (221), (the cab there and back cost two roubles). I found Soloviev at home, he was very strange, gloomy and tired. I also told him everything quite frankly. He was very surprised that Lavrov (and somebody else) had not been to see me. He doesn't know where Lavrov (222) is at present (he is not in Moscow), and Yuriev is in the country somewhere else. Nevertheless, it is true that they wish to acquire my novel and they are people with means. And now it is impossible either to see them or to correspond with them, and they will not be able to make me their offer until September. But I think that by then someone else will make me an offer. In any case I shall set to work as soon as I return to Staraya Russa. But if Katkov refuses me, then God knows what I shall have to live on until October.

Soloviev and I have decided to go together to the Optin Monastery on Friday. (It is in the government of Kaluga bordering on the government of Tula in the district of Kozelsk.) Soloviev will come and see me at my hotel to-morrow at 5 p.m.

I have not been to the booksellers, I shall go to-morrow. I have not been to see Elena Pavlovna yet; I shall also go there to-morrow. Good-bye, Anya, I kiss you. To-morrow the postscript, which will decide so much of our future. I am terribly tired. Kiss the children for me, tell them their daddy kisses them, and kiss Vanya also. Remember me to Anna Nikolaevna. I am very anxious about the children. I kiss you very often. And so until the postscript.

(Moscow. Hotel Europe. Opposite the Little Theatre. I am in room 21.)

Postscript. Wednesday 11 *a.m.* (21 June).

News: Katkov has just sent a messenger from the office with an apology to say he is sorry he *cannot* give me an answer to-day, because unforeseen circumstances compel him to leave for the country at once (the messenger said he was going to his estate) and he, therefore, asked me to go and see him to-morrow, Thursday the 22nd, *i.e.* at the office, where he would give me an answer. Evidently he will be back to-morrow.

I don't see any good coming of all this. Good-bye, my love. I shall write the result to you to-morrow and post it to you in the evening. And now I shall post this letter to you. I shall go the round of the booksellers to-day. (ED.: *two lines crossed out.*)

N.B.—Last night again I only slept for four hours, my nerves are terribly upset, also my stomach.

I kiss the children. Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

124

Moscow,
Thursday, 22 June, 1878.

DEAR ANYA,—I am writing to you in haste, for I have so much to do and so much running about, that I am quite muddled and I have not a minute to myself. I have just received your letter; allow me to complain about its brevity, you might have extended it a little. Kiss Lyubochka and also Fedya. I went to see Katkov to-day, and I don't know how to tell you about it. It is such a long story that it is better told than written. Briefly—he was very pleased and they have absolutely no objection to paying the money in advance, that is to the 300 roubles, etc.—but, at the same time, it was not decided whether my novel would appear in the "*Russky Vestnik*," or even that the "*Russky Vestnik*" itself would be published again. It is to be decided in *October*, and I have promised to come to Moscow. Katkov is not only willing to give the money, but he *asked me specially* to take some in advance, *i.e.* 2000 now, 2000 in October (or at the end of September). *In short, I shall tell you all about it when we meet. I did not refuse the money* and there will be *no need* for you to go to Petersburg.

I have been to all the booksellers, I will tell you all about that when we meet, but I only received 7 roubles from Presnov and so far only

50 roubles from Vasiliev, who is to send me a full account before I leave Moscow. And I will tell you all about that too, when we meet.

I went to see Aksakov and I met Putsykovich there. It was all very interesting, but more about that when we meet. To-morrow morning Soloviev and I are going to the Optin Monastery. On Tuesday I shall be back in Moscow (probably). Prokhorovshchikov (223) (an admirer) came to see me—he is the Moscow millionaire who stayed with the Emperor in Livadia two years ago. Madame Novikov (Kireyev) (224), is very anxious to see me and has sent me an invitation. I don't know when I shall go and see her. I shall have much to tell you when I return. I am in a hurry.

Summary : I am *on the best of terms* with Katkov, the best I have ever known. *He asked particularly to be remembered to you.* We sat and talked for more than two hours to-day. He has a small favour to ask of you. There are some Lomonosov bursary students at the Lyceum. They are orphans from the poorest class whom the Lyceum supports gratis, giving them a good education. One pupil, *Alexandrov,* has scrofula, a bad leg and so on. He is fifteen years old. The doctors have decided he ought to leave the Lyceum. Katkov, out of kindness of heart and at his own expense, is sending him to Staraya Russa, without making the boy leave the Lyceum for good. But he does not quite know where or how to send him. And an official government paper from the Lyceum (not from Katkov) is being sent to Rokhel, to say that " a pupil, Alexandrov, is placed under your care, etc., find him a comfortable home, look after his health and send us the account." They won't do that. But Katkov asks me and *you* particularly to take an interest in the matter, *i.e.* (I say this) either send for Rokhel or *go to see him yourself* and talk to him about this pupil, Alexandrov ; and tell him he ought to pay particular attention to the paper from the Lyceum (for surely he does not want to quarrel with Katkov ?). But as they ask in the paper that Alexandrov should be given board and lodging as well as medical treatment, then find out from Rokhel what arrangements he can make about finding a home for the boy. Katkov also asked whether it would be possible to find him a room in some priest's house, where he could be looked after and where he could get better. The main thing is that the pupil is not at all rich, but comes from the poorest class. Katkov added that it would not be a bad idea if Rokhel were to send as *moderate* an account as possible, for there is no one to pay for the boy. He said : " The child has absolutely nothing and I am the *only one* paying for him." When I return I shall have to talk to Madame Rokhel about the matter.

Well, Anya, that is all for the present. I shall be back in Moscow on Tuesday or Wednesday. I shall have all sorts of business to attend to. My nerves are upset. I am longing to return to Staraya Russa, when I can tell you about everything. And now good-bye. I kiss you. I dream of you. Kiss the children for me and be cheerful. I prayed before the Iverskaya Ikon.

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Kiss the children for me. I saw Elena Mikhaylovna for ten minutes, she is living in the country at Sokolniki, and she comes up to Moscow once a week. She gave me Olga Kirilovna's gold watch, which I shall bring with me.

I kiss the children. I kiss your hands and feet, although you don't deserve it for writing such short letters.

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

125

Moscow,

Thursday evening, 29 *June* '78.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I have just returned from the Optin Monastery. (224 *a*) This is what happened: Soloviev and I left on Friday, 23rd of June. All we knew was that we had to travel by the Moscow-Kursk railway as far as Sergievo station, *i.e.* about five stations beyond Tula, and about 300 versts from Moscow. There we were told there would be a 35 verst drive to the Optin Monastery. On our way to Sergievo we discovered it was 60 versts and not 35 (and, moreover, nobody knew about this, so it was impossible to find out beforehand). At last, when we arrived at Sergievo we were told we should have to travel 120 and not 60 versts, and not along the post road, but half way along a by-road, which meant travelling with hired horses, *i.e.* in one troika, and we should have to stop to feed the horses on the way. We decided to go on and to drive as far as Kozelsk, *i.e.* exactly two days to Optin Monastery. We spent the nights in the villages and were rattled about in a terrible carriage. We spent two days and nights in the Optin Monastery. Then we returned with the same horses and again travelled for two days; altogether it took us exactly *seven days*, including the day we started. That is why I have not written to you for so long, it was far too inconvenient to write from the Optin Monastery, because I should have had to send a messenger to Kozelsk, etc. I will tell you all about it when I return. In Moscow I again stopped at the Hotel Europe and went immediately for the letters to Elena Pavlovna's. Of course I did not find her at home, she was at Sokolniki, but it had been previously arranged that the porters should take the letters and keep them. And so I got all your three letters, for which I thank you very much and kiss you.—But until we actually have the money in our hands there is nothing to rejoice about. I cannot make out what is happening at Katkov's; they may have changed their minds during the week. I shall go and see Katkov to-morrow. If I receive any money, then I shall keep part for myself (*i.e.* I will ask Varya to sew the money into a little bag which I can hang round my neck), and I will *send* you the other part by post. But I have worked out that I cannot possibly get through all my business quickly. I shall, therefore, probably leave for Staraya Russa on Sunday at 8.30 a.m. and be with you on Monday, the 3rd July, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.—But if I *don't* get any money then I shall come sooner. Altogether, my dear friend, there may be much here, which is unintelligible, *i.e.* unknown. But I am leaving all details until I return, I will tell you everything when I see you.

I kiss you many times, kiss the children for me. You will probably receive this letter on Sunday, although I am going to the post at once, namely, on Thursday, in spite of its being so late. I kiss you all again many times, I kiss Varya, remember me to Anna Nikolaevna. And I kiss you again, your hand especially, and all the rest of you.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

It may happen that I shall not find Katkov in when I go to the office. He may have forgotten to leave instructions and I shall, therefore, have to receive the money (if I am to have any) not to-morrow, but the day after to-morrow, etc. And, therefore, don't be surprised, if I am later than the promised day. I feel terribly worn out, I have not had a fit, but I am afraid I shall have one. It is time I had one.

126

MOSCOW,

7 November '78.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I arrived in Moscow to-day after a most dreadful journey. The two carriages were tight shut; and because of the most appallingly bad ventilation, it was so stuffy that I thought I should die. Apart from that, the air was so thick with smoke, that I coughed all night until I thought I should burst. I did not go to sleep for a single minute. I am terribly weak. It was cold in the night, rain all the way, and sleet in the government of Tver. There is both fog and rain in Moscow. It is terribly dark. During the whole of October in Petersburg we only had one day equal to to-day.

I stopped at the Europe, room 25. I dressed and washed (in an unheated room) and drove to Katkov. *I did not find him in*—actually not in, and not said on purpose. I said I would see him this evening at eight o'clock. As it was I who had fixed the appointment and not he who had invited me, I am afraid he may refuse to see me. God only knows what the Moscow custom is ! It would be very humiliating for me, and at this minute (six o'clock) I am in a very nasty temper. As I did not find Katkov in, I went to see the bookseller Soloviev. He was out. I shall go again to-morrow. Then I went to Lyubimov ; he was out. Then I went to Rassokhin (booksellers). He told me he could not give me the whole sum, but only 20 roubles. If I were to wait another day or two, then he would give me some more. I said I would come again on the 9th November.

Then I went to Kashkin. (225) He was quite willing, and paid me 65 roubles 35 kops. at once and told me that matters were now settled between us. He had, however, a whole heap of copies left over. He promised to sew them into sacking and to send them to me at my hotel. I asked him to count up the total amount for the numbers. He promised to get everything ready in two days' time. Your account is 213 roubles. He has paid me 130 roubles in all at different times and this includes the present 65 roubles, and he says we are now quits. He is firmly convinced that the copies he has left over will not be less than 83 roubles and your account will thus be right, *i.e.* 213 roubles.

All these people seem to be good folk and splendid payers, only they are short of money. Gentleness conquers them, but bluntness repels them. Soloviev, of course, is quite another story because he is rich.

Then I went to see Varya. We talked, but not about anything particularly interesting.

How are you, and how are the children ? I am terribly sleepy, incredibly so. My nerves are upset. They were still more upset when I read Tsitovich's (226) article in the train. He is quite right, but I have never seen such a fool ! So don't ever send a fool to defend a good case. He has spoilt it all ! It's quite impossible now to write on that subject any more.

I embrace you, I kiss you, my angel. I also kiss my little angels.

I hope to return as soon as possible. I am terribly dull. I am longing to go to sleep.

I kiss you 50,355 times. Kiss the children as many times for me.

Needless to say I will write again to-morrow.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

127

Moscow,
8 *November* '78.

My dear, darling Anya,—Yesterday, exactly at eight o'clock, I went to see Katkov. He was waiting for me and received me most warmly and amiably, but he was obviously very busy. However, I stayed for an hour with him. We talked about the novel. He kept the manuscript and when I apologised for many of the corrections being illegible, he said he could read your writing quite easily, that it was very good handwriting. Then he said he would read *everything* through. " You will probably be staying here for five days or a week." Therefore I feel I must stay *until he finishes reading it* and not worry him, *i.e.* not that he hinted at it, but I think myself it would be better policy, for if I go and see him a second time and then a third, it will look as if I were hurrying him and as if I were burning to know what he will say about my work. I left my address at the office, so that if he has anything to say to me during these two or three days he can write to me, while I shall keep away from him. During my visit his daughters came in, also his son and Prince Shakhovskoy, his eldest daughter's husband. They came in to say good-night, but it was fairly obvious they wanted to see me and because of this they sat there for half an hour. They were all very nice, amiable and attentive—especially Prince Shakhovskoy and the daughter (whom I had met in Ems), who has grown extremely pretty. As I was leaving he mentioned the money. Of course he agreed and was very willing, but he said it would be rather difficult for him to pay out 2000 roubles all at once, as the subscription list had not yet been opened and asked if I would agree to receive it in instalments. He added : " If you need it very badly, then I can let you have it all at once, but it will be difficult for me." Of course I agreed to a part payment of 1000 roubles now and the rest (as he said) in about three weeks' time. I have no idea now how it will all work out in actual fact. I am sorry, for I really wanted to ask for *three* thousand this time and not two, but as he hesitated I only asked for two. Well, that is how the matter stands ; I don't know whether it is for the best or no. In any case I shall have to spend three useless days waiting about in Moscow and then another two days to receive the money, but I am terribly bored, Anya, so bored, and I am longing for you all.

And now this thought ; as he, in spite of his sincere amiability, did not invite me for dinner to-day (the eighth), and he not only did not invite me, but talked about my waiting for two or three days without even troubling to ask what I should do in the interval, I have quite

А. Г. ДОСТОЕВСКАЯ.

ANNA GRIGORIEVNA DOSTOYEVSKY.

decided not to go and congratulate him to-day. It would only look as if I were trying to curry favour with him. I don't know if I am right to reason it out like this, but it does seem so to me and I shall not go.

I slept well. Kashkin called on me at midday to-day and he brought me copies of "*The Diary*" (sewn up in sacking) and a letter for you with the account and a request to forward him copies of all my works. I shall bring the letter to you. By checking his account with yours there is only a difference of three roubles and he gave the reason for this difference; you will understand everything from his letter to you which I shall bring with me.

To-day I shall go and see Soloviev and, perhaps, Lyubimov again.

Well, that is all. I am waiting for your letter. I am very bored. The weather is wretched,—however, it isn't raining to-day. I embrace you and the children. I wonder how you all are. May you keep well. I read law reports in the evenings. Everything is very boring. Good-bye! I love you very much, I dreamt of you last night. Kiss our angels for me. Don't let them quarrel. Good-bye once again, I kiss you endlessly.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I shall probably write again to-morrow.

P.S.—By the way; at eight o'clock last night on my way to Katkov I took my yesterday's letter to you so as to drop it into the letter box. It was raining and it was very dirty. I couldn't find the letter-box at the corner of the street so I asked a policeman: "Where is the letter-box?" He said it had been transferred to the other side of the street, about forty yards away from the original place. "But allow me," he offered, "I will take your letter at once and post it." I gave him the letter and I watched him go to the letter-box, but now I am doubtful: supposing he didn't post it, and you have not had my yesterday's letter?

128

MOSCOW,
9 *November* '78.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—After posting my letter to you at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, I went to see the bookseller, Soloviev. I found him at home. He had prepared the account and had the money ready. He said something vaguely about the account, and I told him he had better write to you about it; he gave me 109 roubles 90 kopecks, of which 87 roubles are for "*Crime and Punishment*" alone. As for "*The Possessed*," he still has about 200 copies left, of which he "would the others. I have 32 roubles on me and to-day I must buy a pair of boots, because mine got so torn *on the journey* and it wouldn't do to go and see Nekrassov and Meshchersky in them. I am quite well and I think of you all the time. I miss you very much. Kiss Lily and Fedya. I dreamt that Fedya had climbed on to a chair, had fallen off, and hurt himself. For God's sake, don't let him climb on to chairs and do tell Nurse to be more careful! I also love the "incognito." I kiss you all. I will write to-morrow. Please write. As I am away now, for heaven's sake do rest, my darling. As soon as there is the slightest thing the matter either with you or the children let me know at once. My kind regards to Anna Nikolaevna.

Your,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

76

PETERSBURG,

6 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—The first thing I did yesterday was to go to Nekrassov. He was waiting impatiently for me, because the matter was urgent. I won't tell you about everything, but he received me very amicably and warmly. He is very pleased with the novel, although he has not yet read the second part, but he gave me Saltykov's (182) opinion, who had read it and had praised it very much. Nekrassov, however, generally only reads the last proofs. Saltykov is very ill. Nekrassov says he is almost dying. I looked through some of the proofs at Nekrassov's and I took the rest home with me. I did not like my novel very much as it appeared in the proofs. Nekrassov readily promised me some money in advance and gave me, at my request, 200 roubles for the time being. I should like to send you at least 75 roubles and I would do so to-morrow or the day after, but I see there will be absolutely no time. I went to Simonov and took some tickets for a week. The treatment is from three to five o'clock. It is an impossible hour, the busiest time of the day! Instead of working I shall have to sit under a bell.[1] Then I went to the office of the "*Grazhdanin*" and to my great disappointment (and surprise) I heard that the Prince had suddenly left for Paris on the night of the 3rd, after receiving a telegram telling him that his brother, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, had died. He may be away for a month. So I shall have hardly any friends left in Petersburg. I heard at Putsykovich's that "Sine Ire" of the "*St Peterburgskie Vedomosti*" is—who do you think?—Vsevolod Sergeyevich Soloviev! (183) Then I went to Bazunov's, but he was out and I bought a copy of the "*Russky Vestnik*." Then, after dinner, at seven o'clock, I went to Maykov's. Anna Ivanovna had gone to the theatre. He, however, received me warmly, but I felt at once that there was something wrong. Strakhov also came. There was not a word mentioned about my novel and it was quite evident that it was because they didn't want to *hurt* me. They didn't say anything very much about Tolstoy's novel either. (184) But what they did say was absurdly enthusiastic. I said that if Tolstoy had had his works published in the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*" then why was I being blamed? But Maykov only frowned and changed the topic and I did not persist. In fact I see that something is happening here and precisely what you and I had discussed, *i.e.* Maykov has been spreading that idea about me. Just as I was leaving, Strakhov began to say I should probably be at Maykov's some other time and we should probably meet each other there, but Maykov, who was standing there, didn't say a word about how pleasant it would be to see me. When I said to Strakhov that he should come and see me at the Znamensky Hotel on Friday evening, to drink tea, he said: "Yes, I will come with Apollon Nikolaevich." But Maykov refused at once on the pretext that he couldn't come on Friday and that we might probably see each other at Kornilov's (185) on Saturday. In short, it was perfectly obvious that he was badly disposed towards me. Avseyenko has adversely criticised "*The Hobbledehoy*" in the "*Russky Mir*," (186) but Maykov says the article was stupid. I have not seen the article in the "*Russky Mir*."

---

[1] "The bell"—the treatment of compressed air at Simonov's clinic.

I had many proofs to read. I went to bed late but I slept well. It is now two o'clock. I must not be late at Simonov's and I must also look in at the "*Grazhdanin*" office for your letter. Some more proofs have just been brought—the whole of the last two chapters. Saltykov has not yet read them, and I must re-read them very carefully, and I shall, therefore, not go anywhere to-day except to the baths. Good-bye, dear, I embrace you and the children, don't be cross with me for the businesslike style of this letter. I have no time and I don't know whether I shall have any later on.

Good-bye.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Imagine it, Porfiriy Lamansky (187) died by stabbing himself in the heart with a dagger! Still, he was buried according to Christian rites.

77

PETERSBURG,
7 February '75.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I am still very busy and I have no time for anything. Yesterday they brought me masses and masses of proofs and some which had not yet been finally corrected, but all day I wasn't able to begin on them. After writing my letter to you yesterday I went to Putsykovich where I didn't find a letter from you. Then, on returning to the hotel, I suddenly received a notification from the district police officer to appear on the 7th (*i.e.* to-day), at nine o'clock in the morning, to explain about my passport. Knowing that I could not get there by 9 a.m., I went straight to the police station. There was no one there who could deal with the matter and they told me to return in the evening. I was almost late for the bell. Simonov keeps on asking me to let him examine my chest, but I must go to him half an hour earlier for this and I feel I shall be late to-day. After the bell, I returned to the hotel for dinner. The Znamensky Hotel has grown very shabby but the prices are exorbitant. I had hardly sat down to dinner, when Putsykovich came and brought me a letter from you (*N.B.*—He doesn't get your letters until the evening). Putsykovich sat with me while I dined. I consider he is a very decent fellow. Then I rushed off to the police station. They kept me for about two hours. At last, the passport officer appeared : " You have been given an identification card for staying here, but it is only a temporary one, and according to the law you should have changed it for a *permanent passport.*" Of course, that was quite right, but I began to argue. The police officer's assistant (wearing the order of Vladimir) also began to argue : " We won't give you a passport and that's final. We have to abide by the law." " Well, what am I to do ? " " Produce a permanent passport." " Where can I get that now ? " " That's nothing to do with us." And so on. How stupid these people are ! It was only to show off their importance before an author. At last, I said : " There are twenty thousand people without passports in Petersburg and you are detaining a man who is known to everyone as if he were a vagabond." " We know this, we know it only too well that you are a man famous all over Russia, but we must abide by the law. But there is no need for you to worry. To-morrow or the day after we will give you a certificate instead of a passport and that will be just as good." " Then why the devil didn't you say so long ago, instead of arguing ? " Then I went to the baths. On returning I had some tea and sat down to my proofs, and worked at them until half-past five in the morning.

At last I fell into bed. Suddenly I heard from the room next door, which had been empty, laughter, women's squeals and a man's deep voice, and this went on for about three hours. Some merchant had just arrived with two ladies and had stopped there for the night. And so I lay awake, and at last fell asleep for a little while and woke up at one o'clock, but I had only slept for about four hours. I feel that my nerves are upset and I am feverish. I must now drink some tea, write a letter to you, then dress, go to the editor's office for your letter and get to Simonov's in time for half-past two. But how can I do it?

Good-bye, Anya, I embrace you and kiss the children. I shall not be able to get anything done again to-day, but my proofs are ready and perhaps I shall get a good rest to-night. I can only read Tolstoy's novel under the bell, otherwise I have no time. The novel is fairly dull and far too—God knows what! What they are raving about I cannot understand.

Good-bye, Anya, my dear, I embrace you and all the children.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—The historian Kostomarov (188) is lying ill with typhus. Vsevolod Krestovsky (189) is also lying ill with typhus. Simonov says that typhus acts now exactly like a contagious disease, something like the plague, and it has seldom been like this before. But don't worry, my darling Anya, about me. I firmly believe God takes care of us and I love you very much. Your . . .

78

PETERSBURG,
8 *February* '75.

MY DEAR ANYA,—There was no letter from you yesterday and if there isn't one to-day I shall be very worried. I have quite enough worries and upsetting thoughts without that. I went to bed earlier last night, soon after 2 a.m., but as I had not slept the night before I only fell asleep after three o'clock. And then at seven o'clock my neighbours, the merchant and the two ladies, started their squealing and laughter again and they talked so loudly, it was almost like shouting. The wall dividing us is not really a wall at all, but *only a door*. I jumped up, dressed and immediately asked for another room. There was only one free room at three roubles on the ground floor. I moved into it at once and lay down, but I could not go to sleep again. So for two nights I have not had any sleep. I am upset and my hands are even trembling. But I cannot leave this hotel; I have not had my passport yet and where can I go without a passport? I shall have to go to Trepov.

I was late yesterday for my appointment at three o'clock at Simonov's, and I was not in time for the treatment. These hours at Simonov's, between three and five o'clock, are absolutely paralysing my work. They take all my time and I have not started a single thing. I must write to you this morning and do a few things and after that, what time shall I have before three o'clock to get anything done? Everything in the hotel is done very slowly—if I order tea they take half an hour to bring it. As I was late, I went to see Kashpirev and sat with him for an hour. Then I went to Soloviev (190); he was very glad to see me and told me some interesting things. His wife is ill (pregnant) and does not show herself. However, he made her come out when I was there. She is very young, looks like a girl, has a very large mouth and staring eyes; but she is not so bad, so long as she is a girl. In three or four years' time she will be terribly ugly. And here he is tied up for a lifetime with an ugly wife. He receives a good salary from the "*St Peterburgskie Vedomosti*" and is having a story brought out in the "*Pchela*". (191) He is making a good deal of money, and on that score is quite content and well provided for. They still let rooms, but they have two good rooms and magnificent furniture (which is evidently their own) with pictures and photographs on the walls, etc.

Then I dined at Wolff's, came home, and at nine o'clock Strakhov came in. He told me quite sincerely and positively that Maykov had taken no part in spreading any rumours about me, and he wasn't even sure that there were any such rumours. He doesn't quite like "*The Hobbledehoy*." He praises its realism, but finds it unattractive, and, therefore, a little dull. And altogether he said much that was very sound and sincere, which, by the way, doesn't upset me, because I hope to prove to him, in the latter part of the novel, that they were greatly mistaken. The other day he had read an article on "*The Hobbledehoy*" in the "*Birzhevye Vedomosti*" (or in the "*Novoye Vremya*"—Strakhov could not remember which). (192) It was a fairly long one. They did not exactly praise me, but they said in it that until now many people had considered Dostoyevsky's types were partly fantastic; but it was evidently time that people changed their opinions and admitted that they were deeply real, and so on in the same strain. The "*Golos*" has made a rule never to print anything about the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*."

It is now 1 p.m. and I am sitting here with jangled nerves. I shall go to Simonov's and then to the police station, and in the evening I shall go and see Kornilov for a short time and pay back the money. Money is simply running away and I haven't bought anything yet—I can't understand why you don't write. The very thought of my visits to Panteleyev, Polyakov and others, makes me ill. Besides, when shall I have time to do all this? It is awful! Good-bye. I kiss you and the children.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

79

PETERSBURG,

9 *February* '75.

MY DARLING ANYA,—I received both your letters last night. Probably the first had been lying around in the Staraya Russa post office for an extra day. Tell them at the post office not to do this, otherwise I shall worry unnecessarily. The news about the ceiling which fell through is very upsetting; first, it might have killed the children, and, secondly, I can assure you she won't wait until May, but till April, when the threat of our leaving won't be so terrible for her in view of the summer visitors. And it cannot be otherwise, for their redecorated flat near to the park ought not to be let for less than 200 roubles in the summer. Write to me every day, Anya, without fail. I cannot live in this depressing atmosphere without news of you and the children. I had no sooner written my letter to you yesterday than the door opened and in walked Nekrassov. He came "to express *my delight* on reading the end of the first part" (which he had not read before, for he only reads the whole number in its final proof before beginning the printing of the book). "I have sat up all night reading; I was so carried away, and at my time of life, and with such health, I ought not to do this." "And what freshness you have, sir" (he liked the last scene with Liza, best of all). "Such freshness at our age is most unusual, and not another writer possesses it. In Leo Tolstoy's last novel there was merely a repetition of what I had already read in his other books, only it was much better before" (it was Nekrassov who said this!). He considers the suicide scene and the story as "the height of perfection." And, imagine it, he also likes the first two chapters. "The weakest of all" he said, "is your eighth chapter" (that is the one where he hid himself at Tatiana Pavlovna's). "There are too many purely external events in it." Well? When I was re-reading the proofs, I too liked the eighth chapter least of all, and I threw much out of it. Nekrassov is altogether terribly pleased. "I have come to discuss the future with you. For goodness' sake don't hurry and don't spoil your work, for you have begun far too well." There and then I told him my plan: that is, to miss March, then to give the second part in April and May, to leave June out, and to give the third part in July and August and so on. He readily agreed to everything: " Only don't spoil it." Then about money: " You are entitled to about 900 roubles, you have had 200, and consequently there are nearly 700 roubles due to you. If we add 500 in advance—would that be enough ? " I replied, " My dear friend, add a thousand." He agreed immediately, " I only said that because I know that before you go abroad in the summer you will again need money." In a word, I see that they value me most highly in the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski*," and that Nekrassov wants to be on friendly terms with me. He stayed with me for about an hour and a half, so that again I was nearly late for Simonov. All day yesterday I was quite ill with jangled nerves, because I had not slept. I assume I shall have the money either to-morrow or the day after to-morrow. Then, Anya, I shall send you about 1000 roubles, which is what we ought to have left over according to our calculations. Until then, borrow some, say from the priest. For I have not only no time to send you the 75 roubles I promised, but I haven't got them, because money simply runs away like water. Last night I was at Kornilov's and gave him 45 roubles, my tenth payment into the *Slav Committee* (193) and to " *the Lovers* " (194) and 25 roubles " *From the unknown* " (a bet). (195) Kornilov received me remarkably amiably and very courteously. He asked me many questions, walked about with me, talked about me, recommended me and introduced me to people (among others he introduced me to his eldest brother) (Ed.: *several words crossed out and illegible*). There were about twenty people there (Maykov did not come). Strakhov was there and invited me for Monday evening. The fact is, my darling Anya, for lack of money I cannot go to see anyone. But worst of all is this Simonov's clinic: it is fixed for such awful hours, between three and five o'clock, so that it paralyses all my day. Of course, I should get up earlier (about nine) and go to bed earlier. But these two nights have worn me out. I slept for less than four hours. Last night I thought of making up lost time and went to bed at two o'clock, but my nerves were so upset I could not go to sleep for about an hour and a half. I woke up continually during the night, and although I did not get up until after ten I had still not had a full seven hours' sleep. From to-morrow, Monday, I must somehow or other set to work. I have quite forgotten some of your instructions; for instance, should I give Polyakov some money or not ? Still, I think I shall manage everything, don't worry. I am only worried about you. Good-bye, my angel, I love you and I feel lonely, and beyond that I feel a terrible need for you. I kiss the children and bless them. I hope to leave here on the 15th for certain, or perhaps sooner. I embrace you, my darling, keep well, and let me know every detail. Remember me to everyone.

All yours, your husband, who kisses you,

F. Dostoyevsky.

80

Monday, 10 *February* '75.

My darling Anya,

I had no letter from you yesterday. It would be better if, when you wrote, you were to hand your letters in to the post office in the evening rather than in the morning. You say that you also have not heard from me. I post the letters myself every day and I write every day, but they clear the boxes irregularly, sometimes before two o'clock and sometimes after. I was at the clinic yesterday. This place paralyses all my work. It spoils my whole day by breaking it most stupidly into two parts. From the clinic and after dinner, I went to see Polyakov and returned the 50 roubles to him. He did not tell me anything fresh. He said he had some buyers in view and that he and Korsh (196) were going to the estate during Lent and so on. I asked him to write to me and tell me everything he discovers. Then I went to see Prokhorovna and after that came home to go to bed early and to rest my nerves. But that didn't happen. There was some merchant-shopkeeper's wedding being celebrated in the drawing rooms of the hotel—there were hundreds of drunken guests, music and refreshments. I went to bed at two o'clock, but I couldn't sleep until half-past five, because some of the drunken visitors had come up to our corridor and were wandering about and shouting. I jumped out of bed several times, opened the door and swore at them. Now I have a terrible headache. If it were not for the action of the compressed air, which does calm my nerves, I think I should have had a fit with all this irritation and insomnia. Good-bye, my darling, I kiss you, the children and everyone. Tell the children that Prokhorovna sends them her greetings, and loves them and weeps over Fedya's photograph. Both Fedya's and Lily's photographs hang on her wall. Remember me to everyone. As soon as I have some money from Nekrassov I shall go to Panteleyev's, etc. How I long to come home quickly! My health is worse here in many respects. I kiss you and the children.

All yours,

F. Dostoyevsky.

81

PETERSBURG,

11 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—So there was no letter from you yesterday. Perhaps my letters are being mislaid. Still, I write every day. I did hardly anything yesterday. I only went to Simonov's and in the evening to Strakhov. Strakhov knows about my annoyance with Maykov and I think he has told him about it, because Maykov has sent me a letter in which he invites me to dine with him to-day, Tuesday. But I met him last night at Strakhov's. It was quite pleasant, but I don't like either of them and still less Strakhov—both of them are false. I shall go and dine with him to-day, but that is all. My brother Kolya came to see me this morning and is sitting here as I write to you.

I have still not had anything from Nekrassov, but I should feel uncomfortable to go and remind him about it. But if I don't receive it to-day, then I shall certainly go to-morrow. I am waiting impatiently for a letter from you and I ask you *to be sure* to write each day and to post it in the evening. I kiss the children. I want news of them. I am terribly bored here. I have absolutely no news. I kiss you many times and I bless the children. Good-bye. I embrace you all.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

82

PETERSBURG,

Wednesday, 12/'75. [*February*].

DEAR ANYA,—I received your very anxious letter of the 10th (Monday). For God's sake don't worry about me : if I don't feel well then it is only because of my nerves, because I am in an hotel and not in my own home, and with all these worries ahead of me I cannot sleep. Don't be alarmed, everything will be settled and, of course, I won't stay a day longer than I need. Simonov's clinic takes up all my time and doesn't allow me to finish a single one of my affairs. I hasten to write to you and after that I shall go straight to Nekrassov and I will get some money if I can. You ask me to send you some : I swear I haven't a single free minute. If I do get any from Nekrassov—I shall send you money at once ; until then, borrow some from the priest. Last night while Kolya was here, Kornilov came in (to return my call) ; he was most amiable and stayed for more than half an hour. A very nice man. Then, after Simonov's, I went to dine with Maykov. This is what happened : when I was at Kornilov's I hinted to Strakhov that Maykov had met me far too coldly and that I thought he was angry, but that it was all the same to me. Strakhov immediately invited me to come and see him on Monday, and Maykov's letter of invitation was consequent upon what Strakhov had told him about me. Maykov, Anna Ivanovna, and all of them were very nice, but Strakhov for some reason or other was annoyed with me. Also, when Maykov began to ask me questions about Nekrassov and I told him of Nekrassov's compliments, he put on a solemn face and Strakhov became very cool. Yes, Anya, he is a horrid seminarist and nothing else; once before in my life he has played me false, when the "*Epokha*" failed and he only ran back after the success of "*Crime and Punishment*." Maykov is incomparably better, he may be cross for a while and then be friends again, but in spite of that he is a good man and not a seminarist. After Maykov's I went that same evening to the Snitkins; neither Alexander Nikolaevich nor his wife was at home, but I stayed with Mikhayl Nikolaevich's wife until he returned later from his educational institution and I spent a very pleasant time with them talking until 11 o'clock. I shall go there again to fetch your cape.

If I don't leave on Saturday, I would very much like to leave on Sunday. Good-bye, my dear, I am not writing much, I shall tell you everything later. I embrace you and kiss you passionately. I want you very badly. I embrace *all* the children and kiss them many times and bless them.

Your very loving,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

There is a terrific anecdote here about certain people we know. I will tell you all about it when I return.

—I have not yet received my passport, but don't worry.

83

PETERSBURG,

Wednesday, 12/'75. [*February*.]

THIS evening, dear Anya, I received your letter of the 11th from the office and I am writing a reply on the same evening, although I shall post it to-morrow and take it myself to the main post office. I send you, my darling, *nine hundred roubles* (900). I could never have imagined you would be so hard up and that you would write me such desperate requests to send you money. But, my friend, you yourself told me that you could always borrow from the priest or from Anna Gavrilovna. I said to myself that a loan for two or three days, when you were so certain of my getting money, could in no way injure your honour. Such an idea is petty! I wrote to you long ago and told you to borrow some money. Of course I could have sent you part of the 200 roubles which Nekrassov gave me, but I swear I had not a single minute to send it to you. Not only that—sometimes I haven't even the time to go to the "*Grazhdanin*" office. Just imagine, I went to Nekrassov's to-day, took the money from him, drove home to put it into the trunk, when suddenly in walked Vladimir Lamansky. (197) He had heard from someone or other that I was in Petersburg. Surely I couldn't chase him away? So I stayed with him. And it is like that every hour. Also, I still cannot sleep and my nerves are terribly upset, devilishly so. And the main reason is still the same; I had no idea you would be ashamed to ask such good friends for a trifle—especially as you yourself had spoken about it to me! Otherwise, of course, I should have sent you some money, because I should always have had enough to send such a small sum and I could certainly have trusted it to Putsykovich. Simonov's clinic still hinders everything. The whole of my day is lost, but to-morrow will be my last treatment. Meanwhile, I have an endless number of things to do. To-day I went to see Emilia Feodorovna. I shall try to go to the Panteleyevs to-morrow or somewhere more urgent. I embrace you closely—don't be cross with me. Nekrassov gave me 1600 roubles of which 1000 or slightly less are in advance, because we cannot yet decide upon an exact calculation. We can settle that later—I have 700 odd roubles in hand. Money is simply running away and I am spending a great deal here. I kiss the children. I don't think I shall be able to leave on Saturday. Lamansky has invited me for Saturday and Nekrassov wants to take me to Saltykov's on Saturday (and I am very anxious to make his acquaintance). Besides, I have not been to see Koni (198) or Poretsky (199) and I have hardly settled a single money matter yet. I cannot write to you satisfactorily about everything in a letter. I doubt if I shall be able to leave on Sunday, though I should very much like to be with you on Monday evening. I am longing to return to you as soon as possible. I will do my best and I will let you know for certain on Friday, the day after to-morrow, but if you tell Timothy to wait for me in Novgorod on Monday, I think it would be all right. I kiss you and the children three hundred thousand times.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

You wouldn't believe how your request for money has upset and hurt me. Is it so shameful to borrow, Anya? I had no idea of anything of the sort! After all, we are not thieves or swindlers and we have proved this.

Nekrassov met me to-day with these words: "I had your money ready long ago." And all the time I had been too shy to go for it, hoping that he would either bring it himself or send it. If I hadn't gone to see him he might not have thought of sending it for another three days.

I met the bookseller, Pechatkin, at Nekrassov's yesterday. I am afraid he will tell the other Pechatkin—and that one will pass it on to the creditor and the creditor will find me here.

I have not been to Bunting. I have not even had time to buy myself a pair of boots.

I kiss you passionately, your hands, your feet and all of you. I love you and I am longing to see you.

84

PETERSBURG,
Thursday, 13 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,

I have just sent the money to you, but they told me at the post office that it would not leave to-day, but only to-morrow. So you will not have received my letter on Friday and that is why I am writing this to you at Misha's, in the Society of Mutual Credit. And so I embrace you. Everything is quite all right and you will receive the money on Saturday.

I kiss the children.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

85

PETERSBURG,
Thursday, 13 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—I have just sent you nine hundred roubles and you will probably receive them at the same time as this letter, which I am writing this evening, because I shall have no time to write to-morrow morning. I have also written about six lines to you while I sat in Misha's office in the Mutual Credit, because they told me at the post office that the money would not leave until to-morrow, Friday. After that, I went to Simonov's and to Panteleyev. I gave him your letter, but he won't listen to anything and demands another settlement. He wants two bills of exchange drawn by Nadein and is also keeping Kozhanchikov's. It is altogether a great muddle. He is to come and see me on Saturday. After hearing what he said I don't think it is any use keeping him waiting for a long time, and I want to give both bills of exchange back to him ; as for the 54 copies which he sold, but for which no money has been received, he says he cannot get the money. Klein positively will not pay him. He will draw up an account and I shall try and settle with him on Saturday. Then I shall tell him that in future he should write to you himself. He said that if I don't give him the bills of exchange he will hold up the sale of the copies. Because of all this, I don't know how I shall be able to pay Vargunin off, it is quite clear that again I shall not be able to clear everything off. I haven't so much money that I can pay everybody. Then I went to see Vsevolod Soloviev and then to the Snitkins, none of them were at home (Soloviev was at the theatre and the others had gone out to see friends). So I took your cape from one of the girls. To-morrow and the day after I shall have much running about and visits before me. I spend about 3 roubles a day on cabs. Last night I was at Emilia Feodorovna's. I am thinking of leaving *definitely* on Sunday. Tell the cabman. It would be best if it were Timothy. I have just had another letter from you this evening, it came from the office. If you write on Friday then, of course, I shall still get it, but there is no need to write after that. I shall do my best to arrive on Monday, Fedya's nameday (be sure to buy him a drum and a tea service for Lily, but don't give them to them, keep it a secret, for it will be quite impossible for me to buy them any toys here except some little things). My darling, my nerves are terribly upset, I am very much afraid of having an epileptic fit. I can't get enough sleep, that is the trouble. Literally, I don't sleep for more than five hours. I am always wakened up in the morning by noises in the corridor. You have dreams, but I have something much worse. I embrace you and kiss you, also the children many times. I love you all and bless you.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Unless something very unforeseen occurs I shall certainly leave here on Sunday.

86

PETERSBURG,

Friday, 14 *February* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—I have just received your letter of Thursday and I am placed in a most awkward position and am very worried. You have decided, for some reason or other, that I am leaving for certain on Saturday and you say you will send the cab for me on Saturday. Whatever happens I cannot leave, however, before Sunday. I now know for certain that I shall leave on Sunday. But when I sent you the letter and money yesterday I learnt at the post office that you would only receive it on Saturday. I wrote that I was *almost certain* to leave on Sunday. In my six-line letter of yesterday, which I wrote in the Society of Mutual Credit, I think I forgot to say I was leaving on Sunday and so you will only hear on Saturday that I want the cabman to be sent for me on Sunday, while he has already been sent out by you a day too soon. He will wait for the train on Sunday, he will see that I have not come on it and will calmly go back again, and on Monday I shall be left without horses. What a business that will be! In short, I am terribly worried. And how can you think of sending him for me without waiting to hear from me?

I am driving round and rushing about town all to-day as if I were in hell. I haven't been once to the theatre during these two weeks. I have lived in the most abominable way, either running about on business or sitting in the clinic. God knows how many worries I shall have to-morrow. I was at Trishins to-day, at Vargunins, at Buntings, in the Gostiny Dvor and at a meeting of the Slav Committee. All details later. The interest at Vargunins is 156 roubles.—He will send an account. Tell the children that I shall bring them some toys. I am spending a terrible amount of money. I don't know what to do about it. Perhaps I shall be with you on Monday. I embrace and kiss you a thousand times. I bless and kiss the children. Tell them to expect me on Monday. My nerves are very much upset. I have many more people to see and there are many things I have not yet done. I embrace you tenderly. Love me.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I am writing this letter to you at midnight and I shall post it to you to-morrow, Saturday mid-day—consequently this letter will be my last. I embrace you, Anya. I shall soon kiss you in reality. And how I long to see the children!

87

STARAYA RUSSA,
6 [*March*] *April* '75.

DEAR ANYA,—It is only five hours since you left and, of course, we have not much news. I slept for another two hours and I am now feeling rested. The children are behaving beautifully, they are playing, not crying. Fissa has come to see them. You have, of course, reached Shimsk by now, but what will it be like after that? I shall be anxious until I have your telegram. I somehow cannot believe that you will finish everything quickly in Petersburg. Besides, by the time you return, the river will be clear of ice and the roads will be bad. And what if we have to spend Easter without you? That will be very sad. I am thinking of setting to work as soon as possible. Don't go to the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski.*" I will send a letter myself to the office to-day.

I am nervous for you and for all 'the unknown' and I am afraid you may fall ill and that something will happen. I am very worried. I embrace you and kiss you; the children also kiss you.

Whatever happens do what you set out to do. Be firmer with Ivan Grigorievich. *Bind him* by a promise; let him really *do something* and tell him to be more severe, without sacrificing the fate of his children like a foolish man. With such a mother any man would beat his children! He must certainly let the property and he ought to go to the estate himself without any stupid feeling of shame. Only I don't know whether we ought to interfere in this business!

Good-bye, Anya, I embrace you once again and kiss you. Think about us. Buy a new hat for yourself.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

88

PETERSBURG,
12 *May* '75.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I have just arrived; it is now ten o'clock. I am stopping at the Znamensky Hotel in the same room, No. 6. The journey was abominable, I didn't sleep a wink. We waited two hours at Chudovo and the train was worse than ever; every single place was occupied, it was stuffy and there was an awful crush. Your telegram arrived, but no one took it in. Up till now neither the mail train nor the express has come in (10 and 11 a.m.). Still, I am setting out at eleven o'clock on my martyrdom. I shall probably write more to you to-morrow. Although there is bright sunshine here it is cold and there are hardly any leaves out. How are the children? Kiss them often, both Lily and Fedya. I shall try to come back quickly: as soon as I left you I felt very sad. As for you, dear Madam, I love you passionately and I consider you are a most magnificent being. I embrace and kiss you, my dear, the children also.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

For heaven's sake, look after the children.

89

PETERSBURG,

Tuesday, 13 *May* '75.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I am late and I don't know whether you will get this letter to-morrow or not, they only clear the pillar box at the station between 12 and 1 o'clock. Ivan Grigorievich and Olga Kirilovna arrived here yesterday and stopped at the Znamensky Hotel (Room 16) ; but I didn't see them in the morning, but only saw them at about eight o'clock. I went to Nekrassov's and took the proofs home with me and I received 300 roubles from him, and he promised to come and see me on Wednesday (to-morrow), probably to talk about money, which I have not yet mentioned. I am writing all this without details, because I cannot put them all into a letter. Then I went to see Meshchersky, who invited me for Wednesday. He is very well disposed towards me. Then I went to Polyakov. For some reason or other he *does not want* to mortgage the estate, and as he had told me this before, we decided not to. Then I looked in at the hotel and saw Ivan Grigorievich alone, without Olga. Details later. He had not received a copy of Olga's letter and I doubt if he knew anything about her letter. He had found her in Moscow. Then I ordered myself a suit. Then I returned home and, as I had not slept during the night, I was in such a state as I don't remember ever to have been in before. Then I sat down to the proofs, but Putsykovich came in and stayed talking for an hour. Then Ivan Grigorievich came, and after Putsykovich had left, he went and fetched Olga. I had agreed with him not to show that I knew about anything. However, they had evidently come to be *judged*, *i.e.* they told me their whole story as if it had happened to some people on a neighbouring estate, and after that they asked for my opinion upon certain points. Then when they had gone away at twelve o'clock I went back to the proofs, literally hardly able to stand on my legs. I looked through the proofs and went to bed at two o'clock, slept for about ten hours and only woke up after twelve o'clock to-day.

I cannot write anything to you now about Ivan Grigorievich and Olga Kirilovna, because it is all such a muddle that if I try to express it in words I would not be able to express myself intelligibly. Ivan Grigorievich has just been to see me again, they have not decided anything, and in my opinion their situation is hopeless. He only seems to be provided for in the sense of money, and that is only for the moment, namely, this morning. I am leaving on Thursday and I shall be with you, in Staraya Russa, on Friday. To my persistent and repeated questions to Ivan as to whether Olga was going to live in Staraya Russa, he replied that nothing was decided, and it is quite obvious that she doesn't want to. It is a dreadful muddle.

I embrace you tenderly. I kiss the children, Lily and Fedya, etc.

I love you very much.

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I don't know whether I shall write anything to you again from here before Thursday.

90

PETERSBURG,
Wednesday, 14 *May* '75.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—It is now after twelve o'clock at night and I am sitting at home waiting for Nekrassov, who promised to be here exactly at mid-day and he has not been yet. In the meantime, there is an accumulation of work. Korsh sent me his card and asked me to fix a time for meeting him, and Kazansky (200) has already been here twice and not found me in. He wants to come at three o'clock and I cannot even go out to Putsykovich for your letter, because I must stay at home and wait for all these people. I think Ivan Grigorievich and Olga are leaving to-day. Evidently they will not go to Staraya Russa. Absolutely nothing has been decided and the state of their affairs is worse than ever. He does not know what will happen and I think he is very depressed by all this. I am only writing to you now to say that in case I cannot manage to come on Friday, you will not have been left without news of me. I have been to see Maykov and the Snitkins. I have not yet had time to go and see Koni. I simply have not the energy. Don't worry about me. I think about you all and miss you.

4 *p.m.* Kazansky has just been. He talked about the Ryazan estate, nothing special. I will tell you all about it when I see you. Nekrassov has been, I have arranged everything with him, but I shall only receive the money to-morrow. Ivan Grigorievich and Olga Kirilovna are leaving *to-day* for their place in the country, they will not go to Russa. Good-bye, I have much to do and I have not yet arranged anything, and I shall not have the money until to-morrow. I embrace and kiss you and all the three.

All yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

91

PETERSBURG,
Saturday, 25 *May* '75.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I arrived yesterday, but I don't know whether I shall be able to leave to-morrow, Sunday. (201) There is a train which leaves to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock and gets to Berlin on Monday, that is on the following day at midnight. That would be the best, but I feel I shall be kept here to-morrow, and also, I may not sleep properly to-night. Besides, my suit has been delayed at Scharmers for final alterations and they have not yet brought it to-day as promised. They also offered and undertook to make me a white waistcoat, costing 8 roubles, to be ready either this evening or to-morrow morning. But if they bring it after nine o'clock to-morrow then I shall not be able to set off, as the train leaves at eleven o'clock. I have bought myself a pair of boots. I have been to see Putsykovich and Meshchersky. Maykov didn't come to dinner—he had refused beforehand on the plea that he was dining elsewhere. It is too obvious that he didn't want to see me, so I shall not go to see him. I have been to the Kashpirevs. They received me very warmly and spoke enthusiastically about "*The Hobbledehoy*." I have also been to see Korsh: he is somewhere in the country about 50 miles out and he is only in Petersburg on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. I went into the bank to see Misha—no special news, he is quite prepared not to mortgage the estate, but to wait. Alexandra Mikhaylovna is sending up a petition again and insists on taking the matter into court. Polyakov—the devil only knows why—is going to the Government of Ryazan.

I was very tired yesterday. Although I slept last night, and slept well, I should have slept an hour or two longer. There is bright sunshine here, but it is cold. All the women here, without exception, Anya, go about in black, which does not look at all bad. I suppose it is the fashion, but I don't know. Tell darling Fedya that for a long time I could see him from the steamer and I could see Lily bowing to me. I could see you very distinctly as you left the steamer, Anya. My darling, for God's sake look after them and take care of them. I love you endlessly. I dreamt of you all night. Write everything about yourself down *to the smallest detail*. Don't forget the beans and the bath. Good-bye, darling. The next time I write it will be from Ems. It is very possible that I shall not be able to leave to-morrow and that I shall be detained, in which case I shall write to-morrow from here. There are crowds of flats here, but they are all expensive. I have bought Suvorin's book (he tired me on the journey). (202) They will send the "*Russky Vestnik*" to me at Ems. I kiss your eyes and *all* our children.

Your eternal and unchanging husband,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Still, changing for the better.

92

Berlin,

Tuesday, 27 May/8 June '75.

My dear love, Anya,—Last night at midnight I arrived in Berlin and I am leaving to-day for Ems, where I shall be to-morrow. I am writing so as to make you send me a letter a day sooner ; otherwise, you may be waiting to hear from me at Ems and will not write until then, but that is too long for me to wait. I left Petersburg on Sunday at 9 a.m. after no sleep at all ; and I was very worn out by the journey, although the weather was fine and warm. I don't throw my money about, but I have already spent a good deal. The journey here cost 40 roubles for the ticket alone. I slept very badly in Berlin (five hours in all) as I was disturbed by knocking and banging. I had a bath. Prices here are appalling. My trunk was terribly scratched on the journey. I saw how careless they are abroad with luggage, especially the porters.

How are you all ? I think about you continually, about Fedya and dear Lily. I think about many things and worry. Write oftener, be regular in your correspondence. For God's sake, be cheerful. Kolya came to see me in Petersburg. Korsh was out. I did not go to see Maykov. I have seen Misha. I was at the Snitkins. Mikhayl Nikolaevich only smiles at our doubts and says that from all symptoms you ought to give birth splendidly. I am afraid of something upsetting you for you have been so nervous lately. Good-bye, my angel, perhaps I shall write again to-morrow. I love you all very, very much. I embrace you and I kiss the children.

All yours,

F. Dostoyevsky.

93

Ems,

Thursday, 29 May/10 June '75.

My dear love, Anya,—I arrived here yesterday and I went straight to the post, but did not find your letter, which you promised to send " poste restante." This has so upset me that I am very anxious now. I am consoling myself with the thought that you may have posted it on Saturday after 9 a.m. and that it only left on Sunday, while I had already left Petersburg on Sunday, and as I went by express all the way to Ems I have probably arrived before the post in spite of the 24 hours' stay in Berlin. I am wondering whether I shall hear to-day. If I don't hear to-day I shall be most worried. If you have decided not to write to me before hearing from me from Ems, then it will be some time before I receive anything from you. That is why I sent you a few lines from Berlin so as to provoke you to a rapid answer. We must be regular in our correspondence, without waiting to receive letters, and write, say, every three days. To-day, for instance, I am writing on Thursday, I shall send my next letter on Sunday, without waiting for an answer. That, by the way, does not prevent us from writing immediately on receipt of a letter if something happens which requires an immediate answer. I also went to the telegraph office yesterday to inquire if there were a poste restante telegram from you. Altogether I am very worried.

I spent a dull day in Berlin, the weather was windy and rainy. I bought myself an umbrella and a hat. They told me at the hotel that I had paid two thalers too much for the umbrella. I gave 10 thalers for it ; the silk, by the way, is not at all bad. I paid 5 thalers for the hat. I could not find any shirts I wanted, so I didn't buy any. I forgot to buy a cigarette case. I left Berlin at 11 p.m. on Tuesday. At least I was able to sleep for a while on the journey. Yesterday we had a hot, sunny day, but it is pouring with rain to-day, so I don't know how I shall be able to go out. Ems is very horrid in the rain. All day yesterday I was very sad and depressed and again last night I didn't get sufficient sleep but was constantly disturbed. The first sight of Ems produced a wretched effect on me. I went to see the doctor ; he found that I was incomparably better than last year. The sore that had not healed had increased in size, but the other three places, which healed last year, have not returned. He made me strip, examined me very carefully and sounded me. He found that my physique had improved surprisingly during the winter (and that, no doubt, is because we didn't live in Petersburg). He is hopeful of a successful cure. We decided to start the treatment as from to-day, *i.e.* from Thursday. Two glasses with milk in the morning and one in the evening, to be increased gradually later on. I shall begin, to-day after dinner, and drink my first glass, and from to-morrow I shall begin to get up at 6 a.m. If this treatment does not help me, and I have come here in vain, I shall be too unhappy for having been separated from you all at such a time, and for so long, and for having spent so much money.

Yesterday I booked rooms, not at the Hotel d'Alger, they were full up, but two houses away in the Hotel Luzern, not on the 2nd but on the 3rd floor, two good rooms with a balcony. I am paying the same as I would do at the Hotel d'Alger and I have made the same arrangements. Madame Bach (of the Hotel d'Alger) offered me a room without a balcony on the 3rd floor, but although she reduced the price a little and very much wanted me to stay with them, the rooms I have now in the Hotel Luzern are very much better, only I don't know yet whether they will be quieter. I have a neighbour who talks and bangs about too loudly in the morning when he is going out, and upstairs there is an appallingly bad piano student, who tortures me for an hour and a half with her dreadful schoolgirl playing. I shall wait and see, and if anything goes wrong I shall move over to Bach when the rooms I had last year are vacant. My present landlady, Madame Moser, is tall (two inches taller than me) and is as thin as a rake. She is a red-haired German, not very old, and with an official smile. I don't know whether I shall settle here or not.

There are very few Russians here so far, the real season has not yet begun. I have only seen Tachalov, the priest. He is here for a short time. It was he who told me there was no one here yet. There are about 15 Russian names (all of them foreign Russians) in the list published by the Kursaal, and a few unfamiliar names from the aristocracy and merchants. Count Komarovsky (203), a Slavophile, but I don't know him; Prince Vyazemsky (204), the poet from Homburg, is also here, but I shall probably not make his acquaintance; and finally an Aksakov from Moscow, but I don't think it is Ivan Sergeyevich, but it may be the other one, the Nihilist. (205) Nowadays there are many Aksakovs. Tachalov does not know which one it is. So you see I am in complete solitude here, and I can foresee that I shall be hopelessly bored.

If only I could hear from you soon. This uncertainty is terribly hard to bear. How are the children? Write as many details as you can to me about them. Yesterday and all last night I was tortured with thoughts about you and your health. Anya, my darling, be brave, God is merciful, perhaps everything will turn out for the best. I embrace you with all my heart. I think of the children continually. Give Lily an extra kiss and tell Fedya that little horses (donkeys and mules) with red saddles on stand by the bridge. They are very pretty, and little boys and girls hire them for rides. Tell him also that I have already been asked why I didn't bring Fedya with me and I told them I would certainly bring him next summer. Tell them I shall bring them presents. Write to me, Anya, *in greater detail* how you spend your time.

Money goes very quickly here. The fare was not cheap, nor is living cheap here. Yesterday I bought some strawberries and cherries before I start fasting for the rest of the time, as all such things are strictly forbidden by the doctor. My digestion has been much better on the journey. It is curious, but my digestion always improves on a journey.

I wore Sharmer's suit for the first time yesterday and I was quite shy about it. It was amazing—I felt just like a fashion plate, I swear I did. It is perfectly made ; I bought a hat, quite a different shape, and I think it suits me wonderfully well. I can imagine what a dandy you will think I am for saying this. I kiss your eyes and embrace you, my darling angel. You are more precious to me than anyone else in the world and there is not another wife like you. I have told you this before, but you don't know how often I feel it. Above all, be more cheerful. And don't be lazy about writing to me. Remember me to everybody. I kiss the children a thousand times. I feel very worn out by the journey ; last night I twitched terribly before going to sleep, which has been happening only very rarely of late. During the first week of taking Kränchen one usually sleeps badly, has bad nightmares, terrible irritability and liverishness and this condition lasts for a week or more.

The Emperor is supposed to leave here to-day. I have not managed to see him. The Emperor William has arrived. All yesterday the band played under his windows. There are crowds of people in the garden, mostly insolent fellows and dandies, and many pretty women of all nationalities.

What if I don't hear from you to-morrow either ? I would have written to you yesterday, but I missed the post, for letters must be posted before 3 p.m. if they are to leave on the same day.

I embrace you all.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Just think of it :—yesterday as soon as I arrived at 11 o'clock and stopped at the hotel, I ordered some tea and roast beef, which they brought to me, but I lay down on a sofa, shut my eyes for a second, and suddenly fell asleep for an hour and a half ! I was so worn out.

94

EMS,
Sunday, 1/13 *June* '75.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I received your letter on Thursday and to-day I am expecting another one again as promised. How I should love to see you and kiss you. I am painfully, deadly bored here. The weather has been cold and rainy since Thursday. I don't remember ever to have known two such days of wind—a regular storm. Every morning it usually pours with rain and then towards evening the sun begins to shine. There are only 13 or 15 degrees of heat at the most and I always wear my overcoat. I should like to save my umbrella, but it cannot be helped; I must protect myself from the rain. Evidently my health is quite good, I have not yet begun to feel any effect of the waters. But then I only drink 3 glasses a day in microscopic doses (4 ounces of water at a time). I want to argue again with the doctor; I shall go to him to-day as arranged. My appetite and sleep are good, but I twitch in the night and I think I shall have a fit. My neighbours in the room next door sometimes make a noise and stamp about, and I am afraid they will not let me work in peace when I once begin. I stay more at home nowadays and read a little. I should like to go out, it is a part of the cure, but it is impossible. At this minute, it is pouring with rain. I haven't a single acquaintance among the Russians, and there are very few Russians here so far. The Aksakov is probably one of the other Aksakovs and not the one I know. On the printed list of arrivals there are some Myasoyedovs, Dundukovs and Webers from Russia. Altogether a number of Germans from Russia. And so I have not a single acquaintance, and I foresee I shall not have a single one. I repeat, the boredom is unbearable. My dinner is brought to me for 20 groschen—it is pretty bad. The landlord and landlady are very attentive to me, and their little children (about the ages of Lily and Fedya) brought me some flowers yesterday. I ought to buy them a present, but there aren't any here. In short—it is very dull here.

And how are you, Anya? I am always wanting to kiss you, and in the night I dreamt of you (you were dressed). I think of you all every free minute, and I have many free minutes here. *Write to me in greater detail* about the children. Dear Anya, how sorry I was to hear that in spite of my request you did not take the baths. First, I should like that woman to examine you, and secondly, the thought that the children go without baths for half a month at a time—is terrible. That hinders the development of their bodies, clogs the pores and does not allow the body to feed on air; it isn't only through the mouth that the body is fed. I was so sad to read *that* in your letter, that I thought about it all day long and I still think about it.—Anya, my darling, I shall manage somehow, and we must try to arrange this for the children.

What else am I to tell you about myself? The "*Golos*" is the only Russian paper at the Kursaal. Putsykovich wanted to send me the "*Grazhdanin*," but I have not received it. I also made arrangements with Bazunov for the "*Russky Vestnik*" to be sent to me. I saw the Emperor William for the first time to-day. The music here is not at all bad, two large orchestras, string and wind instruments. But above all there is boredom, boredom and again boredom. I am sure it will drive me mad. I have not started work yet. As for the rain, I can't even see an end to it!

I kiss and embrace you a hundred times, also the children, talk to them about me, tell them I think of them and ask about them. Anya, my love, don't shout at them impatiently. I believe you, my angel, and I understand how hard it is for you in your present condition, for they probably torment you very often. But for goodness' sake keep an eye on the nurse. All this worries and torments me and I confess my mood is very black.—And most of all I am afraid for you; what if my cure doesn't do me much good—why then did I leave you? I reproach myself and torture myself. Good-bye, my love, I embrace you very, very tenderly. Kiss the children. Remember me to all who should be remembered.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Don't be cross with me for writing about the baths. I love you as my guardian angel who has given me happiness. I am very sad here without you, Anya.

95

EMS,

Wednesday, 4/16 *June* '75.

ANYA, MY LOVE,—I received your letter of the 28th May, the day before yesterday. What a time it takes to come! I thank you for your letter and for going to the baths and for news about yourself and the children. Please have a little variety, go to the theatre and take walks oftener and do your best to be brave, *i.e.* fight depression. In your condition you only need to give in to different moods and it becomes three times more difficult. Above all, write often, regularly, at least every three days for certain, otherwise I shall think God knows what. Talk to the children sometimes about me. Fedya's song is sweet. Give Lily a special kiss. Anya, I am literally in torture here. There isn't a soul I know (if only Kublitsky would come). There is no one to exchange a word with. There are some Russians here, but all absolutely unknown to me and half of them are Russians from abroad and Russian merchants. Is it going to be like this all the time? It is very trying. The weather is abominable. Until yesterday there was nothing but wind and rain, but yesterday it only rained three times in the day. In the mornings at 7 o'clock there are about 13 or 14 degrees and then by 2 o'clock it rises to 24, then suddenly within an hour there is a strong wind and it drops again to 15 or 14 degrees. I felt I had caught cold the day before yesterday and all day yesterday

I had a terrible cold, I sneezed about two or three hundred times an hour (without the slightest exaggeration), and I used about five handkerchiefs in one day until I was compelled to blow my nose on a towel. In the evening I had such a temperature, headache and weakness that I was quite alarmed ; but this morning I got up feeling incomparably better than I imagined possible when I went to bed. Although I still have a cold it is very much better. I have no temperature and only a slight headache. The main thing that has cheered me up is that my appetite is still the same (it is splendid) and my tongue is quite clean (*i.e.* to-morrow I shall be quite well again). That is why I shall not go to see the doctor, but will go at the right time so as not to pay any extra thalers. Then there is always infernal boredom and inexpressible misery. There are many people here, five thousand names are already on the Kursaal list. They are incredibly pretentious, conventional, abominably rude and they all have hideous faces. There are absolutely no distractions, nowhere to go for walks (everything is vile). I went to the Russian Church on All Souls' Day, there were many people there, more than I had expected, but God knows who they all were. The ladies have mincing manners ; they sit down on chairs and faint. While I was in the church three fainted (probably because there was so much incense and no air) ; but, no doubt, they are quite able to dance through the night and eat enough dinner to satisfy two peasants. Horrible ! The doctor has added three glasses of 6 ounces in the mornings and two of 4 ounces after dinner. He hasn't said anything yet about the treatment. But the worst of it is I haven't even thought about beginning my work. I am depressed, and all these ailments and unpleasantnesses knock the desire out of me. And other people think I have gone abroad to have a good time. Anna Gavrilovna and Alexandra Pavlovna think so, I am sure. By the way, which one of them was it who wanted a picture of Gambetta ? I forget ; I haven't found one of Gambetta yet, and besides, I have no time to think about it and I cannot understand the hurry for it to be sent by post. Let them wait until I bring it back with me. If I cannot find it here, then I shall have to look for one specially in Berlin ; I shall probably find one there. My sweet Anya, all the time I am horrified by the responsibilities I have taken upon myself ; I see that, no matter how I try, I shall have hardly any time left for writing. Then, as soon as I leave here, it will be absolutely impossible for me to write on the journey, what with the removal to Petersburg and after that in view of what will happen. I get terribly depressed about it all. And just think, Anya, what are we to decide about the flat in Petersburg : shall I look for one as I pass through Petersburg or shall we leave Russa together and go to a hotel and find a flat later on ? We must decide this quite definitely and finally. Also, about the servants ; it wouldn't be a bad idea if Lukeriya came with us.

I have nothing to write to you about yet. I should like to be able to recover to-day. I take the waters regularly. I get up at 6 a.m. and go to bed at 11 p.m. Life is not at all cheap here, but I am not particularly extravagant. I kiss and embrace you extravagantly but do you love me, my darling, that is the question ? I continually think of you all. Kiss the children and write to me about them in detail. It would be very nice if you told me every detail about the children and also wrote them down for yourself for the future in a separate notebook. How pleasant and useful it would be for them and for us later on, if we manage to live. You once had some such idea.

Dear Anya, believe in my endless love, I implore you to take care of yourself and of the children. By the way, don't dream of worrying about my cold. All that is nonsense. And perhaps after reading this letter, you will laugh and call me a dandy. I wrote : " don't worry," because I know the good, kind heart of my little wife, without whom alas ! I have had to live for a fortnight now. Anya, my dear, love me and think of me sometimes and the thought of that will make me happier.

Kiss the children for me, greetings to all. Is there no news from Mother or Ivan Grigorievich ? Oh ! Anya, how nervous I am lest something happens there again and that it will react upon you. That damned Olga Kirilovna, the vile hag !

I embrace you all, all.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

96

EMS,

Saturday, 7/19 *June* [1875].

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—Once again I implore you to write to me regularly, every three days, so that I can have news of you once every three days for certain—otherwise I shall die of boredom and loneliness here. I too will write regularly once every three days (unless, of course, something extraordinary happens). Still, I hope to have something from you to-day, but I am not at all certain. It is now 11 o'clock and the post office only opens at one o'clock (*i.e.* after the post has arrived and the letters have been sorted). What is the matter with you all ? These four days that I have had no letters from you have seemed ages. I am just the same: dull, sad, cross and gloomy. My cold has gone. At my regular time I went to see the doctor (I go once every five days): he did not find any temperature. Still, I cough badly, I perspire at night, the hoarseness in my chest is worse than it was in the winter and I find difficulty in clearing my throat. Perhaps it is the action of the waters or it may be simply because of this vile climate. It is a second Petersburg. It rained steadily until the day before yesterday, and it was terribly cold yesterday and to-day although there was some sunshine; there are 13 degrees in the mornings and often less, and 15 degrees in the sun at mid-day, exactly as it is in Staraya Russa in the middle of April. I drink three 6 ounce glasses in the morning and two 4 ounce glasses in the evening. I still continue to feel the scar on my lung. Still, to-day is only the eighth day of the cure. It will be too galling if I do not get any relief at all, and I find I have come here to no purpose, wasting both time and money. I am not very happy in my present rooms; under my bedroom windows in the house next door there is a workshop, a locksmith's, and the workmen get up before 5 a.m. and start hammering. Two days running I awoke at 5 o'clock in the morning. I complained to the landlord; he went to them and asked them to begin work at 6, but now all day long it is tap, tap, tap without stopping. It is enough to drive anyone mad and my nerves are going to pieces. There are some rooms vacant in the Villa d'Alger next door—and I don't know whether to move over there or no. I hesitate and cannot decide. Meantime, I have not yet started my work. I don't see how I shall ever be able to write anything. Supposing I have to stay here for about four weeks, well, what shall I do alone without you, and besides, I am not ready yet to sit down straight away and write, the plan is not yet ready in every detail. But after these four weeks (and perhaps it will only be three) when I leave here I can foresee I shan't be able to write; I shall have to run about in Petersburg looking for a flat, and no sooner shall I be back with you than I shall have to begin thinking of leaving again. So when *am* I to start work? I have nothing but gloomy thoughts and doubts and I am always alone, all by myself. You cannot believe how crazy and hysterical this boredom makes me. I don't know a single face, I don't exchange a word with anyone, I am always alone, alone—no—it is unbearable! Never have I had a viler time in all my life. And what if I suddenly have an epileptic fit and am not able to write at all! The thought of that is simply awful and it will probably come to that.

I am hoping you will write something to me, something to gladden my soul for a moment at least, *i.e.* facts, facts, that is the chief thing. But most probably the postmaster will say in a minute or so: " Nothing for you."

Putsykovich started to send me the " *Grazhdanin*." I have arranged with Bazunov for him to send me the fifth book of the " *Russky Vestnik*," and suddenly I see from an announcement in the " *Moskovskie Vedomosti* " that " *Anna Karenina* " is not to appear in it, so even *that* will be boring. At least I interrupted my novel for Nekrassov at the end of the second part, while here it is being interrupted simply in the middle of the third part. They don't trouble about the public very much. My darling Anya, I think we shall have a hard autumn before us in Petersburg. To begin with there is your condition, then my work, money and decisions to be made about next year—*i.e.* what I shall do, how shall I make money, shall I publish the " *Diary* " or shall I not be able to ? I think of all this continually and nearly crack my skull over it. I dream of the children at night. I must work for them—they cannot be left without anything—but how is it to be done ? That is the problem. I look to you for co-operation in everything. Also, God disposes. But all this is far ahead. If only we could see each other soon. Morally I long to see you soon, but *actual* circumstances don't allow this. I cannot return home without having written at least something of the novel.

Money still runs away. It is not so cheap here. In one way and another the money simply flies. They have begun to feed me badly (from the hotel), and I have stopped having my meals from there for the time being, I want to find something better. They have started to bring me absolute filth.—On the 22nd or the 23rd, for certain, I must begin to write and manage to set out a plan, otherwise I shall not be able to bring anything back to the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski*." My dear friend, I kiss you, you are my good angel, without whom I realise I cannot live. I also cannot exist without the children.

Absolutely nothing happens here, at least for me; everything is dull and dead. Both at the Kursaal and in the park there is always a terrible crush and jostling (a glass of Kränchen has already been spilt over my coat).

The people here are hideous. I hear Russian spoken, but the devil only knows who they all are. Certain Myasoyedovs, Varaksins and others. Last night I wandered out into the country; pretty places but sad. There are very many flowers here now. Good-bye, my angel, I embrace and kiss you so much that even you would tire of it. I kiss your hands and feet. For God's sake look after the children, I implore you, my angel. I bless the children and kiss them. I have found a picture of Gambetta, but it is an old one and bad; the face is very stupid, but all the same I shall not enclose it in my letter ; it may arouse suspicion in the post office. They may unseal and read my letter and it will be lost or delayed. It won't harm them to wait a little—I shall bring it myself. I have had to contribute three thalers to the Russian Church here and one thaler for the deaf and dumb.

I have just been to the post and received your letter (Ed. : *three words crossed out*), and was very surprised to see that your letter is dated the 31st May (Saturday) and the postmark of the Staraya Russa post office is the 3rd June ! Surely it has not been lying in the post office for four days ? It probably has, because if it were otherwise you would doubtless have received my letter from Berlin by the 3rd June and you would have added something to your letter about it. It is also strange because I wrote from Berlin on Tuesday, the 27th May, so that even by Saturday, the 31st May, the day on which you wrote you ought to have heard from me. And so the result is that your letter of the 31st May only reached me on the 7th June. I ask you ! I beg you to make enquiries at the Staraya Russa post office and ask them severely what they mean by it. Perhaps someone is reading our letters ? It is funny. I shall bring you the envelope when I come to Staraya Russa ; it is clearly marked on it that it was posted on the 3rd June. The Petersburg postmark is the 4th June. But how is it that my Berlin letter has not yet reached you ? Even if it left Berlin on the Wednesday and not on the Tuesday (as I imagined) then you ought to have had it by Saturday. So I am very worried now, it is terrible ; and my Ems letter should have reached you by Tuesday. I posted it to you from here on May the 29th (old style).

You write that your nerves are upset. I am very sorry, for goodness' sake amuse yourself, go out for walks, go to the theatre. Don't imitate me in my boredom.

Thank you (Ed. : *one word crossed out*) for the few lines. May God keep you and the children safe.

All yours,

F. Dostoyevsky.

And speak to them at the post office. I shall keep the envelope.

97

Ems,

Tuesday, 10/22 *June* '75.

I received your letter, my darling Anechka, on Sunday, *i.e.* the one you wrote on Tuesday, the 3rd June, marked 7 a.m. Still it did not leave Staraya Russa the same day, for the Staraya Russa postmark on the envelope is the 4th of June, and that is because they kept your letter at the post office for an extra day on purpose, so as to have time to send your last letter of the 3rd (28th May), which had been lying about in the post office for five days. If they had sent both letters at the same time their carelessness would have been obvious. Please complain to them about it, Anya, so that they don't do such stupid things again. I am very worried about what you write of your nerves and irritability. What will all this lead to? Everything worries me here, because I myself get terribly irritable. For goodness' sake, my love, don't look on the dark side, there are people a thousand times worse off than we are, and we have got something to be glad of, we have our children. I was so happy to read what you said about them. But I worry all the time, I think of them and about you all day and night; everything is all right now, but what if something should suddenly happen? I fear the unexpected most of all.

In any case we shall meet soon. I don't think I shall stay here for long. And even if I don't have time to write my novel, I shall come back sooner. I don't know whether the cure will do me any good this time, so far I feel absolutely no benefit at all. True, to-day is only the tenth day of the treatment; but much more phlegm gathers than in Staraya Russa and I feel quite definitely that the weak spot is not at all better. Also, the climate is not at all helpful for the cure. Since I last wrote to you and until to-day it has been pouring with rain, literally without ceasing. What good can it do to take a cure in this dampness? I am continually catching slight colds. It is always damp, and to add to that—boredom. I think I shall end by going mad from boredom here or else I shall do something rash. It's not possible for me to bear any more than I am bearing now. Literally, it is torture, it is worse than being in prison. The main thing—if only I could work, then I might be able to forget all this. But I cannot even do this, because the plan has not matured and I see great difficulties. Without having thought it out properly it is impossible to set to, and also, inspiration is impossible in this depression, and inspiration is the most important thing. I am reading about Elijah and Enoch (it is beautiful) and "*Our Age*" by Bessonov. Bessonov's stupid comments and explanations, which are not even in good Russian, madden me on every page! I am reading the Book of Job and it gives me a curiously painful delight: I stop reading and I walk about my room for an hour, almost weeping, and if it were not for the inane moments of the translator I might almost be happy. It is strange, Anya, but that book was one of the first to impress me in my life—I was almost an infant then! Apart from this, there are absolutely no diversions at all, not the slightest, except that twice a day the band plays at the springs, but even that has deteriorated; it is very, very rarely that they play anything interesting, otherwise it is usually some Potpourri or other or a March of German Glory; nothing but Strauss, Offenbach or, even an " Ems Pastillen-Polka "—so that I don't trouble to listen! Also there is this dense crowd of five thousand people in a relatively very narrow space; they jostle and wander about aimlessly like hens. On days when it is raining there is less room than ever; they all huddle together wet and with dripping umbrellas under some gallery or other, everybody at the same time, because they all take the waters and are all obliged to come at a certain hour, and during that time the orchestra plays the " Ems Pastillen-Polka." There are only two Russian papers taken here. I have received the "*Russky Vestnik*"—it is full of rubbish.—Although there are some Russians, there are not so very many yet, and it is just as it was before, they are all strangers to me. I read in the Kurlist that Ilovaysky (the Moscow Professor) (206) has arrived here with his daughter—he is the Ilovaysky who was Chairman of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters, when the passage was read out where Anna Karenina was travelling in the railway carriage, and he got up and loudly proclaimed that we (the " Lovers ") didn't want gloomy novels even if they were full of talent (*i.e.* mine), but that we wanted light and playful novels like the works of Count Tolstoy. I don't know him personally, and I don't think he would like to make my acquaintance, and certainly I shall not make the first move. Still, I do hope someone will come, but then, D.V., I shall be at work on my novel and I shall not have any time. Oh! *what* shall I write and shall I be able to write anything at all? I am terribly worried, because I am alone. Although I used to sit alone at home in Russa, at least I knew that my children were in the next room and that I could go out to them now and again, talk to them and even scold them for shouting—that gave me life and strength. Above all, I knew that Anya was next door, who is truly my other half and from whom, I see now, I absolutely cannot bear to be parted, and the more the years go by, the more impossible it becomes.

Well, that is all my news. I have decided not to change my rooms. I shall remain at the Hotel Luzern. By the way, here is my address in case you need it: Bad Ems, Haus Luzern No. 10 à M. Dostoyevsky (*i.e.* write as usual always poste restante—this address is only in case of emergency). The hotel proprietors are quite nice people; I realise that more and more. There is less hammering under my window and the proprietors' children, aged four and three, a boy and girl, have grown fond of me and bring me flowers. He has a house and some land ; she does the cooking herself and prepares the coffee, while he is a schoolmaster and gives lessons. My neighbours are out all day and only return home to sleep. They are a fine handsome young German from Berlin, a merchant ; and a youth of nineteen, a Frenchman, M. Galopin, a very polite young man. On the floor below, immediately below me, a German family is occupying three rooms. The mother of the family, a fairly stout German, is so absent-minded that she sometimes goes up four flights of stairs instead of two and she comes straight to my door, flings it open and stands there for about three seconds without realising where she is. Then she cries, " Oh, my God ! " and runs down to her own room. This has happened twice, once in the morning—another time in the evening. But then I too seem to be absent-minded—it was only yesterday that instead of going into my own hotel, the Luzern, I went into the Hotel Ganz next door, took my key from the board, *i.e.* No. 10 (the house is arranged in exactly the same way as the Luzern) ; but the proprietor and the servant ran up to me and explained that I was not living there but at the Luzern next door. It was fortunate that they recognised my face and knew I was living next door at the Luzern, otherwise they might have taken me for a thief.

Anya, my darling, write to me every three days and write as many details as possible. I wait for letters as for heavenly manna. Don't be cross with me, my angel, for grumbling in my letters. God grant I may set to work and forget all my moods ! And then perhaps the cure will be more successful. It is sunny and warm to-day. The only thing is I know that I shall never stop longing for all of you ; all the time I am afraid of something happening to you. I have become a terrible old woman in these eight years, Anya ; I cannot bear to be parted from you all, not even for a short time—that's what it has come to. Anya, my darling, I think about the future all the time, the near and distant future—if God will only grant me life, then you and I will arrange something for the children.

My darling, live more happily, go about, take walks, chase away black thoughts. Have you got a doctor ? You should certainly ask one to come and see you. The news of Ivan Grigorievich is very characteristic. He is unhappy in the fullest sense of the word ; I am only afraid that he will not have sufficient patience. But he, like you, Anya, knows what he owes to the children, and by fulfilling his sense of duty will probably pull himself together and won't decide to do anything rash. But with her, one should be more careful—she should be dropped altogether.

I embrace you and bless the children, all of them. Anya, why shouldn't we call her Anna if it is a girl? Let us have a second Nyuta in the family. Do you agree? I very much want this.

Once again I embrace you and all the children.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to everyone.

I *often* dream of you. I have also started to have nightmares (the effect of the waters). I am terrified of having an epileptic fit, I haven't had one for so long. If it does happen then I shall have three in one month; it always happens like that after a long interval. What shall I do then about the novel?

98

EMS,

Friday, 13/25 *June* '75.

MY DARLING LOVE, ANYA,—I received your nice letter of Saturday (7th June) yesterday, Thursday, and I thank you for it. Above all, for the comforting news and that you have called in the doctor. That worried me more than anything else. It hurt me that up to the very last minute you should want to make a secret of it. I also thank you for looking after the children, for being pleased with them and for letting the doctor see them. I still only hear from you once in four days, whereas I write once every three days. I posted my last letter to you on Tuesday. That same day a fog suddenly settled over the whole of Ems; it was milky-white and so thick that it was impossible to see anything beyond 20 to 30 paces ahead of one—it hung over Ems like that for a whole day, with 30 degrees of heat and no wind—consequently there was no air and it was so damp that one didn't know what to wear—if you put on light clothes then you would catch cold because of the damp—if you put on thick clothes then you would perspire and again catch cold. It lasted for 24 hours and then it suddenly began to rain. Since then it has been pouring buckets of rain for three days—when I say "buckets" then please take it literally. It is like a downpour, which in our Russian climate only lasts a quarter of an hour during a thunderstorm. Here it lasts for three days—literally without stopping, the water is pouring down even now—and yet one has to live, one has to go to take the waters. All my clothes are wet through. The soil here is very stony, for as soon as the sun appears it dries up very rapidly, but during these last three days everything has become so sodden that you walk in mud, you get your feet and trousers wet through, and an umbrella no longer protects you. How can I derive any benefit from the cure when I have a perpetual cold—a slight one, but nevertheless a cold and a cough? It is prophesied that the weather will clear up by this evening. As for my cure, I still don't know what to say about it, because, in spite of the climate, I think according to certain signs it may be doing me good. I am now drinking the maximum, four glasses in the morning and two after dinner, but you can imagine for yourself how dull I am and how upset my nerves are. Worst of all, I am worried about my work. Until now I sit and worry and doubt and I have no energy to begin. Works of art should not be written like this, written to order with someone always at the back of you with a stick, they should be written at one's own leisure and inclination. But at last I feel I shall soon sit down to real work; what the result will be I don't know, for in such depression I might spoil even the idea itself. I am expecting to have a fit any day, but it doesn't come. I think it is also strange that I have begun to grow thin, which did not happen last year, although it is evidently the action of the waters. Still, my appetite and digestion are good. Well, that is all about my health.

What interests me most is yourself. I am expecting to hear from you about taking a flat. I assume that I shall not stay here very much longer for the cure, consequently the flat will need to be taken early, *i.e.* probably in the first half of July. I would very much like to return to you quickly; then at least I shall not be so worried about you when I have you under my own eyes. Yes, I shall revive when I am with you all again. And above all, Anya, you will be under my eyes during the difficult time ahead, while here I am all the time fearing some mishap. But the novel, and the question when I shall write it, is driving me simply mad. I dare not be late with it and besides we need the money. Anya, how will things turn out for us this winter? What will happen? Absolutely everyone in the literary world has turned away from me; I shall not run after them. Even the "*Journal de St. Pétersbourg*" (207), which would have praised "*The Hobbledehoy*," was probably told by someone to criticize it unfavourably, and so I read in the last number that *everything* at the end of the second part is dull and "there is nothing outstanding in it." They can say what they like, they can even reproach me for extravagant effects, but they cannot say there is nothing "outstanding." Still I can quite see that the novel is ruined, it will be buried with all honours and with general contempt.—Enough, the future will show, and I am not at all in despair about the future. Only keep well, my helpmate, and we shall manage somehow.

I am quite alone as before, there isn't a soul I know. Quite a number of Russians have arrived, but they are all "from Reval," "from Livland," certain Storchs, Borchs and among the Russian names—Pashkovs, Panchulidzevs, etc. All strangers. But curiously enough ; they seem to know me. A short time ago at the springs I turned to a " gentleman " with the simplest question in German and he immediately answered me in Russian, and I did not even know he was Russian. That means he already knew me, for God knows how he could have guessed I was a Russian ! Besides, I keep away from everybody. Life is unbearable here. The landlady makes coffee and cooks the supper abominably, but I always order my dinner from another hotel (I have given up the first) and they bring me a dinner, which is really twice as good as from the Hotel Goedeke. I have only received one number of the " *Grazhdanin*," they have suddenly struck. It is not worth writing to ask them to send it. I see the Emperor William fairly often at the springs. He is very simple and nice, a handsome old man of 80, but he doesn't look more than 60. He dresses very elegantly in civilian dress. One day, a lady was sitting in the crowd holding a glass of water, she was tall and thin, about thirty years of age, in a very crushed black shawl and a very simple black dress. Suddenly, the Emperor went up to her as if to a friend, talked with her for about a quarter of an hour and as he said good-bye he took off his hat and held it in his hand, and she shook his hand as if it were the hand of the most ordinary mortal alive, absolutely without any special curtsy. She was some rich Countess belonging to a former ruling house. Yet in that crowd she seemed quite ordinary and our Russian society dames probably looked upon her with scorn as they passed her —and now quite unexpectedly they have opened their mouths in astonishment.

I dreamt of Fedya and Lily last night, and I feel very worried in case something has happened to them. Oh ! Anya, I think of them day and night. Whatever shall I leave them when I die ? If only I could finish this cursed work, after that I could undertake something else—but about all this when we meet. And now I only pray to God that our daily bread may be provided somehow or other. I kiss and bless Fedya and Lily and . . . By the way, Anya, what do you mean by writing about *twins* ? Oh ! you rogue ! But then I kiss the twins too. God help us !—as Fedya says, I kiss you thirty-five times. Write about yourself oftener. I will continue to let you know about myself regularly every three days.

I kiss you and the children a million times.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to those who should be remembered. Has nothing been heard of Ivan Grigorievich ?

99

Ems,

Sunday, 15/27 *June* '75.

My dear love, Anya,—I shall post this letter to-morrow, Monday, but I am writing it on the previous evening, Sunday, because I now intend working in the mornings, and it will always be so in the future. I received your Monday letter (9th) on Saturday; every time I hear from you I rejoice that at least nothing has happened to you, but always the next day I begin to doubt and worry about you. How soon will this torture end?—I don't know. But I doubt if I shall stay here longer than two and a half weeks, or at the most three. I think the cure is doing me good, but God only knows, especially in such weather; still it has not rained either yesterday or to-day, although the barometer continues to show "Rain and Wind." I have decided this about my work; *that the matter is lost*; I have begun writing, but it is obviously impossible for me to send it to the editorial office in time for the 25th June. And if I don't send it in in time then Nekrassov will be angry and won't give me any money just when we most need it, and it will be bad for the novel. Here, however, in this loneliness and misery, I feel I am not writing well, and besides, I am expecting to have a fit any day now. My dear love, Anya, I miss you, that is what is the matter. If you were here, everything would be different in every way. If it were not for this perpetual strain of thinking about this work, perhaps I should feel better. Every day, especially towards the evening, I begin to feel depressed; I feel better again in the morning and that is why I have chosen the morning hours for work.

Thank you for the details about the children, they cheer me up here tremendously. Be sure to get a little book and write down all their sayings. Thank you also for telling me that you are chasing away the dark thoughts and ideas about your condition; only is it true? If you have really become more sensible and determined to chase away these imaginary dangers, I, on the other hand, think of you and worry about you day and night, and it is all because we are separated. Also I daydream about you and kiss you continually day and night. . . . I try to exercise myself so as to tire myself out. I don't sleep well, nearly always less than seven hours. But how is one to go out for walks when it is only beginning to dry up a little to-day? There are absolutely no distractions here, but I shouldn't go anywhere even if there were. I always feel I am wasting time and yet if I stay at home the result is I don't get any work done. I have hardly begun the first page, but I am not pleased with it. Putsykovich has sent me two numbers of the "*Grazhdanin*" at one and the same time. It is appalling what Prince Meshchersky has written in his "*Lord Apostle.*" And Poretsky has quite lost his head over Tolstoy.—One distraction here has been a "Regatta," *i.e.* simply a boat race for prizes on the little river—between Frankfort and Cologne. Our stream was chosen because the Emperor is here and it was arranged to amuse him. They were to race past him—of course there was discordant German singing, which sounded like animals roaring, and music—but the worst of it was it had to take place in the pouring rain; nevertheless everybody, literally everybody, rushed to the railings of the embankment and stood there for over two and a half hours in the pouring rain. The Emperor watched it all from the windows of the Kursaal. The people here are very dull—Germans for the most part, quite a number of Russians, the men are fairly presentable, but the Russian women are frightful. They squeal and scream and laugh and are both brazen and cowardly at one and the same time. One can easily hear from their laughter that they don't laugh naturally, but simply in order to attract attention to themselves. The German women are not like that; they may burst out laughing and shout or slap their cavaliers on the shoulder, but it is obvious they are laughing spontaneously, they are not thinking about other people watching them. And how our Russians, especially our "Society people" from somewhere on the Elagin Island, how they would have laughed at such manners; but unfortunately this isn't possible. One of them in my presence shouted after her cavalier: "pst, pst," and when he came up to her she slapped him on the shoulder. And I suddenly heard the voices of some Russian ladies near to me: "What next, who is she?—what manners!" and a Russian suddenly answered them: "That is the Princess of Thurn and Taxis" (which is considered a ruling house); but to hell with such Russian cringers! Also I can never read the Russian papers: they are never free for a single minute, Russians are always reading them. One young Russian keeps the "*Golos*" for days on end in the drawing room and he never seems to move from his seat. I wait and wait and then I have to give it up.

I have nothing, absolutely nothing to write to you about. I don't know when I should tell you to stop writing to me so that you needn't be writing to me after I have left. But then it will probably be best if you keep on writing until the last minute. Don't forget to let me know your decision about the flat; must I look for it now on my way back or afterwards when we have both returned and are settled in a hotel? It is still a long way ahead, however, and I have about three more weeks of torture before me and work, work! It is terrible! This visit to Ems has been terrible in every respect. I only hope I shall bring some health away with me. You say that your money is going, mine is going too, my love, and yet we both need money badly. Well, and what do you think about the nurse and the cook ? Surely we cannot return to Petersburg alone with the children ?

I am very afraid you will hear some bad news about Ivan Grigorievich and that it will worry you. Well, good-bye, my precious angel, keep well (and please do me the favour *not* to appear in my dreams). Don't worry about me, things will turn out all right somehow. Talk to the children about me. Do they remember what I look like ? Please ask Fedya what I look like. The poor things will have to return to Petersburg in the middle of the summer.

I bless you all, I love you and kiss you, and I wait impatiently for the day when I shall be able to leave this damned Ems and return to you all. I love you, all four of you. Good-bye, I embrace you. Remember me to those who should be remembered.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Darling Anya, I beg you to send three roubles, not less, to the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*" fund for the Morshansk victims of the fire. Write the letter thus :

" To the offices of the paper *Moskovskie Vedomosti*."

Please accept the enclosed three roubles in aid of the Morshansk victims of the fire from F. L. and an Unknown (*i.e.* Fedya, Lily and the Unknown) " ; but it would be better to write only the initials " from F. L. and an Unknown," or they may perhaps guess that the Unknown is our next child.

Donations to the fund for the Morshansk victims of the fire can be sent to almost all the newspaper offices and to various departments.

Your D.

Once again I embrace you all.

100

(STARAYA RUSSA) EMS,

Wednesday, 18/30 *June* [1875].

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANECHKA,—I am writing you this letter on Wednesday, but it will only leave here on Thursday, which I have already explained to you.

I received your letter of Thursday, the 12th June, only to-day Wednesday, which, by what you say, should have left on the following day, *i.e.* on Friday the 13th, whereas the postmark of the Staraya

Russa post office on the envelope is the 14th, *i.e.* it only left on Saturday, and I didn't receive it on Tuesday, yesterday, as I should have done, but only to-day, Wednesday. It is obvious that letters are being kept in the Staraya Russa post office and certainly opened, and it is very possible that it is Gotsky. Anya, do go and talk to them at the post office, shout at them and insist on your letters being despatched the same day they are posted. The devil knows what they mean by it!

Of course I read your letter with delight, and I am glad you are all well, especially as I always begin to worry dreadfully about you and the children before I hear from you. I am only sorry, Anya, that you don't say anything about a very important matter, in spite of my repeated questions: namely, how am I to take a flat in Petersburg? (1) Must I definitely find one when passing through Petersburg? and, (2) what am I to do if I cannot find a flat for some time? I tell you, Anya, my time is very valuable now, and if I have to stay a long time in Petersburg, I shall not be able to look for a flat and write my novel at the same time. And, if I do stay longer than a week in Petersburg, then what am I to do? Wouldn't it be better if we were to take a flat on our return to town? If we stay at an hotel, we should pay the same for a room as we should for the flat during the time it stands empty until we move from Staraya Russa. Of course, I am willing to spend two or three days in Petersburg, but I don't want to stay any longer. In any case, I do ask you (and this time I *insist*) to pay more attention to this question of mine, which I have repeatedly asked, and send me your decision. If you answer this letter immediately (with insistence at the *post office* to send it off at once and not after a day or two), then you will reassure me very much. To add to my worries, which are already numerous enough, there comes this worry about taking a flat and (for that purpose) having to stay in Petersburg—it is very tormenting. At least one of my doubts would then be settled.

I can soon leave here, but don't bother about that and continue to write to me. I will let you know when you should stop writing. But at the moment I don't know myself when I shall leave. To-morrow, the 1st July/19th June is exactly the third week of my treatment here. But the doctor says that hardly anyone has a four weeks' cure (and it is quite unnecessary) and that five weeks are only prescribed for most exceptional cases because of special considerations. And so, in eight days' time, *i.e.* next Thursday, the 8th July (new style) and the 26th June (old style), I shall be able to stop the treatment and leave on the *27th or 28th June* (*old style*). Only then will the doctor examine my chest. Now, however, since the cure is not yet finished (*i.e.* the four weeks), it cannot be decided whether I should finish the cure or remain another week. It is quite possible that I shall have to stay another week, and in that case I shall not leave here on the 27th June (old style), but about the 5th July. And so *the only thing that is certain* is, that I shall not stay here longer than the 5th July (old style) (which means that I could be in Russa on the 10th July, if I go straight there and don't stop in Petersburg). Still, I repeat, I am prepared to stay in town for three days. It is quite possible I may find something in three days ; for after all, it is simply a matter of luck.

As for my cure, I can say absolutely nothing positive about its success. I think there will be an improvement. I am well. But it is quite wrong that the waters should be the only cure here ; the doctor never interferes and does not even prescribe the course of treatment. Although there are many doctors, they are all so besieged that when you go to them there are literally about fifty people waiting their turn. And, consequently, they talk very hurriedly with each patient and almost casually. Take me, for instance : a week ago I went to Orth and complained that I was continually catching cold and that I coughed. He examined my throat and told me to take a glass of Kesselbrunnen that day at the spring (another hot spring) and to gargle my throat. I did so, and the same evening I felt some relief. The day before yesterday, I went to him and said : " As the ' gargarisation ' with Kesselbrunnen has helped me once may I gargle my throat regularly, because for several years now I have had a constant irritation in my throat (like a fly in my throat) and would it not help me ? " He was surprised at this and suddenly said : " So you only went once to gargle ? I told you to gargle regularly. And now you have lost a week. Certainly, you ought to gargle twice a day." And so I have lost a week, but it is absolutely his fault, because he positively *did not tell me* to continue gargling, which is proved by the fact that the instructions about gargling twice a day, and the details about how to do it, were only explained to me the day before yesterday, whereas, if he had ordered it eight days ago, I should have known those details then, because everybody here observes them rigorously and they should be explained to the patient from the first, while he gave me absolutely no details whatever eight days ago.

So now throat gargling with Kesselbrunnen has been added to my usual treatment. If I feel any benefit during this fourth week and my throat improves then I shall risk staying here for another week (*i.e.* until the 5th July), because the throat irritation is one of the most important symptoms of my complaint. I never knew until now that here at the waters, close to the springs, there are two rooms arranged especially for " Gargarisation "—one for men and one for women. There are as many as twenty places in the room, rather like lavatory basins, and all the twenty people gargle at the same time. What music! And several hundreds of patients gargle!

Well, that is all the most important news about me. As for the rest, I have absolutely no news or details. I am well and the weather for the last three days or so has not been at all bad (though it is not hot). I am alone as usual. There isn't a soul I know and my German neighbour has left for Berlin and the room next door has been taken by a Russian (I don't know his name, nor do I want to). There are crowds of Russians here—all strangers to me. A certain Mr. Sorokin rushed up to me to-day and informed me that he had seen me at Lizaveta Atamarovna's (Baranov). I had quite forgotten him. He walked by my side and immediately began to talk about literature. I was very glad when he went back to his seat. As for my work, I am not going to say anything to you about it yet; it is at a standstill and not moving at all. However, I have composed a definite plan, but the work hasn't yet begun.—Not a page written yet. What will happen to me?—I cannot understand it. Also I am terribly afraid of a fit.

The details you give about the children cheer me up and gladden me, but why, my dear angel, do you write so little about yourself? Surely you must know how much I love you and how happy it makes me to hear the slightest news about yourself? Kiss the children and talk to them about me, so that they don't forget me. Please write down Lily's songs separately in a book (this is very important and necessary). But what you write about Ivan Grigorievich is simply terrible. That bitch of a woman ought to be treated like a dog and not like a human being. She will cause him much unpleasantness you will see. If only he would decide once and for all to separate from her (*i.e.* give up the hope and intention of ever living together again), then he could act both calmly and sternly, and that would at last bring her to her senses. But we shall see what happens, if only God helps him to keep his head. I hope he doesn't come across Kukarekin; what does he want Kukarekin for? If Kukarekin were to throw Olga over, she would immediately find someone else. I am only afraid that you are worrying about them.

I am very anxious about you and the two. And why two? Perhaps you have had a hint from the midwife? How I long to be with you! And here I have to try and find sufficient peace of mind to work, to write a novel—but how is that possible?

Well, good-bye, my darling, I shall write my next letter on Saturday, but I shall post it on Sunday. I embrace you, I kiss you a thousand times. I bless the children. The dears! You wouldn't believe what a prisoner I am here, Anya! Nobody outside could imagine it!

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

The music has improved to-day (probably with the weather) they played two pieces by Beethoven—it was perfectly delightful.

101

EMS,

Saturday, 3 *July* [21 *June*] '75.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I am writing to you to-day, Saturday, after dinner, but it will only leave here to-morrow, Sunday, just as my last two letters.

You once wrote that my letters arrived late. But your letters always reach me a day later than they should. I have just got your letter of Sunday the 15th June. You say definitely in it that you will post it on Monday (*i.e.* 16th June) at the right time (*i.e.* not an hour late), and that it should certainly be despatched on Monday the 16th. But the Staraya Russa postmark on the envelope shows that it didn't leave until the 17th June (and not Monday the 16th). (I am keeping all the envelopes.) It is perfectly clear that the letters are being kept and read. Ought we not to ask for a receipt so as to show that a letter has been taken and that it will be despatched on such and such a date? But I don't suppose they would give us such a receipt.

Answer this letter to Ems. But don't answer my letter, which I shall post to you on Wednesday the 27th June (6th July), for I don't think your reply will find me still in Ems. I will continue, however, to write to you as usual. But send me a letter to Petersburg (without delay), "to be called for," so that I shall find it on my arrival. Also, in case anything happens to you, I do ask you to send a telegram to Ems to M. Dostoyevsky, No. 10 Hotel Luzern.

I see from your letter, my darling, that you are tormented by doubts about the future event as if you contemplated dying. Oh! Anya, how difficult it all is for me. I know you are very brave, but you are terribly fearful for your health. But cases of unfortunate births are not only rarer than cases of typhoid fever or other complaints, but are far rarer than street accidents, than cases of people being run over by a horse, etc. That's a positive fact, ask anyone you like! Don't be afraid, my friend, remember you are giving birth for the fourth time and accidents are rarer with those who are used to giving birth than with those who are having their first child. Besides, your health has improved considerably from what it was before, thanks to the fact that we have been living for so long out of Petersburg. And so I beg you, think positively about all this and try to pluck up courage. But why should I write all this ? I think that even with all the delays I shall be with you three weeks from to-day and then we can talk, and if necessary, be sad together. I say three weeks, but I look upon that as the maximum, and it is quite possible we shall see each other before the three weeks (from to-day). On Thursday of next week, *i.e.* the 26th June/8th July, it will be exactly a month since I started my cure here, and on Monday, the day after to-morrow, *i.e.* the 23rd June/5th July, I shall go to the doctor and ask him for a final opinion ; should I remain any longer, a fifth week, or should I leave ? I think he will certainly make me stay another week, so I shall finish the cure on the 3rd/15th July, and leave Ems either on the 4th or 5th ; then we must reckon another week for my stay in Petersburg, and round about the 12th July (old style), I shall be in Staraya Russa again. That's what I think will happen, but the doctor *may* make me stay a fifth week. They consider it most important here not to overdo the cure. Additional treatment is considered to be even harmful. I have bought a book about Ems and its environs—a Russian one, published in Petersburg last year. (208) Among other things it speaks highly of certain opinions held by my doctor, Orth, about the Ems cure. It also mentions the harm which is often caused by too long a cure and excessive drinking of the waters. They specially mention the opinion of doctors (with innumerable examples), that patients on finishing the course of treatment very frequently don't feel any great improvement in their health, but on the contrary some of them feel worse in comparison with what they felt before they came, and that only a few months later in the winter, they begin to feel great relief and thank their stars that they ever went to Ems. I can undoubtedly bear witness to the same thing having happened to me after my visit to Ems last year. Will it be the same this year ? If so, perhaps that explains why I don't feel the slightest improvement now after a three and a half weeks' cure. As far as I remember exactly the same thing happened last year. Certainly, apart from occasional colds, my cough is infinitely better, but the hoarseness is practically the same. Still, I think the gargling is doing me good. Everything depends upon Orth's decision. The day after to-morrow, I shall insist on his examining me as thoroughly as possible.

I have read one terrible thing in this book ; namely, that it is absolutely essential to change one's former mode of life completely during the cure, *i.e.* to keep to a strict diet, and not to do any mental work *whatsoever*, otherwise there will be no benefit derived from the cure and *definite* harm will be done, and, in the experience of many, the complaint grows worse. In the sense of harm, the *mental occupations are placed first.* What about me then ? Orth told me this last year, but I didn't pay much attention to it. But I didn't work so much last year, or rather I wasn't so worried or troubled as I am this year. Does this mean that just as I have settled down to work I shall have to give it up ? And Nekrassov ? And the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*" ?

I made up my mind and I wrote a letter to-day to Nekrassov (209), in which I explained all this to him. I was very apologetic and asked him the following : (1) to allow my work to appear not in the August, but in the September number. In return I promised to write well (and I do believe I shall write well, the plan has succeeded admirably, and it wasn't in vain that I worked at it for so long). (2) If it was impossible for him to accept this suggestion, then I told him I absolutely could not send him more than two and a half sheets for the August number, and in that case the whole effect would be lost. I asked him to send me an immediate reply to my request, not to Ems, but to the offices of the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*," where I should find it on passing through Petersburg. I sent a letter to the office of the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*," asking them to forward the enclosed letter to Nekrassov, to wherever he might be (they would, of course, know his address). I have no idea what his reply will be, but I won't stop my work here, I shall simply cut it down to half. Well, that is what I have decided and I am letting you know all about it. But you will realise, in case there is delay in receiving money when we most need it, that we cannot take any in advance, for we have already done so.

My neighbour is a Russian Jew, many local Jews come to see him, and all the time it is business and a veritable Israelitic consistorium—such is the neighbour God has sent me ! I have absolutely nothing to write to you about ; everything goes on as usual, I am tired of everything, I haven't a single friend and there is always the same varied polyglot crowd. It was hot for two days and now rain again to-day. Still, I feel fairly well and my digestion is quite good and these are good signs. Thank you for news about the children ; for goodness' sake write down all their little sayings and songs in a special book ; I beg you to do this. Anya, why don't you want to call the child Anya, if it is a girl ? If you don't like the name, I do. Please.

Tell the children when to expect me. I don't know what to buy for them. Write to me to Petersburg about the flat, *i.e.* am I to stay and look for one or not ? If I am not to, and I should suddenly see a suitable flat, then am I to take it or not ? In spite of the early date ?

Poor Kublitsky, yes it *is* the same one ; he was a good man. He was at the meeting of the Lovers of Russian Letters, when they were reading how Anna Karenina was travelling in a railway carriage between Moscow and Petersburg. So he wasn't able to wait for the end of Anna Karenina !

Good-bye, Anya, my darling, perhaps we shall soon be together again. I kiss you thousands and thousands of times and I shall be anxious about you because you are anxious. Oh ! I must be with you soon. I kiss the children and bless them. Talk to them about me. Good-bye, my dear, I adore you.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Greetings.

102

EMS,
Monday evening, 5 *July*/23 *June* [1875].

THIS letter will leave here on Tuesday, dear Anya ; I received your telegram at 1 p.m. to-day. It surprised and upset me very much. What made you think I was ill ? It is quite obvious that you are not receiving my letters, *i.e.* one of my letters has been lost. But why worry because of that ? Believe me, my precious friend, absolutely nothing can happen to me. I posted my last letter to you *yesterday, Sunday*. Before that I posted one on Thursday, and before that I sent a letter to you on *Monday*, *i.e.* exactly eight days ago. *Three* letters in eight days. I write constantly and regularly a letter every three days. —I answered you by return, also by telegram, and it was sent at two o'clock. It is now after 8 p.m. and it must have reached you by now, but I am still very worried. To begin with, your telegram was in German and arrived with the words all jumbled. Staraya Russa was called Skraja Russe, and there wasn't a trace of my name left. The wire only found me because it had Haus Luzern No. 10 on it. Perhaps my wire to you will be also jumbled in Berlin, and will never reach Russia, or it may be sent to Ruza. And so, if the telegram doesn't reach you, I keep on imagining that on Friday or Saturday you will suddenly open my door and run in to me here in the Hotel Luzern. Anya, you can't believe how worrying this all is ! How can one possibly get better in such a state of mind ? Just now when I received your telegram, I almost fainted and sank into a chair. I wrote in my telegram : " I am quite well " and now I curse myself for having said " quite," it costs them nothing in Berlin to change the " quite " into " not well." Judging from your mutilated telegram, anything can happen. I shall be in a terrible state of anxiety all this week.

I went to see the doctor at four o'clock to-day after having been absent for a whole week, and I asked him to examine me carefully and thoroughly in view of the four weeks' cure coming to an end in three days' time. He examined me for a long time, thoroughly and carefully, and he found that my chest was in a splendid condition and that everything had healed. But the hoarseness and difficulty of breathing have remained. He said they may pass of themselves and that I might leave Ems, if I liked, on Thursday (after exactly four weeks). Although the gargling with Kesselbrunnen has done me much good during this last week, my throat is still irritated " and if you were to stay for an extra week it would do you good." And that is what we decided. I am to continue the cure for another week, starting as from to-day. To-day is the 5th July/23rd June, and next Monday will be the 11th July/30th June, so that next Monday (*i.e.* 30th June old style), in exactly a week's time, I shall leave here. So don't write again to me here, but write to me " poste restante " at Petersburg *as soon as you get this letter.* Tell me in that letter: whether I should take a flat in Petersburg, in spite of the early date, or whether I am not to and how long I should stay looking for one, etc. I ask you to do this most insistently and for the last time.

You will understand that since my yesterday's letter, which you will most probably receive before this one, nothing new could have happened, except that my novel is absolutely at a standstill and that I cannot write. I am waiting for peace and I shall have it some day. But living here is appallingly wearisome, I shall long remember this hellish month.

Don't forget to write something to me in your letter about the children.

If I leave here on the 11th/30th, then I shall be in Petersburg on the Friday or even Thursday. And if I don't need to sit in Petersburg too long, then I can be in Staraya Russa by Monday the 7th July. That means in exactly two weeks' time.

Good-bye, for God's sake be calm; there is so little time now before we meet. I embrace and kiss you, and I shall dream about you all the time. I bless the children. Greetings (tell me, is there anything I can buy for you in Petersburg?). Tell the children I shall soon be back now.

Always your eternal and changeless,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

If the slightest thing happens to you (pray God it doesn't) in a certain respect, then send me a telegram at once to Ems, until the 30th June (old style). I shall be here. In such a nervous state as yours something may happen. Oh! Anya, how hard it is not to be together and at such a time!

103

EMS,

Wednesday, 25 *June/7 July* [1875].

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—This letter will leave here to-morrow, Thursday.—I am only writing a few lines to you now, I sent a letter to you yesterday, Tuesday. I received your letter yesterday (written on Wednesday the 18th, but which only left Russa in Friday 20th and not Thursday 19th, judging by the Staraya Russa postmark). In that letter, among other things, you write about my finding a flat on my way through Petersburg and suggest coming yourself to look for a flat with me. It is because of this point that I hasten to write to you. It would be absoluely mad for you to come to me in your present condition. *For God's sake*, don't even dream of coming. You would only wear yourself out unnecessarily. I can find a flat by myself, only I shall not spend more than three or four days looking for one. I hope I shall be able to find one in that time. You evidently did not understand me at first: I didn't suggest that you should come to Petersburg to help me to look for a flat, but I thought of leaving Russa and coming to Petersburg with the children and all our things; of stopping either at an hotel, or in rooms, or else with relations, and then looking for a flat together; I wrote to you all about this in one of my last letters.—But now I shall find one by myself. In any case we shall see, but don't you move from where you are *whatever happens*. Write to me to Petersburg, "*to be called for*." I wrote to you yesterday and said I was leaving on Monday. And I shall do so (but I shall send you a letter on Saturday). I should arrive in Petersburg on Friday, but it is more likely to be Thursday. I shall write to you as soon as I arrive in Petersburg. My dear love, I implore you to be calm in every respect. My health is excellent, if only we could meet soon. I have a very long journey before me. I kiss the children. Tell them I shall soon be back.

I bless you and love you all.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

104

EMS,

Friday, 9 *July/27 June* [1875].

DEAR FRIEND, ANECHKA,—I am writing a few lines to you again; the letter will leave here on Saturday.

I received your Saturday letter yesterday (it left Staraya Russa on the right day for once, *i.e.* the 22nd, the same day you handed it in at the post office, Sunday). This letter gave me much joy, especially when

I read how much you love me, for during the last few days I have been thinking day and night how much I love you. God grant we may meet soon and then we can talk to our hearts' content. I am in love with you *more* than on the eve of our wedding.—And now a few necessary words. I wrote you, my friend, that I was leaving on Monday, but after certain considerations I have changed my mind ; I shall not leave here on Monday (the 30th), but on Wednesday the 2nd of July. It may even be Tuesday, but I want you to know that it won't, *in any circumstances*, be later than Wednesday. So I shall be in Petersburg either on Friday or Saturday. If I travel on Tuesday, then I shall not write again to you from here, but from Petersburg. But, if I travel on Wednesday, I shall write a few lines from here on Tuesday, the 1st of July. If you don't hear from me for a day or so, don't worry ; it means that I am on my way. I was persuaded to put off my departure for two whole days for two reasons, namely, because I saw from your Saturday letter that everything was all right and that although my letters arrive late they do reach you regularly. I cannot therefore understand what happened on Tuesday when you sent me a telegram. If I leave on Monday, then your letter explaining this may not reach me in time (the express leaves here at 6.20 a.m.) and I shall worry on the way and have to wait for your letter, which will probably arrive on Monday or Tuesday (I have also had a terrible thought ; perhaps the telegram was muddled and instead of " are you really ill ? " it said, " I am really ill.") What if that is so ? In any case I shall find out here and will probably receive a letter before I leave. My second reason for delay is that I shall have two extra days here for taking the waters and for gargling. In this way it will be four weeks and five days of the cure. That is almost the same as last year, when my complaint was worse.

And now, I embrace you, my love, until my Petersburg letter. But most probably I shall write again on Tuesday, only for God's sake, Anya, don't come to Petersburg from Russa. That would be mad. I am only terrified of that now.

We shall probably see each other on the 8th or 9th July.

I embrace you and kiss you countless times. Also the children. At last I shall see them !

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

On no account shall I leave here later than Wednesday.

N.B.—I shall have enough money in Petersburg to leave money in advance for a flat.

Post Scriptum : 10/28 July. Saturday.

I had only just sealed your letter down at 12.30 p.m. to take it to the post, when the postman came in and handed me your letter (Tuesday, the 23rd June, the day of your telegram). So that's why you sent the telegram ? And I had been thinking my letters were not reaching you. But how strange ! And, of course, that clumsy fellow had to turn up to frighten you. I have never felt better in this wretched Ems : I haven't had a fit for goodness knows how long, my chest is evidently better and physically I am quite energetic and fresh. Ah ! my love, how could they frighten and grieve you so ? I can only console myself with the thought that you received my telegram in time. But when ? Very late ? You sent yours at ten o'clock, which means eight in our time (meridians don't exist for the telegraph), consequently your telegram was crawling here for five hours (I got it at 1 p.m. and sent a reply at 2 p.m.). And what if my wire has also been mutilated in some way ? And whoever could have printed such nonsense ? (210) (seriously, of course, and not as a joke, for what would be the use of such a joke ?). Oh ! it's dreadful to be " *a great man* " ! Dear heart, you can now be at ease, but I am not ; I only hope it doesn't affect the confinement ! Perhaps I should wait for your next letters ? I shall leave, however, as arranged either on Tuesday or Wednesday, but if you write anything distressing *in a letter* about your health, then I shall certainly leave at once.—Good-bye, my love.

All yours, I embrace you and kiss you one hundred thousand times.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

We have had three hot days, but it is stormy to-day, windy, rainy, and cold. The barometer is standing at " stormy."

N.B.—By the way, it is quite possible I shall leave here on Tuesday the 1st July.

105

EMS,

Tuesday, 1/13 *July* '75.

DARLING ANYA,—I am writing my last letter to you from here and it will leave to-day. I am still here and have put off my departure until the day after to-morrow, *i.e.* until Thursday (at 6.30 a.m.). Various odd things have prevented me from leaving, first it is the washerwoman who has not brought my washing back, then it is the difficulty of packing my trunk ; I have so many things that it is difficult to get them all in. And among other things I wanted to stay an extra day for the cure. To-morrow, Wednesday, it will be exactly five weeks minus one day since I started the cure. I am doing this, because throughout this last week I have felt so much better after taking the waters that I swear, if it were only possible, I would stay another week or at least until Saturday inclusive (*i.e.* until the 5th, old style). The gargling is particularly successful. That rogue Orth! He is so casual with his patients in spite of the fact that he has as many as fifty patients during his consulting hours! He should have told me about the gargling with Kesselbrunnen a year ago, but he didn't say a word then, simply out of the grossest carelessness. (ED.: *one and a half lines crossed out.*) Still, I think a five weeks' treatment is sufficient. Also I am continually catching cold. It is the fourth day now of rain, wind, storm and cold. At seven o'clock this morning the barometer showed 11 degrees Réaumur. I have got toothache because of all this dampness and I am in terrible pain. I could not have believed it possible; all the roots of the teeth I have left are aching as if my mouth were full of teeth, and the front tooth which is still sound is aching to such an extent that my gums have swollen during the night and it is painful to wear my false set. I shall try to leave on Thursday for certain. I don't know if I shall have another letter from you, perhaps you have already stopped writing to Ems as I told you. Your last letter in which you said you had a headache worried me dreadfully. God only knows, perhaps you are hiding something from me. Well, good-bye, my angel, I have nothing more to write about, but we must try to see each other—again very soon. I have a tedious journey before me. The thought of my novel simply tortures me. I don't think I shall have enough money, if I have to pay a month in advance for a flat in Petersburg; still, I don't know, but don't worry; if I need any I shall borrow some from the Trishins (on condition I repay them at once on my return). Just imagine, Princess Shalikov arrived here the day before yesterday together with her niece, Katkov's daughter (aged 16), who had been ordered to take the waters at Ems. They had left Pelageya Egorovna in Venice where she is sea bathing. We only exchanged a few words in passing and I have not seen them either yesterday or to-day; I shall probably leave without seeing them again.

Dear Fedya, dear Lily! How they love me! At last I shall be able to leave this vile hole and kiss you all. Good-bye, I kiss you all a countless number of times, just as a preface, but later . . . .

Your husband, who adores you,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

106

PETERSBURG,
Sunday, 6 *July* '75.

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND, ANYA,—To-day, Sunday, I arrived by express in Petersburg at 7 p.m., which means that I have been crawling from Ems ever since 6 a.m. on Thursday. True, I spent Thursday night and all Friday in Berlin, but I was dreadfully bored, and I left there at 11 p.m. on Friday. Wednesday night, the night I left Ems, I had an epileptic fit, so that I didn't sleep any more than four and a half hours all that night. Again in Berlin I didn't get enough sleep. You can imagine the effect that journey, especially the part from Berlin to Petersburg, had on me in such a condition of body and soul. My nerves were very upset and I don't think I was altogether in my right mind ; and not even now, for I have still not had enough sleep. To-morrow, I shall have to start looking for a flat, but I would much rather come to you and rest at home. Dear Anya, you will probably realise how tired I am and that I don't feel like giving you any description of the journey ; I write now because I feel I shall have so much to do to-morrow and I am anxious to post this a little earlier. The first thing I shall do is to go to the post office to see if there is a letter from you. I have less money than I expected. I shall have to borrow some from the Trishins ; that worries me slightly. If I don't borrow it from the Trishins, I shall try to find the money somewhere else so as to pay a deposit for the flat, I will tell you later on why I have had to spend so much money. I met Pisemsky and Paul Annenkov on the way. They were returning to Petersburg from Baden-Baden (where Turgenev and Saltykov are at present). I could not help giving Annenkov the 50 thalers (*i.e.* for Turgenev, (211) and that is what has crippled me now. But I *could not* do otherwise ; it is a question of honour. Both Pisemsky and Annenkov were charming to me, but I was suffering in mind and body. They met me in the Hotel (Znamensky) and exclaimed, " Why, we had read in the papers that you were very dangerously ill ! "

I kiss you, my darling, we shall probably see each other quite soon. In any case, answer this letter and address it to the offices of the " *Grazhdanin*," but only once and don't write after that. If there is anything urgent then wire *to me* to the Znamensky Hotel.

I embrace the children and kiss them. Tell them I have arrived safely. Oh ! that damned flat, I curse it without having seen it. Good-bye, my angel.

All yours,
DOSTOYEVSKY.

107

BERLIN,

Wednesday, 7/19 *July* [1876].

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANECHKA,—I arrived in Berlin at half-past six this morning and I am staying at the British Hotel, Unter den Linden. But where are you now at this moment, probably still in Novgorod? I have been terribly worried about you, Anya, all the way, especially as you have not had any sleep during the last few days, but have worked, run about for the four of us, and now comes this removal. I shall not stop worrying and the whole time will be poisoned for me until I hear from you (and when will that be?). I know this from experience in spite of any distraction on the journey. As for me, I arrived safely without anything unusual happening and I managed after all to get some sleep in the train during those two nights. Still there wasn't much room either in the German or Russian carriages, on the contrary, it was packed but the people were bearable. Just as the train was coming into Eydtkuhnen a Jew fastened himself on to me. He had got into the train at Vilna and belonged so to speak to the higher class Jews. He was rich and had two sons in Petersburg, one a doctor and the other a lawyer. The whole time he kept spitting in the railway carriage, it was terrible, he spat whole lakes. With these manners he settled himself down opposite to me, and started to tell me an interminable story of how he was going to Karlsbad for a cure for haemorrhoids and what kind of haemorrhoids he had and when they healed, what kind of sores, etc., etc., and I was compelled to listen to it all out of politeness; but it was absolutely impossible to escape from him and he tortured me for about four hours. I changed 100 roubles at Eydtkuhnen and they gave me 265 marks and a fraction without a murmur, whereas in Petersburg they very reluctantly gave me 262 marks. I was sorry the rest of my money was hidden, so that I could not change it. Then the train rattled on. All my fellow travellers were Germans—amiable and kindly people, merchants who talked about nothing else but money and percentages. I cannot imagine what they thought I was, but they were all very polite and almost treated me with reverence. It was they who made it possible for me to sleep by pulling out the carriage cushions for me, etc. One of them, a young German from Petersburg, kept telling the rest that he had a father in business in Petersburg, that he frequents the best society in Petersburg, that he went bear hunting with a party of people in a very high social position. He acted for us how the bear stood up on its hind legs and roared when he shot it, and how the bear when wounded ran after him out on to the railway line and ran by the side of the train, which was going to Moscow and only died after doing eight versts. This German Khlestakov[1] had a very solemn air and could evidently discuss business and percentages quite sensibly, for the other Germans (especially one of them) seemed to be experts and very sound people. But there was nothing in the German and Russian railway carriages but talk about business and percentages and the price of goods, and about a jolly materialistic life led by camellias and officers. No education, no higher interests whatsoever—nothing. I absolutely cannot understand who the people are who read nowadays and why "*The Diary of a Writer*" should still have a few thousand purchasers! Still, the Germans are a polite and kindly people, when they don't make you lose your temper, in which case, of course, you cannot *help* cursing them. At one o'clock in the morning the guard announced that we would stop for eight minutes at Bromberg. It is an express train and if they say eight minutes they mean three. I ran off to a certain place for a second, found it with difficulty, and then suddenly I hear two bells; I rush back (terribly far away), and suddenly I hear the guard banging the carriage doors to. I run as fast as I can. I get up to the train but I can't find my carriage, for it is too dark to see the number, No. 163. The guard has already gone further down the train, the whistle blows and the train is about to move. Suddenly I hear: 'pst, pst, here, here!' coming from an open window two carriages away from where I am standing. I imagine it is my friends, who having seen me are now calling to me. I run up and see a stranger, a German, with his head out of the window; however, I shout to him: 'Is it here?' He: 'What here?' The devil! I want to run on, but he shouts: 'Hie, there! What are you looking for?' 'Oh, the devil, my carriage of course! Is it here?' 'Oh no! It isn't here!' . . . Then, why did the blockhead call me? Suddenly the train begins to move, I recognise the carriage in front of me! I open the door as the train is moving, my friends help me and I manage to jump in, otherwise I should have been left behind. That is the second time such a thing has happened to me on this journey. Do you remember how we asked a German in Dresden where the Gemälde Galerie was?

Then one of the Germans, who looked fairly respectable and prosperous, suddenly felt sick and was sick all the way to Berlin—through the window, of course. All six of us were very sympathetic and each one gave him advice—one suggested he should drink *more* beer and he jumped out at the next station and drank some, but it didn't help him. I advised brandy.—" Brandy ? Yes, I had thought of that myself ! " So he jumped out at the next station and drank some. The advice even went so far that one man told him to eat a marzipan ginger cake (they were being sold at every station after Eydtkuhnen), and he ate one. Finally, the German Khlestakov advised champagne ; but we were already nearing Berlin and he said he would order some champagne as soon as he got to his hotel in Berlin. It started to rain in the night, and we came to dull Berlin in pouring rain and it is still raining. Meanwhile, I must go to the post office for I don't know what stamps to put on this letter. I leave at 10 o'clock to-morrow for Ems.

---

[1] Khlestakov, a character in Gogol's "Revizor." Translators' Note.

Darling Anya, kiss the dear children and especially Leshinka. Somehow I am particularly sorry for him. I am sorry I cannot walk about Berlin but must stay in the hotel. I think I shall have to buy a rug ; the nights are cold, don't forget to send me Prokhorovna's address and tell me what you decide about the coat. Forgive me, my dear, for all the trouble I have given you. I grudge these 500 roubles for Ems. My only consolation is that I shall make 5000 out of the 500 if I regain my health. My dear, how I long to kiss you. Kiss Fedya and Lily, especially Lily and also Fedya. Talk to them about me, more with Fedya. How dull I shall be. I pray God you may rest and get better, my angel.

I kiss you all over, many times, *as much as on the eve of my departure.* Think of me.

All yours and the children's,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Write about everything, more particulars and details. I shall not write again before the day after to-morrow, after having seen Orth and found rooms.

Your DOST.

108

EMS,

Friday, 9 *July* 27 [*June*] '76.

MY DEAR ANYA,—I arrived quite safely in Ems yesterday at half-past eleven. After writing my letter to you in Berlin, I took a cab to the post office in the pouring rain and after posting my letters, and instead of going to bed (because I hadn't slept for two nights) I went to the Museum to look at the pictures, statues and antiquities, and I spent three hours there. When I came out into the pouring rain I went to the Berlin Aquarium and paid one mark to go in. I had heard so much about it in Petersburg, and I spent two hours there looking at various curiosities, enormous crocodiles, snakes, tortoises, live sea rarities, fish, birds and finally a real live orang-outang, which I saw for the first time in my life ; then I had some dinner and after that I went to buy a rug, but I could not find one and put off buying it until my return journey ; and finally, I went to the railway station two hours too soon for fear of missing the train and out of boredom. I slept a little on the way ; the Germans were again polite, but a Russian and his daughter pushed their way into the carriage—they were all that is hateful, ignorant and bloated with the conceit common to Russians abroad, and the daughter was fat and stupid. They made me quite angry. At dawn, before we reached Giessen I saw a picture of shame in real life. The train had stopped for ten minutes, and as we had not stopped for a long time, everybody naturally ran off to a certain place labelled " Gentlemen," and just at the busiest time there ran into the place, which was crowded with about twenty people, a lady, beautifully dressed, and judging from her appearance, an Englishwoman. She was probably in a great hurry, because she ran into the middle of the place before she realised her mistake, *i.e.* that she had gone into "Gentlemen" instead of the place next door labelled "Ladies." She suddenly stopped, thunderstruck, and then with a look of utter horror and terrified amazement, which didn't last for more than a second, she gave a very loud cry or rather a scream, just as you scream when you suddenly get a fright, then she clapped her hands together, raised them above her head and we all heard the sound of clapping. She must have seen everything, *i.e.* absolutely everything, for no one had time to cover himself. On the contrary, we all looked at her like dummies. Then she quickly covered her face with both hands, turned round slowly (the worst had happened, there was no need to hurry any more !), and bending forward with her whole body, without hurrying and not without dignity, she left the place. I don't know whether she went into the place for " Ladies," but, if she was an Englishwoman, I think she must have died there and then from shame. The surprising part of it all was that there was absolutely no laughter at all, the Germans were all glum and silent, whereas in Russia there would probably have been a burst of laughter and a guffaw of delight. I first stopped at the hotel, the day was fairly cold, 14 degrees Réaumur, wind and occasional rain, but they say the weather has been quite good ; then I went to the baths, then changed and went to the post office and to the telegraph office, but of course I didn't find anything there. But they all recognised me everywhere, all over Ems, at the post office (the shopkeepers, porters, shop assistants and fruit sellers), and they all greeted me with a smile. Ems strikes me as being appallingly dull. There is a terrible crowd of people here.

Then I went to see Orth. He recognised me at once and examined me carefully after having made me strip. The result of his sounding and examination is this: that in the upper part of the chest, to the left and to the right, there is an *improvement* (that is why the lung doesn't ache as it used to), but instead, there is a place under my right breast, under the fifth rib, where I complained of pain last winter and which was pointed out by Botkin eleven years ago when he foretold trouble with it—that place has *grown worse* and possibly much worse. Still, Orth says he cannot say for certain, because I had been very strained, travelling from Monday until Thursday; but that in about three days' time, after a rest, he will examine me again. Then in reply to my urgent question, he told me that death was still very far away and that I should live a long time yet, but that, of course, I ought to take precautions, etc., etc., with the Petersburg climate. He prescribed Kränchen, two glasses to begin with in the morning and one at night, with milk and a glass of Kesselbrunnen night and morning for gargling. Well, that is all so far about the treatment. Then I went to find rooms; everything was booked up at the Luzern, but they met me almost with delight and recommended two or three places to me at once; but Madame Bach, the proprietress of the Hotel Ville d'Alger, where I stayed two years ago, caught me as I was passing her gate (she is almost next door to the Luzern) and she drew me into her place. I told her frankly that she was very expensive, although I was very comfortable in her rooms, and, after a little bargaining, she willingly lowered her prices, so that she only asked ten thalers a week for a room and a splendidly furnished bedroom which she used to let two years ago (I remember this) at fourteen thalers. She reduced the prices accordingly for breakfast, tea and supper, and they will even bring me my dinner for one and a half marks instead of two marks, as it used to be two years ago. We came to an understanding and I moved in at once. My room is next door to the room in which I lived two years ago (and it is just like it). But as soon as I moved in I came up against something unpleasant. The room next door (which used to be mine), which is only separated from my present one by a locked door, has just been occupied by two ladies from Greece, I believe, a mother and daughter. They talk Greek and French, but imagine it—they talk without ceasing, the mother especially; but it isn't just that, they literally shout, and without ceasing, without a minute's rest. I have never heard such endless chattering in all my life, and yet I shall have to work, read and write—how can I with such endless chattering going on? That is why I should very much like to move up to the top floor, which is cheaper and without a balcony, not so nice a room, but it is quiet. But Madame

Bach says she has already promised it and doesn't know now what to do. It would be a good thing if she came to some decision. My address, in case you may need it, is Bad Ems, Germany, to M. Dostoyevsky, poste restante, and in urgent cases (telegrams, for instance), Germany, Bad Ems, Hotel Ville d'Alger.

Last night I lived through some very painful moments. It is always terrible for me to be alone. While I was travelling, it wasn't so dreadful, but now when I have to *live* without you all, it is very hard. I think you will probably be with the children by now. How did you get back, you poor thing ? If only I could hear from you quickly. Last night I prayed fervently for you all. I dreamt of you, I wanted to sleep longer, but at 6 o'clock there were people bustling about all over the house and the linnets began chirping next door. I shall begin the treatment to-morrow, for I must have a day's rest, but I shall go and gargle with Kesselbrunnen this evening and probably drink a glass of Kränchen. Anya, my love, look after the children, for goodness' sake keep them clean and talk to them about me. How is Lyesha ? It is Fedya's birthday soon. I embrace you very, very warmly. I love you with all my soul and also otherwise to the last atom, may God give you good health. Remember me to Masha and to all the nurses. Kiss the children. I shall write again on Monday. I shall probably hear from you by then. I kiss your hands and eyes.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I went to the Kursaal yesterday and to my surprise I could not find a single Russian newspaper. Last year there were five or six newspapers. I don't know the reason for this. Still, I shall go again. I bought a printed list of visitors ; there are many Russian names, but all of them are either " Strogonov or Golitzin or Kobylin, Chambellan de la Cour," and then it is only their wives and families—they are not here. Or again Russian Jews and German Bankers or pawnbrokers. There's not one I know.

109

EMS,

Tuesday, 25/13 *July* '76.

MY PRECIOUS LOVE, ANECHKA,—I only received your first letter of Wednesday to-day, Tuesday, and now I seem to remember that last year they used to arrive on the fifth day. They are always delayed in that damned Petersburg post office. But I suffered agonies yesterday, I cannot tell you what thoughts crowded into my head about you. I was somehow convinced that something would happen to you on the way, that you would fall ill or something. You will remember what I told you when I said good-bye to you in Petersburg.—Last night I didn't sleep for more than four hours, I could *not* go to sleep for thinking. This will not help the cure, for the most important thing of all is peace of mind. But, thank God, I am *so* happy now and I am replying at once. Perhaps you didn't like my letter of yesterday ? But what am I to do, my love ? I nearly went mad. The lines crossed out in my letter of yesterday (212) were that if I didn't receive an answer by telegram on Tuesday, then I should leave here on Wednesday, and I should certainly have done so. But, thank God, all is well and I kiss and adore you. I was terribly glad to read all you said about the children. How extraordinarily well you write, Anya ! As I read your letter I kiss it at every three or four lines. I am glad about Fedya and especially about Lyesha, but you hardly mention Lily. I expect more details from you in your next letter, which I shall no doubt receive the day after to-morrow, on Thursday. I must have looked desperate at the post office yesterday, for just imagine it, the postmaster himself, after having found my address in the visitors' list, sent your letter round to my rooms at 10 a.m., immediately after the post had arrived and when the post office was still closed to the rest of the public. It was very amiable of him, especially as he did this himself, because, of course, I should have had no right to ask him to do such a thing. I can see one of our dirty little officials doing such a thing !

Now, I will tell you about myself. I have had absolutely no adventures and I am unbearably bored here. We had two such hot days that I had to change my shirt several times. On the other hand, yesterday, which was one of the hottest days, everything suddenly grew dark ; twice, once in the morning and again in the evening, a strong wind arose, clouds gathered (quite unexpectedly) and it poured with rain, but not for long. It is very easy to catch cold here and I have already done so. The day before yesterday I felt a slight effect of the waters (which did not happen in other years), suddenly a kind of dizziness, but not for longer than a second. I was walking along an avenue and I seized hold of a tree. Then my heart began to beat fast and this lasted until the night, and I had an excessive rush of blood to the temples. But I wasn't at all alarmed ; all this is described in the book about the Ems waters ; the only difference is that I felt the action of the waters too soon, *i.e.* in the first three days. Orth told me yesterday that that was splendid, and he increased the drinking of Kränchen to three glasses in the mornings. I get up at 6 a.m., drink the waters at 7 a.m., and this takes an hour and a half. The band plays and people go backwards and forwards. There is a crowd of some 6000 people. After that at 8.30 a.m. I drink coffee with rusks—the coffee is abominable, but I drink it with great relish. Still, I am not the only man to drink such coffee, all the Germans drink it. They don't know any better in Germany. Then I dine at one o'clock ; two large helpings of soup, meat with potatoes and stewed fruit (two marks). But my appetite is increasing because of taking the waters, and I eat as if it were a dinner from " Dusseau." At five o'clock in the evening I again take the waters and listen to the music, then I go for a walk, at eight o'clock I drink tea, eat a small piece of meat, and at ten o'clock I go to bed. The only trouble is that I still cannot get enough sleep. For instance, yesterday and the day before I was wakened up by my neighbours far too early in the morning. I could not stand my two chattering Greek neighbours any longer (it was absolutely impossible), so Madame Bach allowed me to move upstairs, and now I am occupying two rooms, with not such high ceilings and not so well furnished, but cheaper. Only I don't know whether I shall be comfortable in this Ville d'Alger, although Madame Bach is very attentive. She is a widow, it turns out she is French but from Algiers. And I didn't know it ! At least I can now speak French with her. She is thirty-three years old and her fiancé comes to visit her. He is a most respectable man from Ems, about forty, and owns property. She does not entertain him in her rooms, but sits with him all day long on a bench at the gate. When I go out she always blushes guiltily. I told her the best thing for her would be to get married quickly, although she has three children and she is beginning to look old. Then I bought myself some ties, subscribed to the library, unpacked, sent some clothes to the laundry, gave a contribution to the " mentally deficient children," and so on and so on. There is no one here I know, crowds of Russians ; there are four Russian papers in the Kursaal, but no " *Novoye Vremya*." Two Russians walked past me on the promenade and one said to the other (I heard him) : " You know that is Dostoyevsky." And yet I have no friends here.

Many thoughts torment me, literally torment me terribly. The chief thing is : I must write the " *Diary*," but I haven't any thoughts and I don't know when I shall begin to write—when I asked Orth about literary work, he absolutely forbade it. Of course, I shall take no notice of him, but five days have gone by and I haven't done anything yet. It makes my heart ache to think about the children—but I am not worried about them, because I know you are with them, and on whom better than you can I depend ? The trouble is you may fall ill—and that is what tortures me. You have strained yourself very much lately. Who then will look after you all, Anya ? My love, I do nothing but think about you, I think of you in all sorts of ways. You know that every time after a long separation I have come back and fallen in love with you all over again. But, my angel, it is slightly different this time ; you probably realised that when I left Petersburg I was in love with you. After our big quarrel I would sulk and be impatient when packing for the journey (that is my nature), but at the same time I began to fall in love with you and when I analysed it I was quite surprised.

During the nine years we have been married I have been in love with you four or five times and each time it lasted quite a time (once, I remember it now with pleasure, it was about four years ago, I fell in love with you after we had quarrelled for some reason or other and we hadn't spoken to each other for a few days ; we went somewhere together to see some friends and I sat in a corner and I looked out at you and watched you with an aching heart, and I admired you and thought how jolly you were when talking with the others). Just imagine it—and it has occurred to me now, that I fell in love with you during the last few days in Petersburg and partly because we slept together (it was a long time since we had slept together, not since the children were born, and this must have had a definite effect upon me). Don't say, Anya, that this is too materialistic a thought ; it isn't only materialism. The thought that this being is *mine*, wholly mine, that she doesn't want to separate herself from me and will even sleep in the same bed with me—that thought affects me tremendously. It is quite true that I was an egotist, you slept on chairs and were uncomfortable, but still every time I lay down to sleep towards the morning I felt so happy that you were next to me, that this feeling was quite *new* to me, although we had slept together before of course, but I had forgotten about it long ago. You can judge for yourself with what delight I think of you when we are separated from each other. And I repeat, although I have been in love with you about four times for several days on end at different times, I don't think I have ever been in love with you as I am now. I think of you and have you in my thoughts every minute, and I go over in my mind all we have talked about. But you were so busy and only once, when we were returning from a dinner, the night before I left, and also the mad (Ed. : *a line crossed out*). I remember now, my angel, I allowed you to (Ed. : *one word crossed out*)—but now I am afraid. Perhaps you are laughing at the word. Anya, my goddess, I know that everything is *in your power alone* and (Ed. : *a few words crossed out*), but I prize your intellect and your character so highly and believe in them that I know one thing (Ed. : *a few words crossed out*) but if my Anya says to herself in her heart (Ed. : *five lines crossed out*), but Anya

I believe in your great intelligence (ED.: *a few words crossed out*). Write to me, my love, I would like to write ten pages to you on this subject. I kiss you all over, down to the last atom, and I kiss you every moment of the day, all, absolutely all of you. I love you, Anya, to distraction, don't laugh at me. It is very sweet to me to confess my love to you. Kiss the children. I bless them all.

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to all. Is Mother at home or has she left ?

110

EMS,

Thursday, 15/27 *July* '76.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—Yesterday I received your second tiny letter of the 9th July, and I hasten to reply by return without waiting for our fixed day. The fact is your letter has made me very depressed. So it is going to be difficult for you to improve your health ; but why do you say you will only be able to take fifteen baths ? You may not be unwell for ten days, and with the change of air and different conditions of life you may cease to be unwell in the usual way, and besides, even if you are unwell for ten days you will still have a month or more for the baths ; surely you don't have a bath every other day ? Can't you have one every day ? My angel, all the time I dream about one thing only, how you can get your health put right again in Russa after this year of childbearing, feeding and working at the "*Diary*." Oh ! my dear, my heart aches for you, I have thought everything over, how you have suffered and how you have worked—and for what return ? If only we had earned more money—but we did not even do that, and if there is any reward perhaps it is in the hope for next year, but that after all is only a castle in the air. I have fallen so much in love with you, Anya, that I have no other thoughts but of you. I dream about next winter ; you must get your health back in Russa, and when you return to Petersburg you will do no more shorthand or copying for me, I have decided this definitely, and if we have many subscribers, then you must *certainly* engage a help—Nikiforova, for instance. However, I shall tell you all my ideas in greater detail when we meet. I am glad about the children, so long as they are well. Love Lyesha—I should so like to see Fedya. Don't neglect Lily, and if possible, begin to teach her how to read a little. I think Lily has your character ; she will be kind and good and honest, and at the same time *generous*, whereas Fedya has my character and my simpleheartedness. You know that is the only thing I can boast of, although I know you have probably often laughed to yourself about my simpleheartedness. Isn't that so, Anya ? Still, everything is allowed you ; you are my master, my ruler, my queen, and I am happy to submit to you. That is, I shall remain as I am, for I cannot free myself of caprices and hypochondria ; but in spite of all this, Anya, you know how much I loved you, and now I feel as if I have been renewed and as if I have begun to love you afresh and I have never loved you as I do now. Wait a little, my angel, and I will be with you and perhaps you will see some good in me.

I have almost nothing to say to you about myself : I am dying from boredom here and, above all, I am *without you.* So far my treatment is not going at all well. My nerves are terribly upset, I have throat spasms, which happened very rarely in other years, and only when my nerves were terribly upset. Yesterday and the day before yesterday, I began to feel the first symptoms of a fit, *i.e.* my heart missed a beat, as it often does in the last seconds before a fit, if it occurs when I am awake. The possibility of a fit frightens me, what will happen to my "*Diary*," which I have not yet touched ? Shall I be able to write anything, for I feel so upset and weak ? Still, I go about, take walks, and I have an appetite, but I sleep little, only for about three or four hours a night, because I sweat so. I sweat terribly also in the daytime and it isn't because of the hot weather ; it is the effect of the waters, I know it, and who can say—the waters may not do me any good this time, for they only show good results when the nerves are quiet. At night, however, when I sweat, a nasty dry cough appears. In spite of beautiful weather here not a single day passes without a whirlwind suddenly arising, in the actual sense of the word, and the day before yesterday there was a terrible thunderstorm. It is very easy to catch cold with this continual perspiring.

As preparation for writing, I am re-reading all the notes in my old note-books and I have also re-read all my correspondence which I brought here with me.—I have subscribed to the lending library (a wretched library)—I have taken Zola to read, because during the last few years I have neglected European literature terribly, and just imagine, I can hardly read it, it is such filth. And they shout about Zola in Russia as if he were a celebrity, a beacon of realism ! As for my life here, the food is bad and I cannot say it is very quiet for me ; the lodgers are terribly thoughtless, they are noisy on the stairs, they bang doors and shout loudly. I don't know what Orth will say ; he is only anxious to get rid of his patients as quickly as possible, he never examines them thoroughly except at the first visit and even then he only examines them for the sake of decency, so as not to alarm them at the outset by his carelessness. Still, I may get better, if only I could rest my nerves, then the cure would go well. If you had come here with me then it would certainly have gone well, *i.e.* if only it had been possible. I cannot be *without you* for a long time, that is certain. And yet, when I was leaving you, although I knew it would be hard for me, yet, fundamentally, I was glad that by my departure I should *relieve* you, because I had worn you out by my depression and work, and without me you would be able to *rest*, and your spirit would revive. And then here, in your postscript, you suddenly amaze me. Those four lines are written in such a hurried hand and the letters sprawl as if your hand were trembling with emotion. So you met *him* at the very last moment on Saturday morning? And you add "details later"—which means I have to wait until Sunday. And in the meantime, Anya, I am positively frightened. My dear, my only friend, although I know a husband who doesn't hide his *fear* in such a case makes himself ridiculous in the eyes of his wife, I am stupid enough, Anya, not to conceal it; I am afraid, actually afraid, and if you, laughing your dear laugh (which I love so) added: "Be jealous!" you have achieved your object. Yes, Anya, I am jealous! I have Fedya's character and I cannot hide my first feelings from you. My love, I said to you: "Enjoy yourself." (Ed.: *a line crossed out*). I love you infinitely, your dear rich, generous character (your heart and mind), your generosity, so rare in other women, has wilted and you have been very bored by me, who was always depressed and working, and I could (Ed.: *a line crossed out*) believing in the generosity, the conscience, and above all in the good sense of my Anka—jolly and charming.

My dear, my beautiful one, I write all this and . . . .

Anya, my idol, my dear, my honest (Ed.: *one word crossed out*) don't forget me or that you are my idol, my goddess—that is a fact. I adore every atom of your body and soul, and I kiss you all over—*all, because it is mine, mine*! Good-bye,—when shall we be together again! Write me all details (Ed.: *a few words crossed out*). Which dress did you wear? I go down on my knees before you and I kiss your dear feet a countless number of times. I imagine this every minute and I enjoy it—Anya, my goddess, I bless the children and kiss them. Talk to them about me, Anya! Once again I kiss you and I kiss you every minute, and I even kissed your letter, the second one. I kissed and kissed it about fifty times.

All yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

III

EMS,

Sunday, 18/30 *July* '76.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I received your little letter (of Monday, the 12th July) yesterday. From what you write about nurses I can see great difficulties ahead, and I feel that since that is so, we may not be able to find a good nurse and that won't be good either for you or the children. How annoying it all is—that's your Staraya Russa for you! But there is absolutely no doubt whatever that Praskoviya and Agrafena are both spoiling it all for you. And how loathsome of that nurse if she did beat Fedya! Do you remember four years ago, when we suddenly left Russa for Petersburg and took Lyubochka with us and left Fedya with Prokhorovna? Well, what if we suddenly had to leave the children alone with a nurse now and she took to beating them—what would they have to suffer alone without their father or mother? How their little offended hearts would grieve.—By the way, for goodness' sake, take care they don't catch whooping-cough, about which you write. May God send you a nurse, otherwise you will have no rest or peace. It worries me greatly. I was glad, however, to read that you were going to take baths as from Tuesday (*i.e.* by now you have long since begun them). So you were unwell for three or four days and not for ten, that is splendid; I believe in the waters and that they will certainly make you well. That is my great wish. Write to me in detail about the nurses and about your baths. I was much amused by what you wrote about Lyesha and to hear he was becoming intelligent. Kiss Lily for me for wanting "to work for God" and kiss Fedya, and tell him that all the grown-ups and children here ride on donkeys and that very many dogs are harnessed to little carts, and that one day I shall certainly take him and Lily abroad to see them and to have a ride. As usual, I am terribly bored here, although my nerves are better, I sleep well and am gradually regaining my strength. Orth maintains that all this is the usual effect of the waters, which is to be seen in everyone, and he asserts that my cure is progressing regularly and successfully, and that my chest has expanded and is clear, so that I am now able to breathe more easily and take in more air with each breath. That is actually the case. I live on the third floor, and I go up four flights of stairs without being out of breath. I see Orth every six days and each time I pay him ten marks *i.e.* three thalers and ten groschen (a small gold piece), so that he should be more attentive. I am thinking of describing Ems in the "*Diary*," but I am only composing the "*Diary*" so far. I have not begun writing it yet and it worries me dreadfully. When I go out for walks I always stop when I come near to children to admire or talk to them. I also stop by the little one-year-old babies, imagining I see Lyesha in each one of them. Lyesha will probably not recognise me. A certain Melnitsky from Moscow, quite a young man, came up to me and said he had made my acquaintance two years ago in Ems; I was polite to him, but I don't remember him at all, and now he doesn't come up to me any more. There are a number of very pretty well-dressed women here, but I don't look at them. I read the papers and occasionally Zola. I have finished my tobacco and I now have to smoke the nastiest cigarettes. Money simply runs away, although I am most economical. I think much (with sorrow and pain) about the end of the year, about the " *Diary* " and my promise to Nekrassov. It is terrible, terrible! And, above all, I am quite alone, all alone.

" So that you shouldn't be too worried " (your own words), and this is how you explain your meeting " with him," a meeting with your former fiancé V. in Petersburg! My dear friend, Anya, (although a treacherous friend) I think you are slightly deceiving me, with the best intention however on your part, namely, " to calm me." Being in a pleasantly and happily excited mood, you end up your last letter but one with the famous postscript. This postscript does not harmonise at all with the rest of the letter; it is quite clear that it was suddenly added out of agitation, almost by mistake, and that when you were ending your letter you didn't even know you would write it until in the interval you met *him* (Ed.: *a few words crossed out*). And the handwriting is different, the letters are sprawling, your hand must have been shaking—all that is obvious. Now how could that have happened if the meeting with V. took place four days ago? Why didn't you write about this meeting in your second letter and not in the first? And, lastly, you know yourself, I was never, never jealous of you and V., and you know I won't be jealous, and yet you write " Guess who it was and be jealous." I simply and solely explain it all this way: you met *him* (Ed.: *one word crossed out*), he danced well and reminded you of me. You were drawn to him. Your heart fluttered and so to tease father (which after all was quite innocent and amusing) you wrote the postscript, " Guess who it was and be jealous." Then after posting it, you thought it over, repented, were sorry for father: " he may perhaps be jealous. I had better write about V." (Ed.: *three lines crossed out*). As for V. of course you met him on Monday in the Gostiny Dvor—I quite believe that, so he was useful as an excuse. I have deduced all this, Anya, without being angry with you. I kiss your feet and yet I am unhappy that you should take away my trust, for that is not a good sign to me.—Don't dream of being cross with me; I rely on your good sense, you won't be cross. But, my precious love, it is very hard to dream here and to imagine, to make deductions, to calculate the chances, etc. Well, enough, I kiss you without end, and my love for you grows daily. Don't think that jealousy will increase my love or that to torture a man with jealousy is sometimes good for him.

As for Mr. V., my angel, it was with great, great pleasure I read you had treated him gently and amiably and that you " parted friends." I have thought a good deal about this Mr. V. and I will tell you my thoughts about him when I see you. As for Marie Mikhaylovna's opinion, although she is a very nice woman, she is fairly limited and will never be able to understand certain things. In my opinion your words : " really I was quite touched by such a warm reception " are most natural and noble. One cannot help being interested in such a *sincere* and absolutely *disinterested* feeling as his towards you. So far as I know him through you, he is not the type of man who would suddenly decide to spoil his pure feelings towards you by seeking to make an intrigue ; his ideal of you would then crumble, he would be disillusioned and become unhappy. It would be just the same with you. You are so developed and so generous-minded, that you can understand for yourself that, by overstepping the mark, you would only sadly surprise him and he would not think any better of you, but worse. I shall never be jealous of him, but you must have known that yourself. That is why I can't believe that your words in the postscript : " Guess who it was and be jealous," and the exclamation " Him ! " referred to V. It is incredible. On the contrary, if I were jealous (and I have only once been jealous of you), then I would be jealous of the other one. Don't be angry, don't be cross, my angel, Anya, my precious wife, agree with me that if there is the slightest jealousy in me then it is an involuntary feeling.

Kiss the children for me, don't forget me. May God grant you all peace and quiet, so that you may rest for at least three weeks. Write to me, Anya. Any news about you and about you all revives me here and cheers me up like medicine. I usually read every one of your letters about ten times. Don't worry about me, I can worry about myself. By the way, it is terribly easy to catch cold here. The day before yesterday, for instance, there were 24 degrees of heat in the shade. Yesterday I awoke at 6 a.m., there was a fog over everything, everything was white as if it were the winter. I went out to the springs exactly at 7 a.m. and suddenly I felt so cold that I had to return home and put on my overcoat. When I got back to the springs, I looked at the thermometer—I saw—can you believe it, 10 degrees in the shade —absolute winter ! An hour later, the sun rose, the fog lifted, I went up to the thermometer—18 degrees in the shade. That same day at 1 p.m. it was 24 degrees in the shade—within six hours 14 degrees difference !

My angel, this morning I heard the overture from Beethoven's " *Fidelio*." Nothing greater has ever been created than this ! It is in the light graceful manner, but it has passion, there is passion and love everywhere in Beethoven. He is a poet of love, of happiness and of the anguish of love! Well, good-bye, good-bye all. I pray for you. And so Mother has left. God give you peace. I am terribly afraid for you all! If anything happens to you or to the children—then don't hide anything, write at once.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY,

who kisses you without end day and night.

112

EMS,

Wednesday, 21 *July/2 August* '76.

MY SWEET ANECHKA,—Yesterday I received your letter of the 15th July. First of all and before anything else, kiss Fedya and wish him many happy returns of his birthday; even if I have not mentioned it before, I remembered his birthday and congratulated him in thought. Secondly, write to Mother and thank her from me for her message and good wishes. Dear friend, if Mother has left and you have not got a nurse yet, I can imagine how difficult it is for you to be alone with the children and with such bad servants. Is there really no way of changing them? Otherwise, we shall simply become their slaves and they will wear you out. All this worries me. Believe me, Anya, I am very glad you thought of having prayers said, that is as it should be. But I am very grieved I hear from you so seldom; it is too bad having to wait three days (actually it is four) before I hear from you. My dear love, can't you write every other day to me? Even if there is nothing new in your letter it will calm me simply to read "we are well." I don't ask for a long letter, write only a page (with frequent correspondence it cannot be otherwise), but do write oftener to me. At least I should then be calmer. My angel, I realise that I am becoming more and more "glued" to you all and I absolutely cannot bear to be separated from you as I could before. You may use this fact to your own ends and make a *greater slave* of me than you have ever done before, but make a slave of me, Anya, and the more you *enslave* me the happier I shall be. I don't ask for anything better.

On the night of the 18th I had a dreadful nightmare, that I had lost you. If only you knew, Anya, how I suffered! All your life with me came back to my mind, and I reproached myself that you had been so badly rewarded, and would you believe it, the nightmare was so vivid it lasted all day as well. All that day I thought about you and longed for you and if it had only been possible to see you for ten minutes I should have been immeasurably happy. Write to me without fail and tell me if anything happened to you between the 18th and 19th. And on the following night, *i.e.* at five o'clock in the morning when I awoke and got up, I felt so giddy, I could not stand up and kept falling over, and that lasted for about three minutes. The giddiness lasted all day, although it was not so severe. I went to the springs, then to church, but still it did not pass. When I started to read, the letters became jumbled although I was just able to read. In the evening I went to see Orth (about whom I am beginning to change my mind—he is a fairly sympathetic man, and when one really needs him he is very attentive, and nobody here questions his skill as a doctor and he is quite famous). I asked him to examine me and to tell me if I was going to have a stroke. He examined me very thoroughly, in all sorts of ways; squeezed my head, sounded me, made me close my eyes and then open them suddenly and told me most emphatically that there was not the slightest danger of my having a stroke, that the rush of blood was not to my head, but only seemed like it, it was due to the weakness in the lungs; he said that my stomach was slightly paralysed as a result of taking the waters, and that in such a complaint as mine the stomach was always affected, that it was only temporary, and after drinking more Kränchen the effects would disappear. Also, the waters were having a greater effect on me this time than ever before, but that it was in accordance with the complaint, and that all these attacks of giddiness would go of themselves in a day or two. However, he gave me some Seidlitz powders for the nerves and stomach and told me to take one in the evening without having any supper: "And you will sleep splendidly and it will all pass." I did this, I took a powder and slept splendidly and to-day, the 21st, I feel better. To my emphatic question as to whether my complaint had so far developed that I should not have much longer to live, he laughed and said I should not only live eight, but even fifteen years more—and then added "of course, that depends on the climate, or whether you catch cold, whether you abuse your strength in any way or no, and altogether keep to a careful diet." I write all this to you, my angel, in great detail so that you need not worry about me (I see you are worrying from your letter). Everything goes on as usual here; although my complaint will never be cured completely, no doubt if I take certain precautions it may even get gradually better.

Yesterday morning I met Eliseyev. (213) He is the author of the weekly reviews on home affairs in the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski.*" He is here with his wife. He is taking the cure and he came up to me of his own accord. Still, I don't think I shall have much to do with them. The old " negator " doesn't believe in anything, he has questions and arguments for everything, and, above all, he looks at everything from a superior height. His wife is probably a priest's daughter, but belongs to the category of " advanced " women, to the " negators." When the priest arrived he tried to persuade him to hold a service for the success of the Montenegrin armies (there was a telegram about a large battle and victory for the Montenegrins), and he tried to get me to persuade Tachalov (the priest). He didn't go to church himself, so I spoke to Tachalov, but he very sensibly refused under the pretext that the news of the victory was not sufficiently confirmed (and that was true) ; but I persuaded Tachalov to invite the Russians to open a subscription list for the Slavs. He did this, wrote out a paper (an appeal), which he signed himself and contributed 15 marks ; I signed my name immediately under his and also contributed 15 marks, then he went on from me to Eliseyev, but I don't know whether Eliseyev will sign it or no, for seminarists only like manifestations and do not like to contribute anything. Then the paper is to go to all the Russians through the church beadle. I don't know that anything will come of it. I did not meet the Eliseyevs at the waters to-day. Perhaps he is cross with me because I gibed against seminarists. His wife was quite angry with me ; she began to argue with me about the existence of God, and I told her among other things that she was merely repeating her husband's thoughts. That made her very angry.—What a character and self assurance those seminarists have! They both arrived here for the cure on the advice of a Petersburg doctor, Belogolovov (214) ; but they have not been to any doctor here, and they haughtily declare that it is quite unnecessary. They have started to drink Kränchen without any prescription—"the more glasses we drink, the better," they say, and they have not the slightest idea about diet.

My darling Anya, I have not yet set to work, and I swear it is partly your fault ; I think about you and dream of you all the time and I wait for your letters—and I cannot work. How could any one work in such misery as I was in on the 19th ? But for God's sake write to me about everything and don't hide anything that is unpleasant from me in your letters ; otherwise, I shall suffer and start to exaggerate. Have you found a nurse yet ? Oh ! my angel, it is hard for me here without you. Still, I do everything I should ; I drink the waters, I take exercise, but I cannot manage the food ; they bring me awful stuff. It is a pity, dear, that you didn't send on that letter to me from the provincial who grumbled. I need it very badly for my "*Diary*." There will be a section in it called : " Answers to letters I have received." Therefore, if you can, do please send it to me by the first post without considering the stamps you will have to use and *without shortening your own letter.* Also, write *clearly and accurately and without fail* about my overcoat; where can I find it when I return to Petersburg? Well, good-bye, my angel, I kiss you to the last atom, and especially your feet. You are my mistress and my queen, I am not worthy of you. I adore you and I would not give my wife away to anyone even though I don't deserve her. Kiss the children: Fedya, Lily, and especially Lyesha. I bless them.

All yours, with my whole heart,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

113

Saturday, 24 *July*/5 *August* '76.

MY PRECIOUS WIFE, ANECHKA,—I kiss you passionately for your angelic little letter of the 18th July. My darling joy, where on earth have you got the idea from that you are "the golden mean"? You are a rare woman, and besides that, the best woman in all the world. You yourself don't suspect what talents you have. You not only keep house and look after my affairs, but you lead us all, and we are all capricious and irritating, beginning with me and ending with Lyesha. But in looking after my affairs you have reduced yourself almost to a shadow, you don't sleep at night, but keep on thinking about the sales of my books and "the office" of the "*Diary*," whereas really we are only collecting kopecks—shall we ever have roubles? But in comparison with you, all these are trifles. If you were made a queen and given a whole kingdom, I swear you would be able to rule it better than anyone else—you have so much intelligence, common sense, heart and gift for managing. You add: "How can you love such an ugly old woman as I am?" Here you lie absolutely. For to me you are wonderful and there is no one like you. And every man with a heart and good taste would have to say so too if he were to look at you carefully—that's why I am sometimes jealous of you. You don't know what wonderful eyes you have, what your smile is like or your animation sometimes in conversation. The trouble is that, nowadays, you so seldom go out to see people, otherwise you would soon be amazed at your conquests; but Anya, although you are the queen and mistress of my heart, I would sacrifice everything, even my attacks of jealousy, if you would only go out more and amuse yourself. How happy I should be at the thought of your happiness. And if I were jealous then I could avenge myself through love for you. And I tell you, Anya, quite honestly, that if you would only smarten yourself up even a tiny bit before going out, and dress a little better, you would scarcely believe how very much younger you would suddenly look, how amazingly pretty. Many a time I have been surprised.—The whole trouble is you are always working at home and therefore you sometimes simply (Ed. : *one word crossed out*).

No, Anya, I repeat you must order yourself some new clothes this winter and go about with me or without me, it doesn't matter which. You must enjoy yourself for my sake. You must work less, and whatever happens we must make other arrangements about the " *Diary*," which we will do gradually, but as soon as possible. And, finally, how can you be surprised that I love you so much, *i.e.* as a husband and as a man ? Who, if not you, spoils me and has become one with me —body and soul ? All our secrets, *in that respect*, are mutual. And after all this, why shouldn't I adore every single atom of you and kiss you as I do now without ever tiring of it ? You don't know what an angel-wife you are to me ! But I shall prove all this to you when I return. I may be a passionate man, but do you really think that it is possible (even for a passionate man) to love a woman with such insatiableness as I have proved to you a thousand times. True, all those past proofs are nothing ; but now, on my return I think I shall devour you. (You won't show this letter to anyone, will you ? And no one will read it ?).

Well now about business. Mother has gone away and you are alone, and you don't say a word about the nurse, which means that you are still without one. Well then what rest can you possibly have ? I shall not be at all at ease until I hear about the nurse. I am glad you are taking baths. Dear Lyesha, I shall be so glad to see him ! Write to me also about Fedya. Dear Lily ! Oh ! Anya ! if only we could earn some money ! You write your usual tale—that we are strange people ; ten years have gone by and we love each other more and more. But we shall live together twenty years, and I can prophesy that the time will come when you will write : " We are a strange couple, we have been living together for twenty years and yet we love each other more and more." At any rate I can answer for myself, although I cannot say whether I shall live another ten years. Still, my health is good, but I don't know whether the cure will be successful. My nerves are incomparably better ; when I go for walks I can go twice as far as I used to before I feel tired. Perhaps the cure will be successful. I met a certain Baron Hahn here, an artillery general from Petersburg, with whom I used to sit under " the bell " at Simonov's clinic. He told me that Frerich in Berlin had told him he was *incurable*, but last year he went to a " Wunderfrau " in München (you have probably heard of her, she cures all diseases by some secret method and *cures everyone*, and people come to her from all over the world, and the doctors in Germany dare not say a word against her, because she cures absolute incurables) and she helped him enormously, so that he now feels splendid. He also drinks Kränchen here. It might be a good thing if I were to go to München next summer and take you with me (you who are so anaemic), especially as she charges hardly anything. The entire treatment does not last longer than ten days, so that in case of failure we could always take Kränchen afterwards. I say this, of course, because I am firmly convinced that the 500 roubles spent on the journey would soon be repaid by my being able to earn 5000. But in any case I think both my health and the cure are progressing as well as can be expected. But my great trouble, Anya, is "*The Diary*"! "*The Diary*"! I have just settled down to write and I discover I am impossibly late. I have only twelve days left for writing, but what days! Would you believe it, I have absolutely no time! I get up at six, dress, and at seven I drink the waters. I return at nine, breakfast and rest until ten (or take exercise). From ten I write, half an hour for preparation and then I write until twelve, but from twelve to one, again exercise—this is all as the doctor ordered. Dinner at one, it is impossible to begin work again immediately after dinner and, above all, that time goes in copying out my work (that is why, Anya, you mustn't be cross if I only write short letters in future). I take the waters again at four and home at six. Then I have to sit down to copy out my work, but at seven again I have to get up and go for a long walk. Tea at eight and bed at ten.—So actually I have only two hours for my writing and one and a half hours for copying—it's terrible, terrible! What *can* I write? It isn't like writing in the night at home. And the "*Diary*" I write seems to be so bad, so wretched as if on purpose, when it ought to be as interesting as possible. Otherwise it is done for! In short, Anya, I am depressed, in a state of literary depression. Also I am worried about you; has anything serious happened to you? I feel I cannot get rid of this fear. Anya, I think I shall leave here on the 7th August. I have worked out that I could have another nine days working and writing in Staraya Russa. That would be splendid. My angel, I am at your feet, I kiss you and adore you. I pray to you and for you. I kiss you passionately, all, all of you. I kiss the children. Tell them that papa will soon be back. Ah! my darling, may God keep you all safe. You write that you have no books. But, my friend, there is the lending library to which you could subscribe. Don't stint the money.

All yours, your adorer and your husband who is in love with you.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Anya, my joy, remember (ED.: *one and a quarter lines crossed* *out*). Keep your word my (Ed.: *word crossed out*). It is most important, most important. Do you hear? Do you understand? (Ed.: *a line crossed out*) I kiss the five toes of your little foot. Kiss the children.

114

Ems,
Monday, 26 *July/*7 *August* '76.

My precious Anechka,—I hasten to answer your letter of the 21st (I hasten because I have absolutely no time on account of the "*Diary*"). It was quite unnecessary, my angel, for you to be upset about my jealousy. Although I suffered, I am all right again now, and I always have and always will believe in my Anya. But about that later, when I return we shall have plenty of time to talk. Anya, I have decided that I shall leave here on the 7th August (*i.e.* the Saturday of next week) for certain, because on Friday I shall have had exactly four weeks of the cure). Orth says there is no need to prolong it. The only thing is I don't know whether the cure will do me any good. I am afraid it will only help me a little, although I now feel very much stronger; my nerves are quieter and I have more physical strength. I have to walk twice as far as I used to before I feel tired. But then ever since I came here my hoarseness has increased and yet at the same time my breathing has improved, in other words I don't lose my breath so quickly. What will it be like at the end of the cure? I gargle and I am afraid of catching cold, for I am constantly losing my voice. I shall go and see Orth to-morrow. The Eliseyevs think I am looking much better and were surprised when I told them I was fifty-four; they thought I was *forty odd*. (They are terribly strange people, she is a most comic little Nihilist, although only a moderate one). Whatever happens I shall leave on the 7th and, therefore, dear angel, answer this letter, but after that write on the 2nd August (for certain, *i.e.* write on the 1st, so that the letter shall leave on the 2nd *for certain*). I shall get it on the 6th, *i.e.* on the day before I leave. But don't write any more after that letter, *i.e.* after the one you post on the 2nd. I, however, will continue to write until the last minute and I will even write on the last day, so that you shall have time to send Andrey to the steamer's landing-stage (at the Zvada—is it?). Well, this is the difficulty: although I have decided to leave on the 7th I don't know if I shall get to Russa on the 12th, for I shall probably be a day late and arrive on the 13th. Still, I shall write the day before I leave and, if necessary, also from Berlin, because the letter from Berlin will arrive in Russa before I do.

You write about the children and again nothing about the nurse. You are evidently still without that damned nurse, and you won't be able to rest. And I can't understand how the children are living without a nurse. You *cannot* look after them all the time, and they cannot always be sitting at your side.—Kiss the children for me. My angel, I am killing myself over the work and I am wretched ; I have no time for work and that's a fact, it is moving very slowly and what I do write is very bad. Imagine it, to-day I was only able to write, but I had no time to copy out a single line. I should have gone to the baths a long time ago, but I cannot find the time. In future I shall only write short letters to you. V. Soloviev has sent me a reply to my letter and his article in the "*Russky Mir*" (215) about the July "*Diary*," full of the most exalted praise. It is a long article. He tells me that extracts from it have been reprinted in the "*Novoye Vremya*," which mentioned it with *great praise*. He says the July "*Diary*" is creating a very good impression and that he knows this for a fact, and that he has heard and is continually hearing it being highly praised.—You say, my angel, that I shouldn't worry and that you will copy everything out for me when I return. But, my kindest one, how can I harness you to work again the minute I arrive ? That would be too awful for me, too depressing. Still, I am moving, though slowly. Above all, I hope when I arrive to have another nine or even ten days for work, and that I shall succeed in doing something. If only I could send in two and a half sheets, as long as they were not too poor.

Good-bye, my precious, my wife (and mistress) (Ed. : *one and a half lines crossed out*). My love, promise me (Ed. : *two words crossed out*) that's splendid, and you will have better health and more of *everything*. My angel, don't be cross with me for these words, I see you in my dreams. I kiss you without stopping ; kiss the children for me.

All yours, Your husband to the last ounce,

F. Dostoyevsky.

And you are his queen.

P.S.—And do you love me ? Is it true ?

P.P.S.—Don't worry about me and think I am killing myself with work. I am not killing myself, on the contrary I have quite decided not to work between eight and ten at night, so that my head should be clearer. I have, therefore, shortened my hours of work. After all, work is a good thing, because it shortens time tremendously. Otherwise it is dull, dull !

I kiss your foot and the sole of your foot (I kiss you and I shall never tire of kissing, I imagine it all the time).

And you, haven't you dreamt of me even once ?

115

EMS,

Friday, 30 *July*/11 *August* '76.

MY PRECIOUS ANYA,—I received your letter of the 24th July yesterday, Saturday (but it says on the envelope that it left Staraya Russa on Sunday the 25th), and I am only answering it to-day, because I am terribly busy with work and I am progressing terribly slowly and almost negligibly; I daren't even think of what will come of all this. But don't worry about me. So you have no nurse? Well, Anya, you can say what you like, but it isn't good for you to be without a nurse and I don't believe the children are *not* getting on your nerves. Again, why can't you dismiss Lukeriya and Agrafena, otherwise we shall become their slaves. I see from your letter that you are not pleased with Lukeriya. Thank you, dear friend, for news about the children. How well you notice everything and write about it. Fedya's remark about donkeys is the height of perfection. I quite believe that you are busy with the children and are looking after them as well as a nurse, but it is wrong, wrong. Are you speaking the truth when you say the treatment is doing you good? Oh! if only it were so, dearest. You were so upset and tired that it is difficult to imagine you have begun to get better after eleven baths. You promised to grow fatter; may God grant you will do so, not only for *that*, that goes without saying; and we will not allow you to lose weight, but God grant you will make a complete recovery and become a strong healthy woman by the time you are thirty. How I shall kiss you for it, and rejoice in you. And my conscience, my heart and spirit will be at rest.

I have already told you in my last letter that I am leaving here on Saturday the 7th of August for certain. I shall try to do this. If I travel direct and have no special delays or adventures, then I shall be in Russa on the 12th. In any case, send the horses to meet me at the landing stage on the 12th. But I shall write about this on the day before I leave. I believe the cure will probably do me good and is already doing so. My tongue is quite clean, which it never is in Petersburg, my appetite is enormous, although they feed me on absolute filth. And would you believe it, I have grown fatter, and, unless I lose weight by the 12th, you will see for yourself that I have probably grown fatter *than you*. Only my nerves are sometimes upset and I am afraid of having a fit; that would be untimely. Also, the boredom here is becoming hideous, almost unbearable, and although it is difficult for me to work, work at least shortens the time. I think the Eliseyevs are cross with me and are keeping away. Those wretched little Government Liberals—even they have upset my nerves. They push themselves forward so, I am constantly meeting them, yet they treat me with a certain cautiousness as it were, " so as not to soil ourselves with his conservatism." They are the most conceited creatures, especially she, who is a complete blue-book full of liberal rules. " Oh ! what *is* he saying ? . . . What *is* he trying to defend ? " Those two . . . imagine they can teach a man like me. Madame Likhacheva (the publishers Likhachev and Suvorin) has arrived here. She has been to Belgrade because of liberalism and she is wrapped up in liberalism, and does nothing but talk about humane compassion for the Serbians, but she seems to me to be a gossip. When she found out that I hadn't read any of Suvorin's feuilletons from Constantinople since I had left Petersburg, she offered me her copies of the " *Novoye Vremya* " and sent them to me by her sixteen-year-old son. He had also been to Belgrade and I liked him. I kept him for a quarter of an hour and began to teach him ' *non-liberalism* ' and, at the same time, I also mentioned to him that *seminarists* had done us much harm, but, of course, I didn't so much as hint at Eliseyev. But when I met them that same evening I noticed their coldness, and I imagine (from certain things) that the boy had repeated my conversation to his mother and she had passed it on to them. I shall be very glad not to have to meet them. It only used to upset my nerves to meet them.

Good-bye, my little angel, my beauty, my light and my *hope*. You are better and superior to all other women ; not one is your equal. We are linked together in soul. God grant we may live together for some years yet. It is perfectly true that the longer we are together the more I shall love you. Well, good-bye, I think we shall meet again quite soon, thank God ! only how this week will drag.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I bless the children, kiss them for me.

I kiss both your feet and *everything*, *everything*. I dream of you very often. You are my queen and I am happy because of it.

116

EMS,

Monday, 2/14 *August* '76.

MY SWEET DARLING ANECHKA,—Yesterday I received your letter of Tuesday 27th (it left on the 28th). I am glad you are all well, but you have pricked your finger and I hope it won't ache as mine did ten years ago. How you must have suffered with the abscess. Did you know how to treat it? I am still of the same opinion about a nurse and I shall not feel at all content until you engage one. You must realize, my love, that when I return it will be three times as difficult for you to look after the children and it will be most inconvenient for us in every way. You say the children are behaving well, but even so you have to look after them. It would be a good thing if you could take as many baths as possible before my return—I am still quite certain that I shall leave on Saturday, August 7th, and I am preparing for that. I am sick to death of this place in spite of the glorious weather, but I have been worn out by the unbearable stifling heat. 26 degrees in the shade, and this has been going on for nearly a fortnight. Try to work in such weather! You ask me about the gargling. Surely I have already written to you about it, I don't know what the result will be but I gargle my throat assiduously. There must certainly be some result, the Ems waters have a strong effect.

If you want to know the whole truth, then I lean towards one conviction, namely, that the length of treatment for me ought to be six and not four weeks. There are two sorts of treatment here; one for four and one for six weeks. Some people may need four, but that is often too short a time for others who require six. This is based on lengthy experience. Two years ago the waters helped me tremendously; they made a new man of me. My treatment then was for five weeks and five days. Last year my treatment was only for four weeks and five days and the effect of the waters was not at all the same. If it were possible for me to stay here for the six weeks this time, then perhaps it would be something like two years ago. But in view of "*The Diary*" it is absolutely impossible to stay for six weeks. Besides, I console myself by thinking it is only my supposition. There are others who only have a three weeks' cure. Last winter the weather was very bad and I, therefore, felt worse than two years ago. Also, I feel that the drinking of the waters has a strong effect on me, *i.e.* this year. In the first half of the cure the nerves generally go to pieces, I have nightmares, etc., that is a sign that the waters are having a strong effect. Never have my nerves been so upset or have I had such nightmares as this time. That is why I think the waters must have had some effect. Now my nerves are better again, my appetite is good, I have more strength and so on and so on. I have already written to you about all this.

I have not even opened the letters you sent on to me (from correspondents). I have had no time. I am busy all day, I write and copy out, but progress is slower than it has ever been before. I have worked out that when I arrive in Petersburg I shall not be able to give the printers more than one sheet and four pages, which means I shall have to finish the greater part in Staraya Russa. As for the contents, well, I will say nothing about them,—they are bad. I am in a very bad temper about that. Still we shall see. I shall gain at least ten days for work in Staraya Russa, if only I don't have a fit.—I am very angry with you for not going to see either Slavyansky or Weinberg, and for not going to the theatre. It would have given me infinite pleasure if you had gone. Not only that, but you should have taken a box and taken the children. It is quite time they saw a comedy. But things will be different. I shall return and all the winter you must not deny yourself any pleasures. I insist, do you hear? Otherwise, I shall be very unhappy.

Everything goes on as usual here. Don't be cross with me for short and hurried letters. I have really far too much work to do. But we shall see each other soon and then we can talk about everything. (For goodness' sake, find a nurse by then, and don't hurry but find a good one). Kiss the children, tell them I shall soon be back. I expect I shall arrive on the 12th. Please give instructions about the horses. I am impatiently waiting for the moment when I can put my arms round you. I have been a long time without you (I don't only mean in that respect, but my soul longs for you. Sometimes, a sudden and terrible fear comes over me: has any harm come to you?). And I want to talk to you, to share my soul with you, I have been alone far too long. *And in that respect* it is time for us to meet again. (Yes, it is time!). Anya, my angel, all mine, my alpha and omega! Ah! so you dream of me too and on waking are sad I am not there? That's excellent, I like that. Yes, long for me, my angel, long for me in all respects—it means you love me.—And that is sweeter to me than honey. When I come I shall kiss you to death. And I dream of you not only in my sleep, but when I am awake. But I adore you not only for that, you are my friend in the highest sense of the word and that is what is so wonderful. Don't betray me in this, on the contrary increase your friendship by your own frankness (which you *sometimes* lack), then everything between us will be even ten times better. We shall be happy, An'ka, do you hear?

I cannot understand why Yazikov (216) should suddenly need me so badly? It is probably some trifling nonsense. The Eliseyevs have come round again (yesterday) and are more amiable to me than ever. They wanted to leave on the 5th, but they seem now to be delaying it. I hope I shall not have to travel with them in the same train. That would indeed be a calamity! But enough. I shall write again on Friday. Then I shall tell you *for certain* on which day I shall leave, and in any case you will receive the letter about two days before I arrive. And now I kiss you greedily and with agony and I kiss your foot a countless number of times. Love me and wait for me. I bless the children. God keep them safe.

All yours,
Wholly,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

117

EMS,
Friday, 6/18 *August* '76.

MY PRECIOUS ANYA,—I received your letter, the last one to-day, *i.e.* Friday. It is a good thing it arrived to-day and not to-morrow, Saturday, because I am leaving at 6.30 a.m., and if it had arrived on Saturday, I should not have received it. I am only writing a few lines now because I am terribly busy and I have not begun to pack and the wretched laundress has not brought me my washing. So if there is no delay on the journey, I shall arrive on the 12th—send the horses for me. If there is a delay (which I don't anticipate), then I shall let you know from Berlin, but if there isn't, then I shall not write again. You write about the flat and about the 50 copies. That's just the trouble—if Kolya has the keys, then how shall I have time to let him know and get them from him when I shall only be in Petersburg for 24 hours ? I shall have quite enough bother with the printers. I must re-read, pen in hand, everything I have written and everything I give to the printers for I have not had time to do so here. And, if you don't write to Kolya, I don't know what to do. (*N.B.*—It's no use writing to Kolya when you get this letter for it will then be too late). I think I shall get the 50 copies at the printers. We shall settle the matter somehow or other. You also say that Fedya is longing to know what I shall bring him ; but, my love, even if I manage to bring them some clothes it will be absolutely no good, for he is expecting something unusual, some toys, and how can I bring them toys ? I have also thought about this and now I am still more perplexed. It was absolutely impossible for me to prolong my cure here, otherwise my " *Diary*" would never have been finished, but now there is some hope that I shall finish writing it in Staraya Russa. I will tell you all my plans when I arrive. I said good-bye to Orth yesterday ; he examined me thoroughly and told me with confidence : " You will have a good winter." When I regretted that I could not possibly stay here longer, he replied that it was *quite unnecessary* for me to stay longer than four weeks because a cure of four weeks is quite enough for those who come *every summer*.

Well, enough, my love, I am in a hurry ; I have still got a thousand little things to attend to. I embrace you and kiss the children and bless them. I am afraid of having a fit on the journey. Thank you for wanting to write another letter c/o " Alexandra." The Eliseyevs are also leaving to-morrow, but—for Paris.

I embrace and kiss you.

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Your great anxiety (ED. : *four words crossed out*) that anxiety was so sweet, I became quite romantic (ED. : *a sentence and a word crossed out*). My delight (ED. : *a few words crossed out*) and I send you a million kisses. (ED. : *a sentence crossed out*). About Petersburg expenses ; I shall be terribly sorry if, through lack of money or for any other reason, I shall not be able to make one quite permissible purchase in Petersburg. It worries me very much, especially as I have thought so much about this purchase. My treasure, my angel wife, I kiss your feet, about which I dream with passion. Well, good-bye, good-bye.

1877

118

PETERSBURG,
Wednesday, 6 *July* '77.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I hold you in my arms and kiss you, also each one of the children. What kind of journey did you all have ? I am impatiently waiting for your letter. All my thoughts are of you.

I arrived yesterday, worn out by the journey and I am not going to write you any details, because I am in a dreadful hurry, I have a tremendous amount to do and I have found many matters to attend to. The train arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning. I went to the flat—Prokhorovna had just left before I came, she had been waiting for me since yesterday. I sent for her (ED. : *twenty-one lines crossed out*).

The moment I arrived and without waiting for Prokhorovna, for whom I had sent the yard porter, I went off to the printers. Alexandrov (217) told me they had set everything up, but had not printed anything, because the censor was away. Ratynsky is away on leave in the government of Orel. Alexandrov had also been to Putsykovich (to ask him to arrange with the committee for a censor for me), and I went to the committee. The secretary didn't even want to put it before them, but after having listened to me he announced that since

I was acting without the censorship, I could publish without censorship. This means that if everything is printed by the 9th July, then (adding another seven days) it will appear on the 16th. Then we began to count the copy which had been set up. It suddenly turned out that including the packet, which I had brought yesterday, and the announcements too, we should be five pages short, which meant I should have to write some more. We counted the lines for half an hour and then it suddenly dawned on me to ask for the packet itself, and I saw that they had *not yet received* the last parcel of manuscript, which I had sent to them on the 1st July, *i.e.* five days ago, and that I had arrived before it. They had, however, received my other parcel, *i.e.* on the eve of my arrival, the 4th, the one before the last, which was posted on the 30th June. I was glad to find I did not need to write any more. Then I hurried to the censorship committee. Both the secretary and Petrov, although they were quite polite, strongly advised me to publish it uncensored, otherwise I should have most of it blocked out (they probably have some special instructions on the subject of modern literature, so they were obviously not threatening me personally. But in general, the political situation is such that they have had orders to be more strict). I am terribly afraid of this, but I insisted on their finding me a censor, and they promised to do so yesterday, but this morning there is still absolutely no news, and I shall have to go to the committee again, whereas we could have been printing the first sheet. I have had a mass of corrections piled on to me. I corrected a sheet yesterday, but I couldn't do any more. Marie Nikolaevna (218) had been in my absence, she left me a note to say that I should name a day for her when *she could come to me*. It is quite clear I must go to her myself. Meantime, I haven't a spare minute. I am just going to the printers and to the censor. Then I shall sit down to corrections. And so on, and so on. Late last night the packet with the manuscript from the 1st of July arrived at the printers. I haven't seen anyone yet. Nikolay came both yesterday and to-day (I was out). Everybody imagines that I have masses of free time, and that I have nothing to do but to visit people and chat with them. If I don't go to see Marie Nikolaevna to-day, she will be offended.

One of these days, perhaps the day after to-morrow, if not to-morrow, I shall write to you in greater detail. But I don't yet know how everything will be decided to-day. It is both very worrying and distressing. I kiss you all. I dreamt of you in the train. I also dreamt of you yesterday. I kiss you all a thousand times.

Your eternal and *changeless*,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to everyone.

P.S.—The binder has just been here. God knows how they have all discovered I have arrived. Although he is delicate in health, he runs his own business. I told him I would let him know when I needed him; then a subscriber came in and subscribed. (I wonder how many have already been and gone away again!)—A short time ago when I was still in bed, a boy rang the bell violently. He was sent round by some merchant, a certain Nikolaev from the Sadovaya, with money and an order to purchase the novel, "*Insulted and Injured*" (!) He woke me up. I sent him away with a copy.

Write me details about the children. Be patient. I kiss your feet and all of you, *i.e.* all over and I think about that a great deal.

119

PETERSBURG,
Thursday, 7 July '77.

DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I am writing this to you at midnight, so that the letter will only leave here to-morrow, Friday, the 8th July.—This morning (*i.e.* Thursday) at 6 o'clock, I had a fit in my sleep and it shook me as it has seldom done before. I am tired now and feel I have no strength left and my nerves are upset, and there is *darkness* in my soul. And meanwhile, I have a host of worries and masses of work, which is mounting up all the time. I have been given a censor, Lebedev, but still I don't know *when I shall appear in print.* It is doubtful whether the censor will finish reading by to-morrow, *i.e.* by Friday, and after that there is still the third proof reading, revision and printing, and to add to that Alexandrov has fallen ill to-day and hasn't been to the printing office! And what will happen if he is seriously ill and isn't able to come either to-morrow or the day after? Then everything will be lost, because no one at the printers but he can calculate and determine the number of lines, while with all these additions and corrections in the proofs I still don't know whether I shall have sufficient text or if it has gone over to a third sheet. If that is so, then it can't be helped, for it will be impossible to leave any out, as they always print immediately they receive the copy from the censor. On the other hand, if Alexandrov recovers, when shall I begin to appear in print? That is the question. Of course, it cannot appear on Saturday the 9th, the 10th is a Sunday and how would it be able to appear on the 10th? I don't know at all! And yet I must publish the announcement about the appearance of "*The Diary.*" (*N.B.*—I have not yet got the form of announcement, I have to compose it afresh.)

I went to see the Snitkins yesterday and I saw Marie Nikolaevna. All the Snitkins (*i.e.* Mikhayl Nikolaevich) are at home, but are going to the country at the beginning of next week. They asked many questions about you. But Marie Nikolaevna received me haughtily and rudely ; she was most annoyed that you had written to her one day and told her to come to see me on the 5th—" I arrive, I see a samovar on the table—and there is no one at home. I confess I was most offended ! " What was she offended about ? When you told her to come on the 5th, you also said I should arrive by the 30th June ; but I only managed to arrive on the 5th. In the note which she left for me she asked me to let her know when she was to come. She told me (although I didn't even ask her) that she would explain everything to you in a letter and that she had nothing to say to me.—" Anna Grigorievna left some sort of packets with me, marked with numbers and letters, they are somewhere on the window sills, but I have forgotten all about that now and I don't remember anything else about it." Imagine how pleasant that was for me to hear ! She puts on airs, talks grandly and feels she is important and indispensable. I expect she will be rude to me and make me lose my temper. I am quite ill enough as it is without all that. The suspense of waiting for the day of publication is having a very bad effect on me. But for my part I shall try to avoid the wretch without making myself miserable and I shall be patient.

Last night I received a letter from Pobedonostsev. He wrote on chance, he was worried about me and not knowing where I was he wrote to the *old* address ; " your ' *Diary* ' has not yet appeared—has anything happened to you ? " He is at Oranienbaum, living in the palace. I shall write to him, but I doubt if I shall go to see him—I have no time. I have already used up two tins of powder, which I bought for the beetles—we have swept up a number of dead ones, but the rest are still swarming, especially in the kitchen among the logs of wood. Their principal nests are there. To-morrow I shall give instructions for the wood to be stacked in the outhouse. The porter didn't tell me he had received payment from you as from the 13th June to the 13th July, so I have paid him until the 13th August and another four roubles in advance. I *implore* you to find, either in my table (or on the table in the drawing room, but most likely in my little study) the " *Severny Vestnik* " article written against me—a feuilleton about Kornilova. (219) As we don't take the " *Severny Vestnik* " it will be quite easy for you to find it, there is only one number. Look for it and put it away *carefully*, so that it does not get lost. God forbid ! That is why I am writing to you about it, *otherwise I shall have no article for my next* *number*. I shall write to you again the day after to-morrow, or as soon as I have a free moment. But my head is going round now, I am quite exhausted and I cannot gather my thoughts. By the way, Marie Nikolaevna told me that Ovsyannikov had returned her 280 copies for April. What do you think of that! It means he has only sold 200 in all. Consequently he may not take any double numbers for May to June except those which he will exchange for the 280 April ones.

Marie Nikolaevna gave me 74 roubles. But she didn't give me a detailed account, she said she would write to you. Of those 74 roubles some merchant or other from the provinces had sent 42 roubles; he writes to say we should only send him 40 copies instead of 60. In short, the sales of "*The Diary*" are evidently falling.

How are the children? Write to me, I kiss you all and bless you. Anya, take care of them! Talk to them about their daddy. This morning at half-past six when I came to from my fit, I went to *your room* and Prokhorovna suddenly said to me from the drawing room, "Madam isn't here." "Where is she?" I asked. "She's in the country." "What do you mean? She must be here. When did she go away?" And I could hardly believe Prokhorovna when she tried to convince me that I had only arrived two days ago. How hard it was for me to recover consciousness!

Good-bye, Anya, I hold you in my arms, I kiss you, I kiss all four of you.

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—Alexandrov is ill, and his assistant has told him that it is *impossible* to publish before the 12th, *i.e.* Tuesday. The devil only knows what the world is coming to!—The weather since yesterday has suddenly changed and is now cold and dull.

120

PETERSBURG,
Monday, 11 *July* '77.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I kiss you and embrace you. Also the children. My heart aches for them. I am terribly dull here without you all.

The periodical appeared to-day. It was ready on Saturday night and it could have come out on Sunday, but they didn't work on Sunday, and there were only 3000 copies ready. Besides, it was Sunday, so I put it off until Monday. Everything is rather unsatisfactory. To begin with I only had time to publish an announcement in the "*Novoye Vremya*," although it turned out to be quite sufficient, for everyone in

Petersburg seemed to be waiting for the periodical to appear. People made constant enquiries at the booksellers and during the last few days many people have been to the house, rung the bell, and asked when it would appear. The bookbinder's daughter came here last night, but even after working all yesterday and this morning, we couldn't paste down more than 500 copies, so at three o'clock we only sent off *those* 500 *copies* (because the town subscribers had theirs sent off in the morning), and the 22 packets for the town were also taken to the post in wrappers containing 2, 4 and 5 copies. We had time to sew up most of the packets, and to post them before 3 o'clock—we sealed them up at the post office and what do you think ? The post office clerk refused to accept them : " It is too late and there are far too many packets." So we had to bring them back again. The binder's son who had taken them to the post office told me that Marie Nikolaevna only sent off 500 copies in wrappers, and she didn't want to wait for the packets to be sent off so she left the post office thinking that the binder's son would send them off. So she doesn't even know that they haven't been accepted. The binder's son assured me, however, that it wasn't even four o'clock and that other people's parcels were being accepted. This evening the bookbinder's daughter pasted down all the wrappers, and nurse and her daughter sewed up and prepared the parcels for the post. There is nothing else to be done to-morrow except for Marie Nikolaevna to check the wrappers, which she does very slowly, as she did to-day for example. This morning she copied out the addresses of those people who had changed theirs and this took up time ; she might very well have done all this before. Also, she spent ages on packing the parcels in *blue paper*, she stuck them all down, but not the right way, so that she had to leave them to be altered to-morrow. I think, however, we shall despatch absolutely everything to-morrow, the 12th, and long before 3 p.m. Marie Nikolaevna has worked diligently, but she is a terrible messer, although we did not quarrel and were quite friendly. By the way, you did not tell me, nor did you write me a single word in your instructions about those wrappers, which were lying in the oak cupboard (the continuation of the numbers, etc.). I found them quite by accident and there are several hundred of them. Kolya arrived late. He also helped slightly by going for me to Issakov.

Some copies have been taken for retail sales, but not as in the old days. Ovsyannikov returned 290 copies of the April number to Marie Nikolaevna ; he came to me to-day and took exactly 145 copies of the May-June number, whereupon he departed and he didn't take another kopeck's worth more. "*I have no money these days*," he said. I didn't offer him any commission. I gave out 100 copies to *Ogloblin*, 200 to Kuzmin, 50 to Glazunov, Popov *only* took 40, the foreign shop 200, the Nevsky Bookshop 50, Kekhribardzhi 25, the Russian Bookshop 25 copies (and 10 subscribers), Mamontov 78 copies, Konopytin 30 copies (and 6 for the 12 returned), Semennikov 16 copies (and two subscribers). Also, we delivered 10 copies to Cherkessov and 30 copies through Issakov for Soloviev in Moscow. Issakov took 33 copies (and 87 subscribers), Egorov 10 copies *for cash* and 10 on commission, and finally, some one came—an agent like Ovsyannikov, a certain Dimitriev (do you know him ?), and asked for 200 copies for cash, but when he heard that Ovsyannikov had only taken 140 copies he changed his mind and only took 150 for cash. In all, and taking everything into account, I have only sold to-day about 110 or 115 roubles in cash (I have not counted it up yet). Perhaps I shall collect some more in the next few days, but not much. Yesterday I went to see Kuzmin in the Arcade, he is still ill and at home, but his wife is selling instead of him. I asked her purposely if the " *Diary* " was selling well and were people afraid of the price, 50 roubles ? She replied that it was selling just the same as before and that people were not at all afraid of the price. Several people I did not know came to my house to find out about my health on the pretext of *buying* a copy.

My darling, I am terribly tired. To-day is the fifth day since I had the fit, but there is still darkness in my soul, I am tired and absent-minded. I got up at 8 a.m. this morning and I shall also probably be wakened early to-morrow. I cannot complain about anyone, everybody is working and helping, but the matter is still moving very *slowly*, but perhaps I shall finish everything to-morrow. I want to go to bed at once, because I am so tired. I dined at eight o'clock to-day. I think about you all and am terribly anxious ; all the time I keep on imagining that something dreadful has happened to you. I pray to God about you continually. Write to me about Lyesha, how you managed to carry him about and also about Fedya's and Lily's impressions of Kiev. I shall try to leave here as soon as possible. I think of you continually. I think *good things*. I kiss your feet, and go down on my knees before you. At night I fall into a strange state of soul, because of the fit, and I think " if only I could see them once before I die." Anya, I do ask you not to worry about me ; rest if you can, take baths. The sun hasn't been seen here for the last three days, the clouds are like lead, there is a wind and 8 degrees of heat at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. No matter how many beetles I kill, I simply cannot exterminate them. I have spent 4 roubles on all sorts of powders, but they still continue to swarm about. I shall buy some more, even if I have to spend ten roubles, and I shall sprinkle it all over the rooms, but I have quite given up hoping ever to rid the place of them.

I have not been to see anyone. Putsykovich came in, I did not mention money. Meshchersky came to see me yesterday, he is in Petersburg, quite by chance, for about five days. He is going to Reval and then to Asiatic Turkey. I am very pleased with Prokhorovna, she works hard, cleans, irons, airs your things and sews up the parcels. I should have been absolutely lost without her. I hold you in my arms and kiss you, I kiss each one of your toes, I daydream about you and I also press you to my heart as my dear, kind Anya, my friend. Good-bye, I kiss the children. Heavens ! what if something happens to them.

Good-bye, I shall try to tear myself away from here as soon as possible.

I kiss you all a countless number of times.

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

121

PETERSBURG,
15 *July* '77.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—To-morrow, the 16th July, I want to leave Petersburg by the evening express. Ever since the 8th July, when I had your letter of the 6th from Kiev, *I have not had a single line from you* ! What has happened to you ? What is the matter ? I cannot understand what could have happened to you. Has your letter been lost in the post ? Why hasn't a single one of your letters to the porter, to Kolya or to Marie Nikolaevna been lost all through the summer ? How can I help worrying and doubting ? For three days I have been walking about like someone demented. At night I don't sleep for more than four hours and I have nightmares all the time. My stay here has been an extraordinary one. When I came—worries, bad luck, and just now, a fit. Then, while I was feeling ill I had to bring out the periodical, and just as my head is beginning to get clear—I am tormented about you all, about you and the children. I cannot bear it any longer and I am leaving to-morrow. I shall wait until two o'clock to-morrow and, if I don't have a letter from you by then, I shall send you an express telegram (if only they will accept a telegram for Miropolie or Sudzha to be delivered to Maly Prikol). I shall ask you in the telegram to wire to me *immediately* (and to do that I would ask you to send Gordey to Sudzha). Send it to Elena Pavlovna's address in Moscow : Znamenka, Kuznetsov House. I shall make a point of staying at her house. I shall be in Moscow on Sunday, the 17th July, and I will wait there for a telegram until two o'clock on Monday. If I don't have a reply telegram from you, then I shall not go to Darovoye as I intended to look at the places of my childhood, but I shall travel direct to you in Prikol. (220) What am I to do? It is very difficult for me, Anya, at this moment. My heart has been palpitating since last night and it won't stop. I think and think, and God only knows what doesn't come into my head. I keep on imagining that on the way from Kiev one of them, either Fedya or Lily, fell under the train and that you are now in despair.

My letter may arrive at the same time as myself and I shall, therefore, not write any details about the printing of the periodical, etc., especially as we shall see each other soon. Something must happen soon. We must see each other soon!

Late this afternoon I went to Marie Nikolaevna's, I took her some copies of "*The Diary.*" She told me that not long ago you had written to her and said you intended going to Kiev and to *Kharkov*, and I now remember you were very anxious to do this. So you were in a terrible hurry, especially as the children were with you; you were tired, the children were also tired, you did not want to write me a letter from Kharkov, you returned late home to Prikol and perhaps Gordey was drunk—so your letter to me only left on Monday or on Tuesday, instead of on *the promised Saturday*. But even so, it should have arrived here by now. I shall wait for your telegram in Moscow until I finish all my most urgent business, *i.e.* on Monday I shall go to Salayev and shall buy myself eight bottles of Essentucky (Mikhayl Nikolaevich Snitkin insists). But if I get a telegram from you in Moscow, then *I shall go for a day to Darovoye.*

If you have been to Kharkov, then the only bad thing about it is, that as usual, you have done this secretly without telling me. Yes, Anya, all these ten years of our married life you have been distrustful towards me, and I don't know whether I am to blame for it! I don't think so, for distrust is in your character. As to the journey to Kharkov—surely you know I would not raise any objection to that? Whatever you do is right. I have long had faith in your intelligence and common sense, but you don't trust me, and if you had trusted me then you would have written to me without waiting to return to Prikol from Kharkov, and I would not have been sitting here in such agony. I don't know why, but I very much want to believe Marie Nikolaevna's story, that you have been to Kharkov, because otherwise I have to think of some accident, the death of one of the children (ED.: *several words crossed out*).

About business: I repeat we can discuss business when we meet. And besides it was not very wonderful, I have received very little money but have spent much. *N.B.*—Rudin paid 150 roubles to Pechatkin (recently) but he has not paid his landlord. I have not seen him.

To-morrow for packing and fussing, also the telegram. To-morrow, the 16th, is Fedya's birthday. I kiss him and bless him, also Lily and Lyesha, I congratulate them all and you *especially*. My dear angel, Anya; I go down on my knees, I pray to you and I kiss your feet. I am your husband, who is in love with you! My friend, ten whole years I have been in love with you and always "crescendo," and though I have sometimes quarrelled with you, I have always loved you, even to death. All the time now I keep on thinking of how I shall see you and put my arms round you. And do you think of me a little? Well, good-bye, until we meet! Even if I receive your telegram I shall not go to the Trokitsky Lavra, for I am longing to see you all and as soon as possible. But if I do receive the telegram I should still like to go to Darovoye, if only for a day and a half; otherwise, I shall never see those places again!

I embrace you all once again.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Saturday, 16 *July*. 2 *p.m.*

I continued to write letters until two o'clock (this time your letter from Kiev arrived at 12). There was nothing for me, and now I am in doubt and I have quite decided not to leave here to-day, but to-morrow because I think it is too late now to send a telegram. It would only be sent off at three o'clock. By the time it gets to Sudzha and a messenger is sent from Sudzha, he will probably get to Prikol at midnight, you will be awakened and not get enough sleep and be cross with me. I had better send it to-morrow, Sunday the 17th, at about 9 a.m. and it will then reach you in the daytime. If you send Gordey to Sudzha on Monday (18th) with a reply telegram, then he would have time to hand it in at midday or even at two o'clock, and I should get it at Elena Pavlovna's by Monday evening. By leaving for Moscow to-morrow, I should be in Moscow on Monday morning. Monday is a working day and I shall have time to do everything; I shall go to Salayev's and buy the Essentucky and probably see Aksakov. Then, if I don't receive a telegram I shall leave. If I cannot manage to do so on the Monday evening, then on Tuesday morning (all according to the train) and I shall be with you on Wednesday; but if I do receive the telegram and all is well with you, then I shall go to Darovoye. My dear friend, it is exactly eight days to-day since I had any news from you and it is exactly ten days since you wrote from Kiev! It is a long time to have to wait and I cannot help thinking things. Not only *one* but two letters could have come by now! Good-bye, my angel, may God keep you all safe. To-day again I shall be tormented. But, perhaps, a letter will come for me during the day or to-morrow. I kiss you and the children and I kiss you passionately.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Many happy returns to Fedya.

Elena Pavlovna's address is: Moscow, On the Znamenka, Kuznetsov House.

Elena Pavlovna Ivanov (for M. Dostoyevsky)

122

PETERSBURG,

Sunday, 17 *July* '77. 4 *p.m.*

MY PRECIOUS, A MILLION TIMES MY DEAR ANYA,—I kiss your feet, I have just received your letter of Thursday (14th) after I had sent you a telegram at about 10 a.m. What is to be done, my darling, such is fate. I wrote to you yesterday. Up to to-day, apart from the Kiev letter I have *not* received a single one of your letters. The Saturday letter has gone astray. I could reckon on one letter getting lost and not worry too much about it. But this is the ninth day without a letter, and in that time another could have arrived. We had agreed that you were going to write every three days, consequently if you had written on Saturday, you should have written again on Tuesday. If not Tuesday, then Wednesday, as on that day someone from Ivan Grigorievich goes to the Miropolie post office. Calculating solely on that Wednesday I did not send off a telegram yesterday, thinking that the one on Wednesday would arrive on Saturday, or on Sunday morning. But *nothing* arrived yesterday, Saturday, and all my life I shall remember the night I spent last night! I was tortured by the idea that two letters could not both have gone astray. Then something must have happened either to you or to the children. Anya, the last three days I have had to spend here have been terrible, especially at night. I cannot sleep. I think. I go over the possibilities, I walk about the room, I see the children before me, I think about you, my heart beats fast (I have had palpitations for the last three days, such as I have never had before). At last at dawn I sob, I go about my room and am shaken with sobs (I cannot understand it, it has never happened to me before), and I try not to let the old woman hear me. And at night the old woman shouts continually, which completes the picture! At last, the sun, the heat (it is unbearably hot here), and I throw myself on to the bed at 5 a.m. I sleep four hours and have terrible nightmares all the time. But enough of this, I write now only so that you should not be cross with me for sending the telegram. *I could not stand it any longer.* The telegram cost 6 roubles. The whole trouble is that you send me the letters addressed c/o the porter, Vassily Ivanovich—not to mention the fact that I don't like receiving letters from Vassily Ivanovich, I am ashamed to go in to him about fifteen times to enquire if there are any letters, to beg him and implore him not to lose them—I cannot understand why you could not have sent them direct in my name, since 400 letters have reached me safely this year. I can't understand it; as for the letter, I am sure it was lost in the yard.

But enough; I am in a hurry, I am afraid of being late, I am leaving here to-day. Perhaps I shall have to leave Moscow before getting your reply telegram. I shall go straight to Darovoye and then quickly to you, for I am dying to kiss the children, and above all you, my cruel and cold Anya, my cold wife. If you loved me passionately, you would not have kept me until Thursday without a letter. If you loved me passionately, you would have written (as you used to) that *you dream of me,* which means that you either don't dream of me or that you dream of someone else. Anya, my cruel one, I will kiss you, all of you to the last little corner, and having kissed all your body, I shall pray to you as to a goddess.—That cursed journey to Darovoye! How I wish I had not to go! But it is impossible; if I deprive myself of those impressions, then how and about what is a writer to write! Enough, we will discuss this later. Only understand that, at this moment as you are reading this letter, I am covering your body with a thousand most passionate kisses and I pray to you as before an ikon. Kiss the children for me. Yesterday was Fedya's birthday—what a sad day I had. Heavens! have I ever experienced anything more agonising?

About what pink and green exercise books are you writing? I have not been able to find anything of the sort. I have taken everything out of the drawers in the tables you told me to take, and I am bringing it all to you.

Ever your inseparable husband,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Love me, Anya.

I kiss the children many times.

Kolya came and advised me to post this letter in Moscow. I shall do so as I have worked out it will reach you sooner.

If it rains heavily or if the weather is bad, *I shall not go to Darovoye.*

123

Moscow,

Tuesday, 20 *June evening*, 1878.

Good evening, Anya dear,—How is your health—that is the first thing. Are Fedya and Lily well? For heaven's sake look after them. And now I shall describe only the most important things to you without very many details, because I can tell you those when we meet. I was terribly tired on the journey and I am quite exhausted even now, and to make matters worse, I developed a cough in the railway carriage (there was such a draught), such as I don't remember ever to have had before. We arrived in Moscow at about midnight, I took a cab to the Victoria on the Strastnoy Boulevard. On the way I asked the cabman, "Is it a good hotel?" "No, sir, a very bad one"—his curt and definite reply surprised me—"Why is it bad?" "No decent person would stay there except a person who didn't know what it was like. The rooms are like the baths. As soon as it is dark, men bring their women in from the Strastnoy Boulevard. They hire a room for an hour. Everyone knows about it and sometimes there are rows there." I asked him which was a better hotel. He spoke very well of the "Europe," opposite the Little Theatre (it is also not far from the Strastnoy Boulevard). So I told him to drive to the Europe. There are mostly families staying here and they seem to be quite respectable. I was given a room at 2 roubles 50 kops., which is fairly expensive and on the third floor, but having to climb up to the fourth floor seemed too tiresome to me, so I took the room. All night long I could not sleep—I was tortured by a choking, racking cough. I got up at 10 a.m. My cough had disappeared (but it is beginning again this evening). I went to Katkov soon after noon and I found he was in the publishing office (he lives in the country and only comes up to town occasionally). Katkov received me quite cordially, but somewhat cautiously; we began to talk about general matters, when suddenly a terrible thunderstorm came on. I thought; if I begin to talk of my own affairs and he refuses me and the thunderstorm persists, then I shall have to go on sitting here, refused and injured, until the downpour stops. I was, however, compelled to mention it. I explained everything *frankly and simply*. His face lit up at my first words about wishing to collaborate, but no sooner did I mention about the 300 roubles for each sheet and about the sum of money in advance than his face changed. " You see," he said, " it was only last week that we had a general meeting to decide whether we ought to continue publishing the " *Russky Vestnik* " or whether we should close down for the following year, because I am unable to supervise both publications (" *Moskovskie Vedomosti* " and the " *Russky Vestnik* "), on account of ill health, and you must, therefore, allow me time to think over my answer to you, as we shall have to decide whether we are to continue the periodical and spend a considerable sum of money on it." When he heard I was in Moscow for three or four days only, he promised to let me have an answer by Wednesday, the 21st, and he asked me to come and see him at the office on that day at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Now at this moment, *i.e.* at 10 p.m. on Tuesday the 20th, I am sitting and thinking he will *undoubtedly refuse* me to-morrow. But if he does not refuse me, then he will try to arrange for a considerable reduction off the 300 roubles. I shall post this letter to-morrow, the 23rd, after seeing Katkov, and I am, therefore, leaving the postscript, from which you will learn everything, until to-morrow.

The rain stopped for a moment and I managed to drive, in between the first and second downpour, to see my sister Varya. I waited there until five o'clock for a change in the weather. I had some dinner on returning to the hotel, and at 7 p.m. I went to the Neskuchny garden to see Soloviev (221), (the cab there and back cost two roubles). I found Soloviev at home, he was very strange, gloomy and tired. I also told him everything quite frankly. He was very surprised that Lavrov (and somebody else) had not been to see me. He doesn't know where Lavrov (222) is at present (he is not in Moscow), and Yuriev is in the country somewhere else. Nevertheless, it is true that they wish to acquire my novel and they are people with means. And now it is impossible either to see them or to correspond with them, and they will not be able to make me their offer until September. But I think that by then someone else will make me an offer. In any case I shall set to work as soon as I return to Staraya Russa. But if Katkov refuses me, then God knows what I shall have to live on until October.

Soloviev and I have decided to go together to the Optin Monastery on Friday. (It is in the government of Kaluga bordering on the government of Tula in the district of Kozelsk.) Soloviev will come and see me at my hotel to-morrow at 5 p.m.

I have not been to the booksellers, I shall go to-morrow. I have not been to see Elena Pavlovna yet ; I shall also go there to-morrow. Good-bye, Anya, I kiss you. To-morrow the postscript, which will decide so much of our future. I am terribly tired. Kiss the children for me, tell them their daddy kisses them, and kiss Vanya also. Remember me to Anna Nikolaevna. I am very anxious about the children. I kiss you very often. And so until the postscript.

(Moscow. Hotel Europe. Opposite the Little Theatre. I am in room 21.)

Postscript. Wednesday 11 *a.m.* (21 June).

News: Katkov has just sent a messenger from the office with an apology to say he is sorry he *cannot* give me an answer to-day, because unforeseen circumstances compel him to leave for the country at once (the messenger said he was going to his estate) and he, therefore, asked me to go and see him to-morrow, Thursday the 22nd, *i.e.* at the office, where he would give me an answer. Evidently he will be back to-morrow.

I don't see any good coming of all this. Good-bye, my love. I shall write the result to you to-morrow and post it to you in the evening. And now I shall post this letter to you. I shall go the round of the booksellers to-day. (ED.: *two lines crossed out.*)

N.B.—Last night again I only slept for four hours, my nerves are terribly upset, also my stomach.

I kiss the children. Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

124

Moscow,

Thursday, 22 June, 1878.

DEAR ANYA,—I am writing to you in haste, for I have so much to do and so much running about, that I am quite muddled and I have not a minute to myself. I have just received your letter; allow me to complain about its brevity, you might have extended it a little. Kiss Lyubochka and also Fedya. I went to see Katkov to-day, and I don't know how to tell you about it. It is such a long story that it is better told than written. Briefly—he was very pleased and they have absolutely no objection to paying the money in advance, that is to the 300 roubles, etc.—but, at the same time, it was not decided whether my novel would appear in the "*Russky Vestnik*," or even that the "*Russky Vestnik*" itself would be published again. It is to be decided in *October*, and I have promised to come to Moscow. Katkov is not only willing to give the money, but he *asked me specially* to take some in advance, *i.e.* 2000 now, 2000 in October (or at the end of September). *In short, I shall tell you all about it when we meet. I did not refuse the money* and there will be *no need* for you to go to Petersburg.

I have been to all the booksellers, I will tell you all about that when we meet, but I only received 7 roubles from Presnov and so far only

50 roubles from Vasiliev, who is to send me a full account before I leave Moscow. And I will tell you all about that too, when we meet.

I went to see Aksakov and I met Putsykovich there. It was all very interesting, but more about that when we meet. To-morrow morning Soloviev and I are going to the Optin Monastery. On Tuesday I shall be back in Moscow (probably). Prokhorovshchikov (223) (an admirer) came to see me—he is the Moscow millionaire who stayed with the Emperor in Livadia two years ago. Madame Novikov (Kireyev) (224), is very anxious to see me and has sent me an invitation. I don't know when I shall go and see her. I shall have much to tell you when I return. I am in a hurry.

Summary: I am *on the best of terms* with Katkov, the best I have ever known. *He asked particularly to be remembered to you.* We sat and talked for more than two hours to-day. He has a small favour to ask of you. There are some Lomonosov bursary students at the Lyceum. They are orphans from the poorest class whom the Lyceum supports gratis, giving them a good education. One pupil, *Alexandrov*, has scrofula, a bad leg and so on. He is fifteen years old. The doctors have decided he ought to leave the Lyceum. Katkov, out of kindness of heart and at his own expense, is sending him to Staraya Russa, without making the boy leave the Lyceum for good. But he does not quite know where or how to send him. And an official government paper from the Lyceum (not from Katkov) is being sent to Rokhel, to say that " a pupil, Alexandrov, is placed under your care, etc., find him a comfortable home, look after his health and send us the account." They won't do that. But Katkov asks me and *you* particularly to take an interest in the matter, *i.e.* (I say this) either send for Rokhel or *go to see him yourself* and talk to him about this pupil, Alexandrov; and tell him he ought to pay particular attention to the paper from the Lyceum (for surely he does not want to quarrel with Katkov?). But as they ask in the paper that Alexandrov should be given board and lodging as well as medical treatment, then find out from Rokhel what arrangements he can make about finding a home for the boy. Katkov also asked whether it would be possible to find him a room in some priest's house, where he could be looked after and where he could get better. The main thing is that the pupil is not at all rich, but comes from the poorest class. Katkov added that it would not be a bad idea if Rokhel were to send as *moderate* an account as possible, for there is no one to pay for the boy. He said: " The child has absolutely nothing and I am the *only one* paying for him." When I return I shall have to talk to Madame Rokhel about the matter.

Well, Anya, that is all for the present. I shall be back in Moscow on Tuesday or Wednesday. I shall have all sorts of business to attend to. My nerves are upset. I am longing to return to Staraya Russa, when I can tell you about everything. And now good-bye. I kiss you. I dream of you. Kiss the children for me and be cheerful. I prayed before the Iverskaya Ikon.

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Kiss the children for me. I saw Elena Mikhaylovna for ten minutes, she is living in the country at Sokolniki, and she comes up to Moscow once a week. She gave me Olga Kirilovna's gold watch, which I shall bring with me.

I kiss the children. I kiss your hands and feet, although you don't deserve it for writing such short letters.

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

125

MOSCOW,

Thursday evening, 29 *June* '78.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—I have just returned from the Optin Monastery. (224 *a*) This is what happened: Soloviev and I left on Friday, 23rd of June. All we knew was that we had to travel by the Moscow-Kursk railway as far as Sergievo station, *i.e.* about five stations beyond Tula, and about 300 versts from Moscow. There we were told there would be a 35 verst drive to the Optin Monastery. On our way to Sergievo we discovered it was 60 versts and not 35 (and, moreover, nobody knew about this, so it was impossible to find out beforehand). At last, when we arrived at Sergievo we were told we should have to travel 120 and not 60 versts, and not along the post road, but half way along a by-road, which meant travelling with hired horses, *i.e.* in one troika, and we should have to stop to feed the horses on the way. We decided to go on and to drive as far as Kozelsk, *i.e.* exactly two days to Optin Monastery. We spent the nights in the villages and were rattled about in a terrible carriage. We spent two days and nights in the Optin Monastery. Then we returned with the same horses and again travelled for two days; altogether it took us exactly *seven days*, including the day we started. That is why I have not written to you for so long, it was far too inconvenient to write from the Optin Monastery, because I should have had to send a messenger to Kozelsk, etc. I will tell you all about it when I return. In Moscow I again stopped at the Hotel Europe and went immediately for the letters to Elena Pavlovna's. Of course I did not find her at home, she was at Sokolniki, but it had been previously arranged that the porters should take the letters and keep them. And so I got all your three letters, for which I thank you very much and kiss you.—But until we actually have the money in our hands there is nothing to rejoice about. I cannot make out what is happening at Katkov's ; they may have changed their minds during the week. I shall go and see Katkov to-morrow. If I receive any money, then I shall keep part for myself (*i.e.* I will ask Varya to sew the money into a little bag which I can hang round my neck), and I will *send* you the other part by post. But I have worked out that I cannot possibly get through all my business quickly. I shall, therefore, probably leave for Staraya Russa on Sunday at 8.30 a.m. and be with you on Monday, the 3rd July, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.—But if I *don't* get any money then I shall come sooner. Altogether, my dear friend, there may be much here, which is unintelligible, *i.e.* unknown. But I am leaving all details until I return, I will tell you everything when I see you.

I kiss you many times, kiss the children for me. You will probably receive this letter on Sunday, although I am going to the post at once, namely, on Thursday, in spite of its being so late. I kiss you all again many times, I kiss Varya, remember me to Anna Nikolaevna. And I kiss you again, your hand especially, and all the rest of you.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

It may happen that I shall not find Katkov in when I go to the office. He may have forgotten to leave instructions and I shall, therefore, have to receive the money (if I am to have any) not to-morrow, but the day after to-morrow, etc. And, therefore, don't be surprised, if I am later than the promised day. I feel terribly worn out, I have not had a fit, but I am afraid I shall have one. It is time I had one.

126

MOSCOW,

7 November '78.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I arrived in Moscow to-day after a most dreadful journey. The two carriages were tight shut ; and because of the most appallingly bad ventilation, it was so stuffy that I thought I should die. Apart from that, the air was so thick with smoke, that I coughed all night until I thought I should burst. I did not go to sleep for a single minute. I am terribly weak. It was cold in the night, rain all the way, and sleet in the government of Tver. There is both fog and rain in Moscow. It is terribly dark. During the whole of October in Petersburg we only had one day equal to to-day.

I stopped at the Europe, room 25. I dressed and washed (in an unheated room) and drove to Katkov. *I did not find him in*—actually not in, and not said on purpose. I said I would see him this evening at eight o'clock. As it was I who had fixed the appointment and not he who had invited me, I am afraid he may refuse to see me. God only knows what the Moscow custom is! It would be very humiliating for me, and at this minute (six o'clock) I am in a very nasty temper. As I did not find Katkov in, I went to see the bookseller Soloviev. He was out. I shall go again to-morrow. Then I went to Lyubimov; he was out. Then I went to Rassokhin (booksellers). He told me he could not give me the whole sum, but only 20 roubles. If I were to wait another day or two, then he would give me some more. I said I would come again on the 9th November.

Then I went to Kashkin. (225) He was quite willing, and paid me 65 roubles 35 kops. at once and told me that matters were now settled between us. He had, however, a whole heap of copies left over. He promised to sew them into sacking and to send them to me at my hotel. I asked him to count up the total amount for the numbers. He promised to get everything ready in two days' time. Your account is 213 roubles. He has paid me 130 roubles in all at different times and this includes the present 65 roubles, and he says we are now quits. He is firmly convinced that the copies he has left over will not be less than 83 roubles and your account will thus be right, *i.e.* 213 roubles.

All these people seem to be good folk and splendid payers, only they are short of money. Gentleness conquers them, but bluntness repels them. Soloviev, of course, is quite another story because he is rich.

Then I went to see Varya. We talked, but not about anything particularly interesting.

How are you, and how are the children? I am terribly sleepy, incredibly so. My nerves are upset. They were still more upset when I read Tsitovich's (226) article in the train. He is quite right, but I have never seen such a fool! So don't ever send a fool to defend a good case. He has spoilt it all! It's quite impossible now to write on that subject any more.

I embrace you, I kiss you, my angel. I also kiss my little angels.

I hope to return as soon as possible. I am terribly dull. I am longing to go to sleep.

I kiss you 50,355 times. Kiss the children as many times for me.

Needless to say I will write again to-morrow.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

127

Moscow,
8 *November* '78.

My dear, darling Anya,—Yesterday, exactly at eight o'clock, I went to see Katkov. He was waiting for me and received me most warmly and amiably, but he was obviously very busy. However, I stayed for an hour with him. We talked about the novel. He kept the manuscript and when I apologised for many of the corrections being illegible, he said he could read your writing quite easily, that it was very good handwriting. Then he said he would read *everything* through. " You will probably be staying here for five days or a week." Therefore I feel I must stay *until he finishes reading it* and not worry him, *i.e.* not that he hinted at it, but I think myself it would be better policy, for if I go and see him a second time and then a third, it will look as if I were hurrying him and as if I were burning to know what he will say about my work. I left my address at the office, so that if he has anything to say to me during these two or three days he can write to me, while I shall keep away from him. During my visit his daughters came in, also his son and Prince Shakhovskoy, his eldest daughter's husband. They came in to say good-night, but it was fairly obvious they wanted to see me and because of this they sat there for half an hour. They were all very nice, amiable and attentive—especially Prince Shakhovskoy and the daughter (whom I had met in Ems), who has grown extremely pretty. As I was leaving he mentioned the money. Of course he agreed and was very willing, but he said it would be rather difficult for him to pay out 2000 roubles all at once, as the subscription list had not yet been opened and asked if I would agree to receive it in instalments. He added : " If you need it very badly, then I can let you have it all at once, but it will be difficult for me." Of course I agreed to a part payment of 1000 roubles now and the rest (as he said) in about three weeks' time. I have no idea now how it will all work out in actual fact. I am sorry, for I really wanted to ask for *three* thousand this time and not two, but as he hesitated I only asked for two. Well, that is how the matter stands ; I don't know whether it is for the best or no. In any case I shall have to spend three useless days waiting about in Moscow and then another two days to receive the money, but I am terribly bored, Anya, so bored, and I am longing for you all.

And now this thought ; as he, in spite of his sincere amiability, did not invite me for dinner to-day (the eighth), and he not only did not invite me, but talked about my waiting for two or three days without even troubling to ask what I should do in the interval, I have quite

А. Г. ДОСТОЁВСКАЯ.

ANNA GRIGORIEVNA DOSTOYEVSKY.

decided not to go and congratulate him to-day. It would only look as if I were trying to curry favour with him. I don't know if I am right to reason it out like this, but it does seem so to me and I shall not go.

I slept well. Kashkin called on me at midday to-day and he brought me copies of "*The Diary*" (sewn up in sacking) and a letter for you with the account and a request to forward him copies of all my works. I shall bring the letter to you. By checking his account with yours there is only a difference of three roubles and he gave the reason for this difference; you will understand everything from his letter to you which I shall bring with me.

To-day I shall go and see Soloviev and, perhaps, Lyubimov again.

Well, that is all. I am waiting for your letter. I am very bored. The weather is wretched,—however, it isn't raining to-day. I embrace you and the children. I wonder how you all are. May you keep well. I read law reports in the evenings. Everything is very boring. Good-bye! I love you very much, I dreamt of you last night. Kiss our angels for me. Don't let them quarrel. Good-bye once again, I kiss you endlessly.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I shall probably write again to-morrow.

P.S.—By the way; at eight o'clock last night on my way to Katkov I took my yesterday's letter to you so as to drop it into the letter box. It was raining and it was very dirty. I couldn't find the letter-box at the corner of the street so I asked a policeman: "Where is the letter-box?" He said it had been transferred to the other side of the street, about forty yards away from the original place. "But allow me," he offered, "I will take your letter at once and post it." I gave him the letter and I watched him go to the letter-box, but now I am doubtful: supposing he didn't post it, and you have not had my yesterday's letter?

128

Moscow,

9 *November* '78.

MY DEAR LOVE, ANYA,—After posting my letter to you at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, I went to see the bookseller, Soloviev. I found him at home. He had prepared the account and had the money ready. He said something vaguely about the account, and I told him he had better write to you about it; he gave me 109 roubles 90 kopecks, of which 87 roubles are for "*Crime and Punishment*" alone. As for "*The Possessed*," he still has about 200 copies left, of which he "would willingly return a hundred or so "—as for "*The Dead House*" he still has 300 of the Bazunov copies (those which he received from Bazunov). As usual, he was very amiable, cunning and vague. Among other things he said to me: "Have you been to congratulate Mikhayl Nikiforovich?" and when I said I had not been, he said: "Why didn't you go? There was such a crowd of people, a religious service and so on. Why shouldn't you go?" I then thought: "Yes, I think I will go and congratulate him" so I went. There was one continuous stream of visitors. This time I was shown straight in to the hostess, Sophia Petrovna. She greeted me most amiably and would not even allow me to go to Katkov's study, but asked me to sit with her for a short time. There were many guests in the drawing room, her daughters and others. One or two ladies, who were relations; all the others were either old men or relations (Prince Shakhovskoy, for instance, the father and others). I stayed with her for a quarter of an hour and she talked with me all the time, but she had a neuralgic headache. Then I went to Katkov's study. There were only two old *society* gentlemen from Moscow with him. And then, suddenly, the Governor General *himself*, Prince Dolgoruky, came in, wearing four stars and the diamond order of St. Andrew. Bowing and remembering the dignity of his rank with Katkov (rather comical!), he began to shake hands with all the guests and he came up to me first. At this, Katkov hastened to tell him who I was, and Dolgoruky deigned to say: "Of course, su–uch a ce–leb–ri–ty, hum, hm–hm," just as if it were forty years ago, in the good old days. Then there was general conversation, in which Katkov showed himself to be a very well-bred man, for when he began the story about acquiring the estate near Moscow he turned continually from Dolgoruky to me, in spite of the fact that I was sitting slightly behind Katkov near to the window. I stayed for a short time, then I stood up and said good-bye. Katkov saw me to the door. I did not go back to Sophia Petrovna again, but went out by another way, through the dining room, and incidentally, I noticed that the table was laid for no more than twenty or perhaps eighteen people. And as no fewer than twelve of Katkov's own family sit down to his table every day I concluded that he was not giving a party, but was only having his nearest relations to dinner.—Then I went to see Lyubimov (it was nearly five o'clock). I didn't find him in, but I saw his wife; she is quite a young woman (although she has a grown-up daughter). She kept me and reproached me for not having come to see them a second time yesterday (as I had promised), and said she had been waiting for me all the evening. Then Lyubimov came in, he was extraordinarily amiable. We talked about the novel. Katkov had insisted on reading it himself, and no matter how Lyubimov begged him to give it to him to read (on the evening of the 7th), Katkov would not agree and kept the manuscript, but he had told him the plan and everything I had briefly told him about the novel during our last interview (which means he is very interested). At my request, Lyubimov promised to hurry him on with the reading: " I shall not give him a moment's peace," he said. After that, he begged me to stay to dinner, " to take pot luck." I agreed. Now I am wondering whether they always dine like that or if it was a special occasion. (Two ladies and a Professor Arkhipov (227) were dining there besides myself.) Hors d'oeuvre, wine, five courses, one of them boiled fresh sturgeon cooked in the Moscow way. If they eat like that every day then they must be very well off. The dinner was very lively. Lyubimov confirmed that there had not been a dinner party at Katkov's. The dinner and conversation were very lively; then at seven o'clock I went to see Elena Pavlovna, but she was not at home. I heard from Elena Pavlovna's children that Mashenka (Ivanov) is in Moscow. I must go and see her to-day. I got her address to-day from Varya, who came to see me at the hotel. These are all my doings up to the present. Perhaps I shall write to you again to-morrow. It is now two o'clock and there is still no letter from you. I may go to see Rassokhin to-day or perhaps it will be to-morrow. I sit in my room in the evening and read *law reports*. (228) I am thinking of going to the Little Theatre to-morrow.

I am anxious about you all. How are you my love, and how are the children? I would like to hear from you soon. I don't know if I shall be able to leave here on Saturday (probably not), but I don't think I shall be kept later than Sunday. I embrace you all and kiss you. You especially and the children too. Again I have dreamt of you. Good-bye, my angel.

All yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Lyubimov has offered to send me the proofs to Petersburg. They send them to Markevich. (229)

I kiss you many times.

P.S.—All the booksellers are delighted with the new journal, " *Lily's Inventions*." They want it on commission and promise a great success. (230) Tell this to both the authors and publishers and kiss them.

129

Moscow,
10 *November* 1878.

MY DARLING LOVE, ANYA,—I received your letter at six o'clock last night, it made me very happy and calmed me. Thank God you are well, kiss the children for me and thank little Lily for her letter and Fedya for his attempt. The news about Navrotsky only shows that they won't be my open enemies in the "*Russkaya Rech.*" As for going to see her I shall *probably not go* because he did not come to see me in Petersburg. But I don't know. I have very little time, otherwise I might have gone to see Olga Feodorovna Sher, which is quite another matter. But I have too little time. Lyubimov came to see me yesterday at six o'clock—to call on me to discuss one or two matters. He said that everything had been settled about the money, Katkov had handed the manuscript over to him without having had time to read it all through, but having *glanced through it all*, he (*i.e.* Lyubimov) had read a third and had found everything was *very original*. But it is very unsatisfactory that the payment of the money depends chiefly upon their cashier, Shulman, who lords over everything to such an extent that even Katkov, so far as payments are concerned, is absolutely under his thumb. If he says: "There's no money in the till," then there is *absolutely nothing* to be done. However, there will be a thousand roubles, but I hope they won't detain me, for I want to leave to-morrow, Saturday, and failing that, then on Sunday for certain. But Lyubimov has told me that Katkov is ill. It is now one o'clock and I shall go to see him at once for a final answer. After that I shall go to Rassokhin, whom I did not have time to see yesterday. Then to Varya, who has invited me. Yesterday I got Mashenka Ivanov's address from Varya, and I went to see her, but I did not find her in; and I heard from the children, Olya and Natasha, that Verochka had just come up from the country with Yulya to stay three days in Moscow, and that they were staying with Mashenka. She too was out. I told them I would come again in the evening, then I returned home, and after dinner I went first to Elena Pavlovna, whom I had not yet seen, and after spending half an hour with her, I went to see Verochka. I found everybody gathered there and I stayed with them until midnight. Verochka is most kind and charming. She hadn't heard about Alyesha's death. So that is all my news. Yesterday I was foolish enough to buy a ticket for the theatre, a benefit night—they are giving a comedy of Ostrovsky for the first time.—And so, my dear angel, I shall probably leave here on Sunday, although I should like to leave to-morrow, Saturday. I kiss you. Don't write any more letters to me. I kiss Lily and Fedya. I embrace you all and I am longing more than anything to see you, especially you, and as quickly as possible. I am very bored here. I kiss you once again. How are you all? Are you well, my angel?

Ever yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

130

Moscow,

Saturday, 11 *November* '78.

DEAR FRIEND ANYA,—All my business seems to be at a standstill and absolutely unsuccessful. The fact is, I think Katkov must be seriously ill. He could not see me yesterday and sent someone round to ask if I would come and see him in a day or two. If it is to be in two days, then that means Sunday. (Of course he isn't making excuses, he really is ill). But their office is closed on Sundays and money cannot be paid out. One of their office clerks came round to me and said Shulman (the cashier) would come to me to-morrow (that is to-day) to my hotel and bring the money. I fixed a time, but it is long past that time and no one has been. The result: if I don't get the money to-day, then I shall certainly not get any to-morrow on account of its being Sunday. Now I don't know what to do; am I to go to the office again? But I feel somehow ashamed to bother them. I feel inclined to leave without the money, after writing a letter to Katkov (but only if it is impossible to see him personally to-morrow), and to ask him to send the money to Petersburg—but would that be a good thing to do? If I leave to-morrow, Sunday (for to-day is out of the question) when they could have paid me on Monday, it looks as if I couldn't even wait a single day. I don't know what to do, and I am in a very bad mood.

I received 25 roubles from Rassokhin yesterday but "I cannot give you the whole sum." I detect a certain impertinence and familiarity in his letter. I have not said anything to him.

I was at Varya's yesterday and at the theatre in the evening. It was horrid. I am dull here, unbearably dull. To add to it all, there is sleet and dreadful weather. Also, I am constipated and I ought to take some more pills, but that is not convenient.

I am writing in a hurry. Still, I shall look into the office. Good-bye, my dear. I only think of you and the children. I love you all very much. Kiss the dear angels for me. Do you think of me? Each night I dream of you.

I hold you close in my arms.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

All the clerks in Katkov's office are terribly haughty and off-hand with everyone. I feel that Shulman puts on airs so as to show what power he has there. This is beginning to bore me. And what if Katkov is ill for some time? It may influence all our future.

131

Staraya Russa,
19 *June* '79. 8 *p.m.*

Good evening, Anya,—How did you arrive, write and tell me. I am very anxious about you and hope you were not worn out and drenched through in Novgorod. Just after you left I began to feel unwell. I got an incredibly bad cold and a muddled and aching head. I lay down and slept for about three hours. It was a fine day, but as soon as I got up it began to pour with rain, and it continued with fine intervals until six o'clock. When I got up, and just before it started to rain, the children begged me to let them go out to the park, so they dressed and went, and then suddenly this rain came on. I sat here worrying, but the nurse ran in to say they were not in the park, but at the priest's; they had gone there to fetch Anfissa, but as it started to rain they had stayed there, and not a single drop of rain had fallen on them! The priest's wife had sent the nurse to reassure me. Then the children came in and changed their clothes, the priest's children also came and stayed here until late in the evening. I got tired of them, but I was glad for the children's sake, for they were happy. But it is a very bad thing that they both cough so much, especially Lily, who has a very bad cough, and often it is quite a choking cough. I give her medicine and, as far as possible, I keep her indoors. Lily is obedient, but Fedya isn't very obedient. It isn't raining now, it is fine again, but damp and not very warm—still, I have allowed them to go and sit at the gate. The newspapers have arrived and a letter from Sazonovich from Moscow. Nothing special, but he sends me a few autographs. (231) He is writing to you, of course. Well, good-bye, I am anxiously and impatiently waiting for a letter from you. I am afraid you will be drenched through and catch cold. Your going away has greatly paralysed my work. Come back soon. May God send you every success. I embrace you and kiss you, the children do the same. Bring some Dugot tar capsules. I have none left.

Your, F. Dostoyevsky.

P.S.—I am afraid of condolences, I am afraid of visits from Jaquelard and the priest. Perhaps Anna Ivanovna will come.

The children talk about you and Fedya asks where you are now, whether you are at Lyuban or no, and why does it take so long?

(Ed.: *on the second page, written by the two children.*)

My Dear Mummy how are you wel I kiss you Lyuba.

Mummy Kum bak kwikly Fedya.

PETERSBURG,
Thursday, 19 *July* '79.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,—I am writing to you at 8 p.m. and am nearly dropping from tiredness. Never have I suffered more from tiredness and weakness than at this moment. My head is going round and round, everything is dancing before my eyes—I write, but I can't see what I am writing.—Although I slept most of the way I am as weak as a five year old, and I don't know what I am going to do with myself until I get to Berlin. I stopped at the Znamensky. At first they gave me a disgusting room in which I caught cold within the first hour—the windows faced due north, small and dingy. I moved to another room (250 kopecks), and now everything is all right. Achenbach and Kolli gave me the money, but they shook their heads for a very long time and sighed—I don't know why. Then I had my passport viséd at the German Embassy, then I went to see Pobedonostsev, but he was not in; he is there every day, he was there yesterday, but not to-day. I left my card. Then I bought a bag—a slightly larger one than the old one, it cost eight roubles and I am sure they overcharged me. I bought some socks in the Gostiny Dvor, 3 pairs at 1 rouble and 3 pairs at 65 kopecks (I found them with great difficulty and I am not sure that they are any good). I bought a comb for 80 kopecks (I left mine at home). I went to our flat. The flat opposite ours has been taken to-day and the new tenants have moved in. I took my old bag to the Kranichfelds; they were at home, everything was very clean, but they complain about black beetles. There are masses of them. I have not a single black beetle in my study. Of course it may be that black beetles are a sign of money coming (they scent the "*Karamazovs*!") but no sooner had Kranichfeld moved in than they vanished. They have engaged a new cook, Pelageya (Polya)—just imagine it! I saw her; she was cooking, it was pitiful to see her. Both Finikov, the shop assistant at Kuzmin's, and Philip the hairdresser, exclaimed as soon as they saw me: "My God! how you've changed. How thin you are! Have you been ill?" And that is not because I had had a bad night. No, Anya, I am ill, and if Ems doesn't help me, then I don't know what will happen. I felt worse in Staraya Russa. But everybody in Petersburg says it is damper here and there is more rain.

How are you all? I have been thinking about you all the time. How are my little angels—Lilyuk and Fedul? The darlings, if they only knew how I love them. Good-bye, Anya, I kiss you. 'I must put my pen down, if I write any more I shall faint. I kiss you all, you, Fedya, and Lily. Tell them from me they are to obey you and to love me.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

133

HOTEL ST. PETERSBOURG,
UNTER DEN LINDEN, ROOM NO. 15.

BERLIN,
22 *July* / 3 *August* '79.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MY DARLING LITTLE WIFE, ANYA,—I have just arrived in Berlin at 7 a.m. (Sunday), and now first of all about myself; I arrived feeling quite well, I could have travelled twice as far. I have almost forgotten how to sleep. It is true I happened to doze off in the railway carriage and slept all curled up, but what sort of sleep is that? And, therefore, you should admire your husband—see what a Hercules he is! I didn't expect it, especially as my nerves were so upset in the Znamensky Hotel in Petersburg. I never got enough sleep, it was quite good if I managed to sleep five hours a night. Perhaps even now my strength is simply due to nervous strain. Well, that is all about my health. The historical part of my journey is not interesting; the one good thing was that the weather was beautiful. But both the days I spent in Petersburg were glorious. This means I have brought the good weather with me, for it was pouring in Petersburg until I arrived and now, wherever I go, the weather is fine. As for Staraya Russa, my beneficial influence was counteracted by the evil influence of Anna Ivanovna and the weather was therefore always bad. But enough of that; on my way to Petersburg I happened to meet Doctor Titzner, who was very ingratiating, and Lvov, whom you saw on the station, came up to introduce himself and to make my acquaintance. He was most amiable and told me he now had a court title (probably Gentleman of the Emperor's Bedchamber), and that he was in command of a Red Cross detachment during the war, by appointment of the Grand Duchess Alexandra Petrovna. The scent from Katerina Prokofievna's magnificent bouquet was so strong in the night that my head began to ache; as we neared Chudovo I threw it out of the window into a wood (I could not take it any further) and thus ended its existence. It was only she who prevented me from properly saying good-bye to you. You cannot imagine how sad I was all the journey, especially during the night when I thought of you and the children. And the longer I stay away from you, the worse it will be. I must save money, Anya, and leave the children something. This thought torments me most of all when travelling for instance, and when I mix with other people and see their selfishness. I left Petersburg in comfort, there was plenty of room in the railway carriage and I slept a little, but during the second half of the journey Poles and Germans were continually getting in and sleep was out of the question.—When we changed trains on to the German railway, a little Jew doctor from Petersburg introduced himself to me, he was about fifty years old (a friend of Titzner, he works in the Maximilian clinic and was travelling to Wiesbaden on account of his rheumatism)—he entertained me very much on the journey and was my German interpreter. But the person who was most attentive to me, was an elderly German, enormously tall, he used to put me to bed and he protected me from the tricks of the waiters at railway stations. It is incredible what thieves they are at the stations, and in Berlin they demand 40 pfennigs for what really only costs 15 pfennigs; you give them half a mark for coffee (25 pfennigs), but they don't bring the 25 pfennigs change back to you, and this happened three times to me. The food on the German stations was insufferably bad, but the price had increased threefold since we were here, *i.e.* eight years ago. In Berlin, I drove first to the Kaiserhof Hotel; they asked 7 marks for a tiny room on the fourth floor, in which one could hardly turn round, it was very dark and the stairs were in pitch darkness. I then drove to the Hotel Petersbourg (I paid the cab extra), and here for 7 marks (which is 3 roubles in our money!) I have a tolerable room in which I can just manage to turn round. (*N.B.*—I changed 200 roubles of my money at Eydtkuhnen for which I got 425 marks; that is quite good, for in Petersburg the exchange bureau only offered me 200 marks for 100 roubles, but I refused it). There was such a dust blowing all along the German railway that we were smothered in it and I have ruined (literally) my suit. It was with great difficulty I managed to wash myself clean in the hotel and now I am sitting down to write to you. Well, that is all about my journey. Now I don't know when I shall go to Ems; if I go to-night then that means I shall have no sleep. Also, I should like to order myself a suit, but it is Sunday to-day and all the tailors are closed. I shall have to stay until to-morrow night, until 10 p.m., and I shall be in Ems at 9 a.m. the day after to-morrow. I have not seen Putsykovich yet; I am terrified of meeting him, first of all because he will stick to me and not leave me alone; he will sit in front of me with his long (aristocratic) nose and squint at me; and secondly, he will borrow money from me, but I have become a Jew; I am quite determined not to let him have any. Still, I will go to see him. Berlin is dull, but it will be duller still with Putsykovich. I will write to you next from Ems, when I arrive, But when will you write to me? We made no arrangement when we parted. Surely you will think of writing to me before hearing from me! For God's sake, describe every little detail to me (about health which is the main thing) and about the children—everything about them. How are they sleeping at night while I am away? Do they talk about me? And you? I dreamt of you on the journey, but you were sad, you were cross with me about something and you reproached me; you would not believe how distressing it was for me to dream this. I hold you in my arms and kiss you all over a countless number of times. I kiss the children especially, tell them I love them and pray for them, and that I ask them to obey you and to take care of you. On my way I saw a boy and girl arm-in-arm (passengers), they were just like Lily and Fedya, especially from the back and they were even dressed like them! For goodness' sake write to me. I embrace you and kiss you again (and always, for you have now taken to staying in my mind all the time!). As soon as I arrive in Ems I shall begin writing the "*Karamazovs*," I am afraid I shall be late in sending it. Well good-bye, do write, for God's sake write, I am yours for ever.

Your husband,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Remember me to everybody. Especially to Anna Vasilievna and her husband. Don't tell that Rokhel woman about the flowers.

For goodness' sake take care of your health, and if you fall ill—even the slightest bit—then telegraph to me at once to Ems (I will give you the address). God will punish you if you don't do this. But better still, keep well, and I therefore ask you to take the greatest care of your health. Once again, I kiss you.

134

EMS,
24 *July* (5 *August*) '79.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND ANYA,—I arrived in Ems this morning at 11 o'clock after a sleepless night and I feel quite well. I am staying, for the present, at the Hotel de France, Room No. 21, close to the railway station. I went straight to the baths, and after a bath went to the post office and read your dear *first* letter, for which I kiss you passionately, and I also kiss Lily and Fedya—all three angels.—And now, dear love, about business. I went to the Stadt Alger—the proprietress was very pleased to see me, showed me a room and was terribly sorry she had already let it by post. But if the person who has taken it doesn't arrive in Ems by seven o'clock to-day, than I can occupy the room after seven o'clock. But as all this was very uncertain, I went to the Luzern (next door).

The proprietor there remembered me very well indeed (his wife has died, leaving him with two little children of about Lily's and Fedya's ages). There are rooms at the Luzern, the same which I occupied before; but they are let at the moment, although they will be vacant in two or three days' time. In the meantime, he has a small room where I could stay for these three days. So my rooms are assured for to-night, either in the Luzern or in the Alger (for I shall move to-day). Now the main thing is what Orth will say; his consulting hours are from four to six o'clock, and while waiting for four o'clock I am writing this letter to you which I will drop into the letter-box on my way to Orth, and to-morrow I shall write another letter to you, in which I shall tell you Orth's decision and also let you know in which hotel I am staying.

Now about something important; dear friend, Anya, we have calculated badly, for I foresee with anxiety that 600 roubles will not be enough and I shall need at least another 100 roubles. I was absolutely amazed in the Alger and the Luzern when I saw their books showing my accounts of three and four years ago; 12 thalers a week for a room, but now as the season is almost over, they have reduced it by 2 thalers, which makes 30 marks a week, 150 marks for five weeks; coffee and breakfast cost 5 thalers a week, dinner not less than that, in all 100 thalers for five weeks. Then tobacco, Orth's fees, the treatment—I make it in all 150 marks and 300 marks (100 thalers equal 300 marks), and that is already 450 marks. The fare from Ems to Berlin including luggage and food on the way—exactly 50 marks, total: 500 marks. Then 80 marks for the tailor in Berlin (*N.B.*—I have ordered myself a coat at the best tailor in Berlin, he plundered me of 160 marks, I paid him 80, and shall pay him the other 80 on my way back through Berlin): total: 580 marks. Then the fare from Berlin to Petersburg, including luggage, is 55 roubles and 5 roubles for expenses—*i.e.* 60 roubles or 125 marks; total: 705 marks; also from Petersburg to Staraya Russa, the night at the Znamensky Hotel and a trifle for incidental expenses—total required: 800 marks. But I only have in hand some 680 or 690 marks at the present rate of exchange (I have not yet changed the 200 roubles). And so I shall probably not have enough. So far I have spent about 500 marks, counting from the time I left Staraya Russa; the fare, Petersburg, odd shopping in Petersburg, the journey to Berlin, luggage, the journey here, Hotel de France, the coat in Berlin and a pair of binoculars for you (don't be cross with me, I don't know if you will like the binoculars, they are my choice, but I shall not tell you the price), and Putsykovich cost me about 60 marks. (He promised on his oath to pay back 40 marks while I was in Ems, I only gave them to him on that condition). In short, I don't know whether I have made a mistake in my calculations, but I have only 700 marks in hand, whereas I shall need more and you may therefore have to send me another 100 roubles before I leave here. I shall be as economical as I possibly can, but in any case be prepared.

And now about Achenbach and Kolli : Lyubimov should have had my letter, for I sent it about a fortnight before I left. *I ask you most urgently* to be sure to return Lyubimov's money order, while I shall write *most politely but firmly* from here that this time *I don't doubt for a single minute* he will fulfil my request and send you at once 500 roubles in money. It will be *beautifully but firmly* written. It must be so, and I don't doubt you will return the money-order to him, otherwise my letter will be a farce. I shall write to Lyubimov to-morrow. I had a boring time in Berlin with Putsykovich. But about him later. However, he entertained me, took me to the Aquarium, to the Museum, to the Tiergarten, we drank beer together, walked about Berlin, etc. Altogether he doesn't live at all badly, much better than we imagined. He said that life had been difficult. He no longer lives in the same place, he pays little, has a nice room, dinner, and *gets credit* (how do these people manage it ?). Apart from Aksakov, Golitzin had also sent him 100 roubles, which he concealed from us (in his letters). Also, that even now his things are being sold in Petersburg and the money is being sent to him, also that his brother sends him money. For all I know there may be others sending him money. He even has a subscription to the "*Grazhdanin.*" He asked me for the first number, not for an article, but only for a letter addressed to him to say that I was *not averse* to collaborating some day, although I was busy with the "*Karamazovs.*" Well, that's not much. He borrowed 45 marks from me for paper and stamps for the first number, which is to appear in a week's time. He even has some ornaments in his room (a paper weight, etc., he loves that sort of thing), which he bought in Berlin. I will get the 45 marks back from him, I paid the other 10 marks for his beer, the restaurant and the cab, etc. But I will write more about him later. I was rather annoyed with your news about Lyubimov. Oh! my dears, my darlings, I prayed to God for you all on my journey. This horrid Ems is duller than ever. It is hot and sunny, but until now it has been raining. Five weeks of torture and a week's travelling—in all, I shall not see you for six weeks, my angels. Anya, I kiss every bit of you. I kiss your hands and feet. Never have you fully understood how much I love you—that's the trouble. I bless Lily and Fedya. I embrace you all. Write oftener, oftener, otherwise I shall die of misery here.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Anya, don't think I am so selfish that I cannot reduce my living expenses. But there are absolutely no cheaper rooms. And the diet, *i.e.* morning coffee and light lunch with meat, etc., all this has been prescribed by the doctor down to the last item.

Another letter to-morrow. D.

135

EMS,

Wednesday, 25 *July* / 6 *August* '79.

DEAR ANGEL AND MY LITTLE FRIEND ANYA,—I went to see Orth yesterday; he remembered me at once and received me most warmly. He examined me very carefully and asked about everything (three years' interval!). He said there was emphysema, but it was only in its first stages, and although it would not be possible to eradicate it completely, one could fight it with every chance of success. " The fact that you have not been here for three years will increase the effect of the Kränchen waters and Kränchen will resurrect you. But first Kränchen and after that we shall try Kesselbrunnen." He found that some part of my lung was displaced and the *heart* had changed its position, which is all the result of the emphysema, although he added as consolation that the heart was perfectly sound, and also that all these changes of position were not very serious and were no particular menace. Of course, as a doctor, he is compelled to say consoling things, but if the emphysema has produced such effects in its early stages, then what will it do later? Still, I have great faith in the waters and I have already begun to take them to-day. I begin by gargling with Kesselbrunnen and then drink two glasses of Kränchen. I gargle again in the evening and drink one glass of Kränchen. The weather is the most important thing of all; if the weather keeps fine, then the result will be satisfactory. That is the general opinion here. When I arrived here yesterday the sun was shining and it was terribly hot. But there was a storm in the night with thunder, etc., and to-day it is both cool and dull, and it rains at unexpected moments.—It is now 12 o'clock midday and I have just moved over into the Ville d'Alger and not into the Luzern. First of all, because the room is not light there, it is on the first floor, and secondly, the rooms here are more elegant, larger and lighter, whereas *the price is the same*; 30 marks a week. I have made arrangements about dinner, they will do as they did before and bring me a full course dinner from the hotel next door for three marks a day. I intend to put part of the dinner on one side for my supper. Morning coffee with a roll is 80 pfennigs, but in the evening the tea is mine and the proprietress will not charge me anything for hot water, crockery, etc. I know they would have charged for this at the Luzern. Orth asked me at once whether I felt any loss of strength, and as soon as I told him that at times I felt sleepy, I saw by his face that he took this very seriously, and he prescribed a plentiful and nourishing meat diet for me during my cure and he said I was to be sure to take wine, but only red wine. They charge a great deal for wine at the Luzern, but I remember that the proprietress here gets wine very cheaply from somewhere or other. That is why I moved over to the Alger in the hope of economising. But the main reason was that Menser, the proprietor of the Luzern, has lost his wife and he carries on the business himself, and I therefore think it won't be as comfortable as it was before. So those are my circumstances, my dear angel. To finish with business; I will add that I am almost certain I shall not have enough money and that in the end you will have to send me another hundred (100) roubles. It is highly probable that I shall bring half of this hundred back with me, but in any case it is essential you should send them. Three years ago I used to get 70 marks more for every 100 roubles I changed—*ie.*, 350 marks more for 500 roubles. Also the coat will cost money. Also it is quite likely that Putsykovich won't pay me back the 45 marks, although he swore by the whole world that he would. But enough of that for the present.

I received your nice letter yesterday and I was so happy. I had been terribly sad in the evening. There are many children here and I cannot go past them without heartache. I am always thinking I see Lily and Fedya. For God's sake, Anya, write a little oftener at least at the beginning. I am thinking of settling down to work to-morrow. I have not written that letter to Lyubimov yet, but I shall certainly send it to him. I shall write very politely but firmly. Yesterday that man Lyubimov upset me very much, and this was immediately after my letter (which he could not have received by then) in which I let him know in detail the absolute impossibility of getting any money through Achenbach and Kolli in Staraya Russa. It always seems to me they do this on purpose, *so that I should not forget myself.* Write to me more about your health, about the children and about the weather you are having. God give you fine weather. You should take more baths, don't put it off. I think very much about you. I embrace you and kiss you. Kiss the children for me. I love them. Tell Fedya that there are donkeys here and mules and dogs. By the way, there are many new buildings in Ems, two new bridges have been built across the Lahn. Fruit is plentiful, wonderful cherries, plums and apricots, but all this has been forbidden me; there are 11,500 visitors here, a great crush, but many of them will be leaving soon. I am expecting cold days, especially at the end of my cure, and the silk lining of my summer coat is in rags.—Good-bye, my angel, I will write to you in about two days' time. I kiss you endlessly, I bless the children and kiss them and pray for them.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

It will be splendid if I get a letter from you to-day.

I have slept well after my journey and I feel well.

Remember me to the priest, to his wife, to Anna Vasilievna and her husband, to the Rokhel woman and to Anna Ivanovna.

Write about everything, all the news—

I look upon Grushenka Menshova's visit as a preface to the Nilov convent scene.

136

EMS,

Saturday, 28 *July* / 9 *August* '79.

HOTEL D'ALGER. ROOM NO. 5,

MY DEAR, MY DARLING FRIEND ANYA,—The day before yesterday I received your letter of the 21st June and I am very grateful to you. As I have already sent you many letters, I did not answer yours yesterday, but I am writing to-day, otherwise you may grow tired of my letters. But do please write oftener, even if they are short letters, but oftener so that I shall always know how you all are. But it would be better still if you wrote longer letters. But do as you like, I won't impose my will on anyone. As for me, I am disgusted and bored here *to the extreme*. There are masses of people, the weather is dull and it rained all last night and to-day. I am living in complete solitude. I go out for walks just as I used to three years ago, to the very same places, and I am bored to death. It is dark by half-past seven in the evening (because of the hills), and it is damp as soon as the sun goes down. My health is not very good; my cough is bad, especially at night, until my chest feels as if it would burst. I feel weak and depressed, I have pains in my chest and I have the most terrible nightmares. I sleep very badly at night, waking up about five times, and each time because of different nightmares, and each time I am simply bathed in sweat, so that I have to change my nightshirt exactly five times every night. At eight o'clock this morning I went to see Orth (for the second time). He considers that if my stomach is in good order, then everything is all right; as for the irritation, he says everyone has that at the beginning of a Kränchen cure. He increased the dose, I am now to drink four glasses a day. He seems to be hurrying me. Perhaps I may have to finish the cure before the five weeks, because everyone here says the treatment is never good in September. But now that I am here I am determined to take all I can and to stay until " nec plus ultra." Otherwise, in spite of all the sacrifices, the cure may be spoilt. Everything is terribly expensive here. You can't buy anything, they are all Jews. I bought some notepaper and some very bad pens, and I had to pay the devil knows how much for them—it is as if we were on a desert island. There are Jews everywhere. Almost a third of the visitors are vulgar rich Jews from every corner of the earth. There are about thirty Russian names (in the visitors' list), but they are all unknown to me—a certain Semenov from Petersburg and a Prince Meshchersky (not our Meshchersky). I think Chicherin [1] is here. There are several princesses and countesses with their families (Dolgoruky, Obolensky, Radziwill)—but I don't know any of them. All the other Russians are for the most part rich Russian Jews. There are two rich Jews, a mother and son, in the next room to mine at the Hotel d'Alger. He is a young Jew, twenty-five years of age, and the two of them poison my very existence ; from morning to night they talk loudly and without ceasing ; they neither let me read nor write. One would think that, as it is twenty-five years since she gave birth to him she would have said all she had to say to him in that time, but no : they talk day and night, not like ordinary human beings, but pages on end (in German or Yiddish), it is just as if they were reading a book aloud, and all this with the most horrible Jewish accent, so that it has absolutely worn me out in my irritable condition. Above all, they have no consideration for anyone ; when speaking they almost shout as if they were the only people in the hotel. Last night I sat down to work, and to-day I am again writing letters to you and to Putsykovich. I had a letter from him yesterday in which he implored me to send him as soon as possible the promised letter for publication. I have to compose that letter very carefully, so as not to compromise myself too much by collaborating in the ephemeral " *Grazhdanin.*" But, of course, I must help him in that respect. He writes that the subscription list is now open. Perhaps something may come of it after all. Then I shall be able to plunder him for some money. I sent Lyubimov a letter the day before yesterday, an incredibly gentle letter, but with a firm insistence that he should send you the money by a letter of credit. If you receive it, then send me 100 roubles immediately (poste restante). In fact, the sooner you send it the better, but in any case send it, for it is absolutely necessary for me to have it.

---

[1] Translators' note : Chicherin. Professor at the Moscow University and father of the present People's Commissar.

My dear friend, I think about you all continually, and as soon as it is evening, I think of you all with sadness and even with suspicion. I know you are a good mother to the children and I thank you. Don't let them catch cold. If they wear out their boots or shoes—buy them new ones. I suppose you will soon be going to Nil. (232) Pray for me too, but write to me on your journey. I kiss the children and bless them. Tell Lily I am expecting to see pink cheeks. Don't let Fedya catch cold. Take care of your health. What if you were to fall ill—who would look after them then? I had a nightmare about this. I embrace and kiss you, love me, for I love you. I am comfortable in my hotel, they bring me a very good dinner, so I leave one course for my supper. I drink a glass of beer and a small glass of wine (local and very cheap), a small bottle lasts me several days. Among the newspapers here, there are the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*," the "*Golos*" and the "*Journal de St. Petersburg*." Write oftener, otherwise I become anxious. Once again, I kiss you all, you and the children. You are also my child, one who is sometimes wayward, while I am your child and I too am sometimes wayward. Greetings to all.

(ED.: *Letter left unsigned.*)

137

EMS,
30 *July* / 11 *August* '79.
HOTEL D'ALGER,

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MY INCOMPARABLE LITTLE WIFE, ANYA,—I received your letter of the 24th yesterday, and I am answering it to-day the 30th, but I will post it to-morrow. Of course you have received all my letters from Ems by now, and you know all my news. But it is a terrible, almost unbearable, thought that so many days must elapse before I can have a reply to a letter. I kiss you and embrace you, I thank Lily for her little letter and I congratulate Fedya about the fish. Let him catch three fish for my arrival and we will make some fish soup. How I love them, my angels, but as for your highness, there is no need for me to tell you that. If only I could see you all again soon! I am depressed and bored here almost more than I can bear, I don't know a single soul; there are nothing but strange, ugly, foreign faces. It is foggy and cold in the mornings. The Kränchen waters are having an irritating effect and I am tortured to death with nightmares, I hardly sleep at all. The spasmodic coughing continues as usual, but I am beginning to hope there will be some improvement. I seem to breathe more easily, I can take more exercise, and although my cough is no better I spit more freely. The thought of my work worries me terribly. I thought I should live in solitude and work all the time, but it turns out I can only work for two hours a day, and that in the daytime and not at night. I get up at six, at seven I am at the springs, and at nine I return to drink coffee. An hour for coffee and a rest, and by then it is *ten o'clock*. I work from 10-12. At twelve o'clock I go to the post and take a walk before dinner. At one o'clock I have my dinner. After dinner, between two and four o'clock, I either write letters (Putsykovich won't leave me alone, he bombards me with letters and wants to send me his proofs to read—as if I had the time !) or I go and read the papers. I take the waters again from four to half-past five. Then after six o'clock a walk—that is absolutely essential. At eight o'clock it is already dark and I drink tea by candlelight, and at ten o'clock I go to bed.—And that is all my day. All night I have nightmares, my nerves are upset, I worry about my work. What a holiday it will be when at last I can send my work off to the " *Russky Vestnik* " ! Needless to say, I have absolutely no adventures here, except some trifling ones. As for instance, I lost one of my day shirts (I don't think it is one of my best). I only missed it yesterday. It must have been stolen while I was at the Hotel de France, but it is too late now to go there for it. The day after I moved from the Hotel de France to the d'Alger, I suddenly remembered that I had left a pair of trousers at the Hotel de France, so I went there and the servant was quite confused. It seems he had already stowed them away in his trunk. I took them from him and brought them back here, but, of course, I must have left my shirt there too, for there is no one here at the d'Alger who would steal it. My second adventure is that I have bought an umbrella. Two days ago, on Saturday, I went to gargle my throat. I went in the room where fifty places are arranged for gargling, and I put my umbrella in the corner, and on going out of the room I forgot it. A quarter of an hour later, I missed it, I went back for it, but could not find it ; someone had taken it. It had been raining all night and all morning and I thought to myself ; it is Sunday to-morrow ; the shops will be closed and what shall I do if it rains ? I went and bought another, a very bad one it seems, a silk one of course, costing 14 marks (6 roubles in our money). After selling it to me, the shopkeeper (a crafty Jew) said : " Have you made enquiries about your umbrella at the police ? "—" Where can you find the police in the Kursaal ? "—" Oh ! there *is* a department there." And I did not know it. I went and asked them, and my umbrella was immediately returned to me, they had found it long ago. How amazing ! I offered the wretched shopkeeper 2 marks if he would take the new umbrella back and return the 12 marks to me, but he refused. It's absolutely tragic how money simply runs away here. My third adventure was with my Jew neighbours in the Hotel d'Alger. For four days I sat and put up with their conversations behind my door (the mother and son), they talk pages on end, whole volumes of talk, on and on without the slightest pause, and, above all, they don't only shout, they squeal as if they were in an Israelitic consistorium, or a synagogue, and they don't pay the slightest attention to the fact that they are not the only people in the hotel. They are (rich) Russian Jews, somewhere from the West of Russia, from Kovno. As it was ten o'clock and time to go to sleep, I shouted out as I was getting into bed : " Oh ! those damned Jews, when *will* they let me sleep ? " The next day the proprietress, Madame Bach, came into my room and told me that the Jews had called her and said they were very offended that I had called them " Jews," and that they would leave the Hotel. I told the proprietress that I myself wanted to leave, because her Jews had worn me out ; it was impossible to read or write, or think anything. She was very frightened by my threats and said she would rather send the Jews away, and suggested that I should move upstairs where there would be some splendid, clean rooms for me next week. I know those rooms, they really are good, and also they are two thalers a week cheaper. I agreed, and although the Jews have not stopped talking and continue to talk loudly, they have stopped shouting and I can bear it for the present. Well, those are all my adventures.—I have begun to twitch at night, I am very much afraid I shall have a fit.

And now about you. So you are going to Nil on the 6th ? My dear love, I don't want to worry or to impose my will upon you, but do take two addressed envelopes and a sharpened pencil with you and where you meet the post send me a letter, even if it is only three lines long and in pencil. And take care of the children. Also take care of yourself ; you are the apple of my eye ; take care of yourself for me, do you hear, Anya, for me and *for me only*. So, madam, you are gadding about and going to balls ? What for, may I ask ? (Ed. : *two and a half lines crossed out*). An'ka, my love, keep well, don't catch cold, take care of yourself—both I and the children need you.

I pray for you all. But apart from prayers, I have all sorts of *strange* thoughts. I cannot help having them and my nerves get upset. Even now I have one or two secrets stored up, which I generally tell you immediately after dinner on the first day of my return after a long absence, something like the days when we used to lock ourselves up in order to count our money. Anya, how I long to kiss you, not in this way only, but also in the other way, with fire. (Ed. : *one and a half* *lines crossed out which read as follows:* "And there should be no B...vs, forget to think about them, at anyrate don't even dream of them, not even in your thoughts." I have no power over my little wife.) (ED.: *three lines crossed out.*) I kiss your lips, then your hands, then your feet and then all the rest of you. Kiss the children. Tell them I ask them to be obedient, especially on the journey to Nil. Take care of them, my love, I am terribly worried. I have still nearly another month here, it is terrible, terrible!

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

You are allowed to go to balls, madam, *but only if you remember me.* My greetings to all, to the priest and especially to Anna Vasilievna. And send me the 100 roubles. I will bring back whatever I don't spend. The exchange is again falling.

To-morrow I am expecting your promised letter.

Anya, don't dare to grow thinner, but grow *fatter.* And, above all, health, and health again. Once again, I kiss the children.

138

EMS,

1 *August* / 13 *August* '79.

MY DEAR ANGEL, ANYA,—I have just received your letter of the 27th July. I thought I would receive it yesterday, that is what I imagined, but I was mistaken in my calculations. My dear love, you write that it was your nameday on the 25th—and you have surprised me extremely by this; I should never have thought of your nameday as being in the summer and in July too! I know your birthday is on the 30th of August, but your nameday is in February, at least it always was so. And I never, never remember celebrating it in July. Either you have made a mistake or I have no memory at all. Actually, although I love my Anya endlessly, I don't think I shall ever manage to remember once and for all her birthday and her nameday. And you reproach me with: "and you didn't congratulate me." Of course not, when I certainly understood your nameday was in February. I kiss your hands and feet, and more than that I kiss you *all over,* and I ask you to forgive me. And then I congratulate you, my dear and most precious wife, on your past nameday. I congratulate you with all my heart, Anya. God grant you may celebrate your nameday for at least another 75 times.

You still write about Nil, and I am, therefore, answering your letter at once, counting on my letter reaching you in Staraya Russa. But you must confess I write to you at least twice as often as you write to me. And yet you say I probably don't think of you all as often as you do of me. But I am not complaining to you, I don't even want to torment you, because in any case letters are work, although I get letters from you in my dreams, so much do I long for news of you. Thank Lyubochka for her charming letter and Fedulka for his good intention. I love them more than I can say. I am also extremely worried about you, *i.e.* about your life ; how you are and what you are doing. By the way is Foma with you and does he sleep in the house ? You write that you don't sleep at night ; for heaven's sake, Anya, you must sleep, do see you get enough sleep.—And why this regularity ? If you wake up at 12, then put them on the chamber at 12, if you wake up at 3, then don't wait until 4, but put them on the chamber at 3 ; otherwise you will ruin your nerves and, God forbid, you may get thin. You promised to try to get fatter, just a little fatter, but more about that later on.

I am very glad that Lyubimov has been prompt and has even sent a telegram, and I am glad I wrote him a very polite letter, so that he could not take offence. So it means that if it is 500 and 800 they are reckoning everything down to the last line. That's not so bad.—But I have nothing but unforeseen expenses here ; at the springs this morning I dropped my beautiful crystal glass on the stone floor and it smashed into smithereens ; it cost 5 marks. I immediately bought myself another for 4 marks which means a loss of 9 marks. And it is a bad omen. I am still in an irritable condition through taking the waters, I sleep badly, I have a nervous twitch. I drink four glasses a day. What will happen later I don't know. But my feverish cough is no better, especially at night and on getting up in the morning. The mornings here are foggy, but it is hot during the day. I don't know anyone here, there are very few Russians. I am dull and sad. I have begun writing and am writing well so far.

I will write a separate letter to Lily and Fedya one day.

Remember me to everyone. Especially to Anna Vasilievna. Well, do you think Anna Ivanovna deserved to get the Rokhel woman's bouquet ? There are masses of flowers here and they are sold in bunches. But I don't buy any, because I have no one to give them to ; my queen is not here. And who is my queen ?—You are my queen. I have quite decided this, for living here I have fallen in love with you more than you could ever imagine. And now about something *very intimate*. My queen and my clever one, you write that you dream the most seductive dreams (Ed. : *two lines crossed out*). It has enraptured and delighted me, because I not only think of my queen and my sovereign at night, but in the daytime too, and I think of her excessively and madly. Don't think it is only from this one angle. Oh ! no, no, but I confess I do think of you from that angle almost to fever point. Your letters to me are fairly dry and then suddenly this phrase jumps out (Ed. : *ten and a half lines crossed out*) which she would not have realised in a flash and remained a good angel, and consequently everything used to be for the delight and joy of her husband, for her husband is especially happy when she is [absolutely frank].

That is what he values and that is why he is so delighted. And then suddenly this phrase (the most seductive dreams). (Ed. : *six lines crossed out.*) Allow me, madam (Ed. : *six lines crossed out*). I kiss you madly now at this moment. But to decide about sleep (Ed. : *two lines crossed out*) my adored wife (Ed. : *one and a half lines crossed out*). Anya, by this page alone you can see what is happening to me. It is as if I were delirious, I am afraid of having a fit. I kiss your hands, your palms, your feet ; I kiss you all over.

All yours,

F. Dostoyevsky.

I will now write to you as soon as I receive your letters and have news of your journey to Nil. And, incidentally, pray for me too. For I too am sinful. A special greeting to the priest.

Madame Philosofov (233) has sent me a letter. She is going from the Caucasus to the government of Pskov.

Write to me also on your journey if possible. I kiss my angels Lily and Fedya and beg them to be obedient. Don't allow Fedya to run near the wheels or the horses on the journey. And don't lose them in a crowd. Anya, I implore you !

139

Ems,

Saturday, 4/16 *August* [1879].

My dear friend Anya,—I have just received your dear letter of the 30th July, and am answering it straight away to-day. So your journey to Nil is postponed ; I am very glad to hear it, because I would have been anxious and news of you would not have come so regularly. The news about Fedya has made me very anxious. Rokhel is absolutely right ; he needs to have baths, if only a few, and I hope you have already begun them. It is the eleventh day of my cure here and you are only now answering my first letter from Ems ! How far away and slow that is. I am continually thinking about you all, and although I have complete confidence in you, I still worry. It is especially hard to bear for it is so sad in the evenings. Life is unbearably hard and vile for me here, Anya; neither better nor worse than when I was in prison in Siberia (and I have experienced that); and I say this without any *exaggeration*. I am alone, there is not a single face I know, nothing but horrid Jew faces round me. Occasionally, though rarely, I hear Russian spoken, but who these Russians are no one seems to know—all of them are from the outlying parts of Russia. However, I am pursuing my cure very zealously, and, although I feel in advance that I may not derive any benefit from it, I will go through with the cure to the appointed day so that I shall not be able to blame anyone later. I take the waters for four hours in the morning and one hour after dinner, and I gargle with Kesselbrunnen night and morning. It is warm here, but it has been raining all to-day, the sun has only just come out. I have an appetite, but my nerves are in a dreadful state. Orth assures me that it is the effect of the Kränchen waters. I sleep very badly at night, I cannot drop off to sleep for a long time and I sweat about three times at night. I have a terrible spasmodic cough for half an hour or more on end, and before falling asleep or on waking up it is worse than it was in the winter. I went to see Orth about it; he says the cough is a good sign, that it shows the effect of the waters (he puts everything down to the effect of the waters), that I cough because, in spite of the emphysema, the Kränchen cleanses the lungs, which are thus able to take in more air than before, and that it is this extra quantity of air which irritates the lungs since they are not used to such a quantity. Who knows?

Perhaps there is a grain of truth in what he says, and no matter how stupid he seems to be as a doctor, his very long experience here must have given him some knowledge. True, I do seem to take much deeper breaths now, I can even notice that for myself. But what is to be, will be. You don't write anything about your health, my angel, and you are the apple of my eye; you are dear to me first, as the mother of my children; and secondly, as my wife; and thirdly, as my precious and only treasure, although you have a great many faults; lack of trust in me, inability to appreciate my love for you, and nerves—nerves and again nerves, which are no better than mine. And yet I am in love with you (I am not joking), and you are my mistress and my sovereign for ever, and I fully recognise this.

Absolutely nothing happens here, nothing at all. I write and copy out what I have written, so as to send the "*Pater Seraphicus*" off as soon as possible. I think I shall post it on the 7th, but God only knows whether I shall be able to send it off by then? I go for walks in the evening; such sad walks. I read the "*Golos*" and the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*" at the Kursaal. All very dull. At 8 o'clock in the evening

I drink tea (by candlelight), at nine I begin to get ready for bed, and at ten I am in bed; but I don't fall asleep until midnight, for I cough all the time. Thank you, my love, for your readiness to send me the 100 roubles. I won't spend a single extra kopeck, but just think, when I remember the prices of three years ago, I find that everything has gone up in price since then. My haemorrhoids, which had almost ceased to bother me during the last few years in Petersburg and Russa, are beginning to worry me again; also I am constipated because of the meat diet, for I am not allowed to eat greens—everything has been forbidden.

Fedya says everything is horrid without me, I can well believe him; only Anya is good, but she is not very fond of cooking. I was most struck by your dream. That means you have nightmares. But God grant the dream was a good omen. So Anna Ivanovna is leaving at last? And the Jaquelards too, so you will be alone. Your only diversion is to go to the baths. Don't *catch* anything at the baths, my love. Seek health and you will make me tremendously happy. You seemed to want to make some remark about Jaquelard. Surely he is not making eyes at the Rokhel woman? Well, he has French taste, but what is Anna Vasilievna doing?

I wanted to write a separate letter to the children, but I have no time. When I send my work away then I shall write to them. Lily writes very nicely, I keep all her letters and always kiss them.

The Jews are troubling me less, but I think I shall probably move upstairs into other rooms. All the time I am afraid of having a fit. My angel, you add a sweet little note that you often dream of me, etc. But I dream about you more when I am awake. I sit and drink coffee or tea and I only think of you, not only about that, but in every sense. I am convinced, Anya, that I not only love you, but that I am in love with you and that you are my only mistress—and that after twelve years! And when I think of you even in the *most earthly sense*, it is also so, in spite of the fact that you have, of course, changed and have grown older since I first knew you when you were nineteen. But can you believe me, I like you now in that respect *incomparably more than then*. It may seem impossible, but it is so. Certainly you are only thirty-two years old and a woman is at her best then (Ed.: *five lines crossed out*)—and that irresistibly attracts a man like me. If only you were absolutely frank—then everything would be perfect. Every minute I kiss you in my day-dreams, every bit of you, *every minute*, passionately. Especially I love that about which it has been said: "And that delightful object charms and intoxicates him." I kiss that object every minute, in every aspect, and I intend to kiss it all my life.

Anya, my love, never, in any circumstance whatever can I leave you alone in that respect, my delightful kind wife, who spoils me, for it is not only your spoiling, but also that readiness, that delight and intimate frankness with which I receive this spoiling from you. Good-bye, I have said so much that I am beginning to talk nonsense. I embrace and kiss you passionately.

DOSTOYEVSKY.

I kiss and bless the children. Oh! Anya, how dull, how dull I am. Always write as you do now, every third day. Once again I kiss all three of you.

140

EMS,
Tuesday, 7/19 *August* '79.

TO-DAY, MY ANGEL,—I received your letter (of the 2nd of August), for which I thank you very much. And now I shall have to wait until next Friday for the next one. By the way, you were offended that I wrote "I don't impose my will on anyone," but I had not the slightest intention of hurting you. I swear to you, my dear friend, Anya, my dear, pretty little wife (not pretty, but a beauty, so there!) it always gives me great pleasure to read the news about you and the children; at any rate the day I hear from you I am always calmer about you. So you have begun to take the baths; you must certainly take at least twenty baths. And the journey to Nil has not been postponed? Very good, only if you go after the 20th, then you may have cold weather and autumn rains; that's what worries me. And what if I suddenly return to Staraya Russa by the 1st or 2nd of September and don't find you at home? That would be very delightful! It is just about the time I expect to return, for by the 28th August (old style) I shall have had exactly five weeks' treatment, *i.e.* exactly as much as is necessary, and I shall not stay any longer than five weeks. You say you had a thunderstorm and that you went to bed in your clothes, even with your shoes on! But why should you be so frightened? What with this and the over-cautious way you get up to go to the children in the night, you will lose the habit of regular sleep altogether and ruin your health. (And worst of all—you will grow thin). Thank you for promising to send me the money soon; can you believe it, I sit and count all the time and I have worked out that I shall not only have absolutely nothing left out of the 700 roubles to bring back with me, but I shall not even be able to buy the children any sweets as I used to do in the old days. To-morrow, Wednesday, I have to settle my weekly bill for board and lodging here. After that I shall have exactly 200 roubles left (I have not changed them yet). Then you will send 100 roubles, which makes 300 roubles in all. So listen; I have three more weeks here. Each week I shall need a minimum of 80 marks for my rooms, board, tea, cigars, laundry and certain minor expenses, which makes 240 marks (or let us say 250 marks), and then not less than 50 marks for Orth. The journey to Berlin second class, and luggage, will cost 55 marks (the fares here for the first two classes have gone up). Then 80 marks to the tailor in Berlin, the hotel in Berlin 20 marks, and the journey from Berlin to Petersburg 120 marks, then the hotel in Petersburg and the journey from Petersburg to Russa—and what shall I have left out of 636 marks, which is what I got for 300 roubles? (The Jews here only give 212 marks for 100 roubles and the exchange has again begun to fluctuate). Also everything is madly expensive compared with what it was before, except perhaps the postal rates: to-day, the 7th August, I was at last able to post a very thick packet to Lyubimov, *i.e.* the novel for August—53 half sheets, and they only charged me 2 marks 25 pfennigs for registered post, whereas I was sure it would cost me 5 marks. I think I am pleased with what I have sent off (*i.e.* with the work). I think it will be very good. Besides, the length was not only 3 sheets, but a little more than three—about another 1000 roubles' worth. I am especially pleased with the fact that I have at last posted it. That old man has been hanging round my neck for a long time, he has tormented me from the very beginning of the summer. This morning after posting it, I received a letter from Lyubimov at the same time as yours. It was apologetic, respectful and very amiable. He says he was in Petersburg, and that was why he could not attend to the matter at the right time, etc. I feel glad I wrote politely but firmly to him. He confirms that he will send you 800 roubles one of these days soon. You are surprised it is 800 and not 500 to complete the promised 2000? It is because they are reckoning *everything* that has been printed up till now, and there are 300 roubles' worth over the 2000. By the way, you say you are afraid of a fire and they may have found out (from gossip at the post office) that you have received a large sum of money. Do take care, Anya. Does Foma or someone sleep in the house? It is a much more serious matter than a fire. I see from the papers that there is nothing but murders and thefts going on all over Russia. I have become so suspicious that sometimes I live in agony about you, terrified lest something may have happened to you. I read the story about Lily and her madness with a most unpleasant feeling. Of course it is Anfissa, but the trouble is that Anfissa will also be there in the future, in about two or three years' time and may teach her some very bad things. We must be very, very careful of that. Lily is intelligent and even now is too advanced for her years, but later on it will be much worse.

My angel, do continue to give the children lessons, if only Fedya would hurry up and learn to read. And let them learn some prayer for my arrival, " I believe " for instance ; Lily, at least.

And so Jaquelard is flirting with Madame Rokhel ? Well, well ! You write you are drinking vodka, and I was just going to write to tell you to drink more. I don't drink vodka myself and I have stopped taking arsenic, which I have been taking for six months on end, and yet I feel I have become stronger physically, because of the treatment of course. I can walk eight miles a day (never less) and I don't feel tired. I also have an appetite. But my cough is just the same, especially during the last three days. All these three days it has rained and has been terribly damp in our horrid valley, only to-day the sun peeped out. Ah ! my love, the country here is magnificent, but if only you knew how tired I am of it and how I loathe it. I think some people are beginning to leave. My Jew neighbours are leaving next week, so I shall not change my rooms. The music here is good, but they seldom play Beethoven or Mozart. It is always Wagner (a most dull German dog in spite of all his fame), and all sorts of rubbish. You say you had a bruise from my pinch, but I pinched you out of love, and as my love has increased here I promise to go on pinching you in the future until I stop loving you. My angel, you say you wonder what I am doing now and what I am thinking about. My darling, nine-tenths of the time I think about you and see you before me, you are continually in my thoughts. I kiss that with which " I am delighted and charmed." Oh ! how I kiss you, how I kiss you ! Anya, don't say this is coarse, but what am I to do, if I am made like this I can't help it. You are my light, and my one hope is that you will understand all this down to the finest subtlety. Good-bye, my angel (if only we could meet soon) I kiss your toes, then your lips, then again (ED. : *one word crossed out*).

All yours, DOSTOYEVSKY.

To me you are a beauty, a beauty, and you really are a beauty, a beauty for everyone.

I bless the children and kiss you—my love to all.

141

EMS,

Friday, 10/22 *August* '79.

I HAVE received your letter of August the 5th. Thank you very much for it, but I am so bored here that not even letters can cheer me up.

There is also the thought that it was written five days ago and that now, at this moment, God only knows what may or may not have happened to you, and, therefore, although I am glad to hear from you, I still have disturbing thoughts and fears. My love, you write that boredom is *nothing*; how very mistaken you are! I can hardly bear this prison any longer—other times at Ems I could always find some Russian people I knew—but there is no one this time, nothing but horrid Jewish and English faces and always silence and solitude. Even the music is atrocious; the bandmaster plays nothing but his *own* waltzes and a pot-pourri of the worst kind. The only Russian papers in the reading room are the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*," which is always terribly out of date, and the rotten "*Golos*," which only drives me mad. My only distraction is to watch the children, of whom there are many here, and I talk to them. But everything is beastly here. This morning I met a child on his way to school; he was about five years old and was with a crowd of others. He was walking with his hands over his eyes and crying. I asked him what was the matter, and learnt from some Germans who were passing that he has had inflammation of the eyes (which is most painful) for the last month and his father, a cobbler, won't take him to a doctor, because he would have to spend a few pfennigs on medicine. This has upset me horribly and my nerves are altogether on edge and I feel very depressed. No, Anya, boredom is no joke, for when one is bored then even work is torture. Prison is much better. Yes prison *was* better! You laugh, you can afford to.

Orth has changed my treatment to Kesselbrunnen. As for Orth, every time I go to him he looks as if he had forgotten all about me and anything he may have prescribed for me. When I asked him about Kesselbrunnen he explained its chemical composition and said it was almost the same as Kränchen, the effect on the complaint was the same, but its action was stronger, because it was 10 degrees hotter and contained more iron than Kränchen. So Kesselbrunnen will strengthen the organism because of the iron and will have a greater effect. I drink four glasses of Kesselbrunnen in the morning and two glasses of Kränchen after dinner, but I think Orth will prescribe Kesselbrunnen also after dinner. I had just got used to the enervating effect of Kränchen and my nightmares had ceased, better still, the twitching and sweating at night had ceased (I used to change my shirt as often as three times in one night). And now, *i.e.* yesterday, no sooner had I changed over to Kesselbrunnen, than again nightmares and again sweating, which is definitely the action of the waters. How susceptible I am to the action of the waters! I seriously think that my black mood of the last two days is also the result of Kesselbrunnen. But the boredom, the boredom is intolerable. My cough seems to be better at night, but I still cough a great deal. It is easier for me to clear my throat, but it does not help the cough much. I sleep badly because of all these nightmares and getting up in the night, actually only about five or six hours in all, and my nerves are worse than ever. Towards evening I am so depressed that I can't even look at anything. You say it will all be over soon, whereas to-morrow I shall only be halfway through the treatment and there is still another half left. And the hideous faces at the springs, especially the women's, and the Jews and Jewesses, the crowd and the crush—the devil only knows what it's all for. And to have to spend 700 roubles on that ! My only consolation is in the hope that the waters will have a good effect on me as I am evidently terribly susceptible to them. I think I am getting stronger, I have a hearty appetite, but I have difficulty with my digestion. There are fruit stalls everywhere—beautiful peaches, grapes, pears and all fairly cheap, but I am not allowed to eat fruit, I have only to eat meat. The dinner they bring me is satisfying but coarse : fish only once a week, the plainest kind of puddings every day and three meat dishes, out of one of which I am always cheated. For instance, they used to send me a German dish, rind of pork torn off the meat and roasted. The servants are fed on it and the maid told me that every time she eats it she feels sick. She told me this because I was sick while she was there. They often used to give me this dish and I always felt ill after it and this time I was sick. I forbade them ever to give it to me again. Also yesterday they sent me a roast chicken. I began to eat it, and can you imagine such a trick ; they had removed all the meat off the chicken down to the last atom, so that the bare bones looked quite polished, and then they had covered it all over with the roasted chicken skin, so that from the outside it looked like a whole chicken, but I had only to touch it with a fork to find a skeleton under the skin. I forbade them to bring me such a German dish in future, nor any of their ice cream. It is 24 degrees in the shade, the maid has to come from the Hotel Gedeke which sends me my dinner, and she has to carry it 200 yards to our Hotel d'Alger. The ice cream is half melted by the time she gets here. Then I sit down to my soup, meat and gravy and all the time I have to watch the last of my ice cream melt. The final result is a sour red water.

But that's enough—the whole of this letter is about myself. You will probably call me an egotist. The chief thing in your letter is about *Nil*. I shall continue to write to you, but I am afraid of the children catching cold on the way. You are having nothing but rain and cold and I pray no harm will come to you. Kiss the children for me. Although the relations will all meet in Moscow for some reason or other, there will probably be no dividing up. Why shouldn't we write to Andrey Mikhaylovich and ask him to choose a plot for us, according to his own conscience (I trust him) ? Still, I don't know, I have begun to write the continuation of the novel. As you are sending me meagre letters, I shall not express my feelings as I did before, but I *confirm* everything I then wrote. I love you more than you do me, that is quite certain. Good-bye, I kiss you as I kiss you every night in my dreams.

Your DOSTOYEVSKY.

Tell me, surely you don't mean that the painter is going to paint the window frames as well ? And that the beautiful natural oak will be covered with a greyish white colour ? What a shame !

I kiss and bless the children ; I bless them and pray for them every day. Take care of your health, your health, your health ! Otherwise you too will ruin your nerves and then what shall we both be like ? Greetings to all. Again I kiss you a thousand times. It is possible to kiss a 1000 times, but to write as you do, that you kiss me 10,000,000,000 times is obviously a lie. It is easy to write down noughts, but in actual fact ?

It isn't a question of 10,000,000,000 (ED. : *one word crossed out*) My darling Anya. Write. Be sure to write. Otherwise, if I don't hear from you—what will happen to me ? I have written this letter to you and I now feel light-hearted again and quite cheered up. You will probably write to me before you go to Nil and I shall, of course, understand if it is not convenient for you to write to me on the way.

Tell the children something nice about me. I often think about Alyesha—there are many children here like him.

Send me the 100 roubles—don't postpone doing that. That beast Putsykovich won't pay me back those 45 marks. I feel certain.

142

EMS,

13/25 *August* '79.

I HAVE just received your nice letter of the 8th August, my dear friend Anya, and I will answer everything in the right order. You say you are worried about me, *i.e.* about the treatment. I don't know what to say to you about its progress. It will be exactly three weeks to-morrow since I began it. There are exactly two weeks left, so Orth decided to-day, which means I shall finish the cure on the 28th (old style) of

August and I shall leave here on the 29th. I shall be five days on the way and probably arrive in Staraya Russa on the 2nd or 3rd, but most likely it will be the 3rd. So you can send me your last letter on the 23rd or 24th; otherwise it won't reach me. There is still a fortnight before us and there may be changes. At the present stage of the cure I feel better and stronger and I have more energy. The sleepiness, for instance, has quite disappeared—and that must definitely be attributed to the waters. But I don't think I am any heavier in weight and I am not getting any fatter. My racking cough is very much better and has almost vanished, but I still cough and am very hoarse, and the tickling in the throat continues, although it is easier for me to clear my throat and I seem to cough less. I still sleep badly at night; I often wake up and I perspire, but not as much as before. I have a good appetite, but my stomach is not quite in order. Well, that's all I can tell you now about myself, except that I think the cure will be successful. But all this only means temporary alleviation, I shall always have the complaint, but 700 roubles have been spent. The weather here also interferes with the treatment; although it is warm, often very warm, still it is damp and the sun may shine, but it rains about three times a day and especially at night. Sometimes it rains the whole night through, and dampness is my chief enemy. If only the weather were better, then the cure would be more successful.

I was very sorry to hear the news about poor Emilia Feodorovna. Of course it was obvious from the beginning that she couldn't live for long with such a complaint. But with her death everything that remained to me on earth as a memory of my brother seems to have ended. There is only Fedya left, Feodor Mikhaylovich, whom I used to carry about in my arms. The rest of my brother's children grew up without me. Write to Fedya and give him my deepest sympathy, I don't know where he is and you did not enclose his address (don't forget to send me his address in your next letter). Just imagine what a dream I had on the 5th (I made a note of the date). I saw my brother lying on a bed with an artery cut in his throat and he was losing blood rapidly. Horrified, I thought of running for a doctor and yet the thought that he would bleed to death before the doctor came stopped me. A strange dream, especially as it was on August 5th, the eve of his death.

I don't think I am guilty towards her. I helped her when I could, and only stopped helping her regularly when she had closer relations at hand—her son and brother-in-law. And the year my brother died I not only sank all my 10,000 roubles in their business without forethought or regret, but I sacrificed my strength and literary name by being associated with a journal which failed, and thus risked derision. I worked like an ox ; not even my brother could have reproached me from the other world. But enough of that. My darling, I often think about my own death (I seriously think about it here), and about what I shall leave you and the children. Everybody imagines we have money, but we have nothing. The "*Karamazovs*" are hanging round my neck now and I must finish them well, I must burnish them up like a jeweller, and that is a difficult and delicate matter and will take much of my strength. But it is also a critical matter ; it must establish my name, otherwise there will be no hope. I will finish my novel, and at the end of next year I shall announce that subscription to the journal is open, and with the money subscribed I shall buy an estate and I shall manage somehow or other to provide for our needs and for the publication of the journal until the next subscription—probably by selling my books. We must act energetically otherwise we shall never get anywhere. Well, enough, we shall have time to talk matters over and to argue together about it all, because you don't like the country, whereas I am convinced that (1) to possess land is to have capital which will treble itself by the time the children are of age, and (2) that he who owns land takes a part in the political control of the country. This is our children's future and will determine what they are to be : established and independent subjects or perpetual subordinates. But enough, you say that Fedya is always going off to play with boys. He is just at the age when there is a critical change, *i.e.* from the first childhood to conscious thought. I notice there are many deep traits in his character, and in particular, that he is dull when another (an ordinary) child would not dream of being dull. But the trouble is this, he is at an age when the old amusements, games, interests are exchanged for others. He should have had books long ago so as to become gradually fond of reading. At his age I had already read one or two books. As he now has nothing else to do he goes to sleep at once. But he will soon begin to seek other, bad amusements if he does not have any books. He doesn't yet know how to read. If only you knew how much I think about this and how it worries me. And when will he learn to read ? He has been learning all the time and has not learnt yet.

Again, you have not decided anything about Nil because of Madame Bergeman's visit. But I ask you, Anya, what do you mean by it ? Why should she come, what for ? To be a nuisance ? Well, why did you invite her ? Please write to her, Anya, (you will have this letter on the 17th so there is time)—write and tell her that *you cannot have her*, that circumstances have changed and so on. Please do me this favour, put your bragging, empty, false pride in your pocket ! If you leave before she arrives, then she will come and find you have left; otherwise you will shorten and ruin your journey to Nil by hurrying and you will get no pleasure out of it—and perhaps harm. But if she arrives later (say a week later) then she may purposely stay until I come so as to meet me. How very pleasant that would be for me!—I really don't know how you will settle all this. It would be far better if you all went to Nil and didn't hurry over the journey, but enjoyed it so that the children could remember it.

Good-bye, my love, don't be cross with me for all my preaching. I kiss you and all the "delights." I kiss you a thousand times, but not more. After to-morrow there will be exactly a fortnight left of my *silence*, for it isn't only solitude but silence also. I have quite forgotten how to talk, I often talk to myself like a lunatic. I am so sad here. I have begun to write a little, but the boredom kills everything.

Good-bye, always yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Anya, you say you are spending a lot of money. Write and tell me how much money you have in hand at the moment. I don't ask for an account of your expenses, but only the sum total. I won't stop writing to you, I shall send you a letter every three days.

Greetings to all. Putsykovich has at last issued a number of the "*Grazhdanin*." He has sent me a copy. He is waiting for subscribers and promises to pay me back the 40 marks. The number issued will, of course, become a bibliographical rarity and it ought to be kept. He has written it in such a way that it won't be allowed into Russia. But he won't return those 40 marks!

I kiss the children and bless them. I thank Lily very much for her sweet postscript and I beg Fedya to comfort me by learning how to read. Also, darling children, obey your Mother. I kiss you all.

143

EMS,
14/26 *August* '79.

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANYA,—I posted a letter to you yesterday, but I forgot to write to you about the most important thing of all. Meanwhile, I am in great anxiety, which is increasing as the days go by. *What about the money*? Why don't you send me the money (100 roubles)? You wrote to me a long time ago that you would send it to me by the 15th of August and to-morrow is the 15th August, and to-morrow there will neither be a letter nor any money from you. You told me in the letter I had from you yesterday that you would write on the 11th and post it on the 12th (which should consequently arrive here on the 16th), and yet you say absolutely nothing about what sort of a letter it will be, with money or without money. It will most likely be without money since you did not mention it. And yet you promised to send it to me by the 15th. I am dreadfully worried. I keep on thinking that you have forgotten and will only remember when it is too late. That is why I am writing to you now specially to remind you. And I shall be worried until the money arrives. I am quite unhappy enough as it is without this additional trouble. And why do you delay when I have asked you several times, almost in every letter, to send it to me *without delaying* and putting it off? (ED.: *one and a half lines crossed out*). I wrote about it chiefly in postscripts. Above all, I am anxious in case you forget and only remember when it is too late. After posting my letter to you yesterday, and after remembering that I had forgotten to mention it to you, I hardly slept all night because of anxiety. I repeat; I want to leave here on the 29th August for certain, I don't want to stay a day longer in this hole, and I would rather pawn my watch and travel third class and not get my coat in Berlin than remain here. This letter will reach you on the 18th. I implore you, as soon as you get it, don't wait until the next day, but send me 100 roubles. If your letter leaves Staraya Russa on the 20th it will reach me on the 24th. But if I don't get the money on the 24th, then I shall wire to Lyubimov in Moscow, perhaps he will send me 100 roubles, even if they delay for some two or three days as they sometimes do, they will send it to me in the end. Darling Anya, do what I ask you; otherwise I shall be worried to death. And what if you leave for Nil and in the worry of packing forget to send it, and this letter remains until you return?

Don't be cross, my love, I am only terribly anxious. I don't want to stay here any longer. You don't even mention sending the money in your last three letters.

I kiss you and the children.

Don't be cross, Anya. Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

144

EMS,
16/28 *August* '79.

I HAVE just received your beautiful letter (of the 11th). My darling Anya, I am very sorry I sent you that last impatient letter about the money. I swear I was dreadfully anxious; by putting it off from day to day you might easily have thought of it when it was too late. Besides I imagined you were expecting me to return much later. I shall do my best to leave here on the 29th (old style) for certain. Don't be cross with me. I have become suspicious through so much solitude and all the time I imagine nothing but misery and bad luck. My depression is such that I can't even describe it; I have forgotten how to talk, I am surprised at myself if by chance I say a word aloud. For four weeks I have not heard my own voice. You say you have already sent me the 100 roubles, which means on the 10th, but to-day although I had your letter of the 11th I have not yet received the money. It's strange that it should be so late. But of course I may get it to-morrow. You write about the opera glasses and say I ought to be more careful with money, but I am spending the money carefully and systematically; any expenditure of mine here is necessary, except perhaps what little I spend on tobacco, because I have not got my usual tobacco with me. But the expense of living is devilish, although it is quite regular. I repeat, it is doubtful whether I shall have even a rouble to bring back with me. When I begin to calculate I can only throw my hands up in despair—I have hardly any money left. As for the opera glasses, I was most annoyed about them, because they have evidently swindled me and I paid more than I should have done. But I did so want to buy them. We have never had such swindling shopkeepers in Russia as there are nowadays in Germany. They are all Jews, the Jews have got hold of everything and they swindle you all the time, literally they rob you. You write that you think a great deal about my health. I repeat, I don't yet know what the result of drinking the waters will be although I am beginning to hope I shall benefit by it all. I am positively growing stronger and I feel stronger. My cough is very much better and looser, but I still have it and, of course, it is impossible to cure it. Besides, it is so damp here I am continually getting sore throats and I suddenly go very hoarse for a whole day. But my breathing is easier and deeper, and I don't get out of breath so quickly.

From to-morrow I shall have exactly twelve days left of the treatment, *i.e.* the last third. Still, the question of my health will only be determined in the autumn and winter. But I think you write too little about your own health, Anya, and I am very worried about you. I want you to return to Petersburg feeling really better after the summer. Your health is much more important now for the children's sake than mine. I am very worried about you and I think about you a great deal. I am delighted with what you say about loving me. You write: "Love me." But don't I love you? I dislike expressing myself in words, but you might see much for yourself, only unfortunately you are incapable of seeing. It is enough to say that my constant (no, more than that: yearly increasing) conjugal ecstasy towards you could have shown you much, but you either don't want to understand this or your inexperience prevents you from understanding it. Just tell me of any other married couple where such a thing would be so strong as in our twelve year old married life. And my ecstasy and rapture are inexhaustible. You will say that this is only one side and the coarsest. No, it is not coarse, but actually all the rest depends upon it. But it is just this that you don't want to understand. To end my tirade, I bear witness that I long to kiss every toe on your foot and you will see I shall achieve my purpose. You write: " What if someone is reading our letters? " Of course, but let them, let them be envious!

You tell me of your worries about the house decorations. (234) What's to be done? You have brought it all on yourself. Well, time is passing and what about your journey to Nil? Besides, I am terrified of Mme. Bergeman's visit; it will only give you no end of bother and upset your nerves. God grant that everything will turn out for the best for you. I dream a great deal about how we can arrange our future and how we can possibly buy an estate. Would you believe it, I have almost gone mad about this idea. I tremble for the children's future. I have settled down to write the novel, but I write very little, for can you credit it, *I have absolutely no time.* God grant I shall be able to bring half of it back with me (on the 3rd or 4th September) for the September number. I shall sit down to write the rest of it the very day after I arrive without resting at all. And yet the work has to be clean, elegant and polished. These are the most important chapters and I must establish my reputation among the reading public. I am pleased with what I sent in August, only I feel they will make the most ghastly misprints (I know them).—But about all this later. Meantime, I am bored here, not ordinary boredom, but such boredom that I could almost go mad. People seem to be leaving Ems rapidly, but there are still crowds of people left. Very few Russians, all strangers. We have had nothing but rain for the last three days.

What a man Jaquelard is—ho! ho! Still, he's splendid. He is a real man, he plucks the flowers of enjoyment, not like us—downtrodden, cowardly folk. I was very interested to read what you wrote about the performance of Krylov's fables. It is good and very nice. I admit the journey to Nil would be most instructive for the children and would leave an impression on their minds for life. And, of course, Nil is better than that Bergeman woman. Thank darling Lily for her sweet letters; tell Fedya his letter was a great success, I liked it immensely and will keep it all my life. Good-bye, my angel, my golden treasure, my clever beauty. You are my beauty, that's what you are. And if I were not hindered by what you say about the postal censorship, God only knows what I would say to you. *However, I again kiss your feet.* (Ed.: *two lines erased with an indiarubber*). I kiss it continually in my thoughts. Also I love your golden heart passionately, I respect it and bow down before it. And surely, nerves are curable? I kiss and bless the children, I think about them always. Well—enough.

Yours ever,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Are the children waiting for me, do they ever talk about me? Teach Fedya to read. Is it true that Lily is pale? I often look at their photographs.

As usual, I sleep little and when I do sleep then I have nothing but nightmares. Anya, do look after your health.

An idea; will this letter find you in Staraya Russa? What if you have already set off for Nil? Still, I am not preventing you from going, I only hope everything will be all right without any special worries or troubles.

I am afraid of catching cold on my long and hurried journey and thereby spoiling the cure. Once again (1000 times) I kiss you. My love to all.

145

EMS,

19 *August* / 1 *September* '79.

DEAR ANYA,—As you intend after all to return by the 23rd or 24th (you say you are going for three days and it will be nine days by the 24th), I am writing to you at once without putting it off until to-morrow. Of course, I don't like the whole of this plan (235), but in one of your previous letters, about two or three weeks ago when you first told me about Sher, I felt there was something suspicious about it (I remember that very well indeed), and I thought then you would begin something. But even if I am cross (very cross), it is because your letter was so thoughtless and written so casually and hurriedly, that I could hardly understand what it was all about and I had anxiously to guess everything. You write, for instance, that you are taking the children with you and you don't say whether you will take a nurse or no. And where will you stay in Moscow? And when you go to the gathering—where will you leave the children? Or will you drag them with you? Or are you going to stop with Varenka? If you leave the children somewhere, say with the Ivanovs, will they look after them well and will they be glad to have them? Then about the country; of course you are not going on chance without making arrangements by letter with Andrey

Mikhaylovich or someone else ; where and how will you stay there and for how long ? And where will you stay ? In a hut where you may be robbed and fleeced ? And where will the children stay while you and the others go to inspect the woods ? You write that Andrey Mikhaylovich will be there, but I tell you our children are absolutely nobody else's business, and they will have to suffer because of this journey. As for your order that the Staraya Russa post office should forward my letters to you at Ryazan—I think it is absolutely mad. That's the best way of getting letters lost. Especially with the accuracy of our post office ! Still, I suppose you are back again by now—you surely have not gone for a month ?

I thank you for your description of the children's play, although it was far too short ; it is obvious you are busy. I shall wait for your letters with terrible impatience and if you write on the 17th I shall probably have to wait about another three days. I don't know what to tell you about myself. It has been pouring with rain for the last three days and the gathering of phlegm on my chest has been terrible, and my cough has been worse in the mornings. Also, I have not had a full night's rest for several nights on end and my nerves are terribly upset. Two Germans have moved into the empty flat overhead and make a fearful clatter at night. No sooner have I fallen asleep about eleven o'clock than they both return at half-past eleven, and begin to make such a terrible noise on the stairs and in their rooms just overhead that it sounds like the stampede of a whole team of horses. I wake up trembling and I cannot get to sleep again for another two hours. This happened three nights running and it is almost as bad now. I complained to the landlady and the men promised not to stamp their feet. The Ems cure needs rest, calm nerves and good sleep, otherwise it cannot do me any good. I am very irritable and have even become fierce in my solitude. If only I could get out of this damp hole a bit sooner. If only I could feel certain of finding you safe and sound. Kiss the children for me. Thank them for being good at the performance. At this moment you may be somewhere or other in Ryazan or even further. I shall not rest until I hear from you as soon as you return to Staraya Russa. And what if you delay until your letter no longer finds me here ? I am leaving on the 29th and I hope nothing will detain me. You should write your last letter on the 23rd and post it not later than the 24th, then I shall get it here on the 28th, but if you write later than those dates I shall not get it, because the train leaves early on the 29th.

I shouldn't think you will go to Nil now, or will you ? I received the money—100 roubles—on the 17th, the day before yesterday. It took eight days to come. The value of our money has gone down terribly and may go down still more. I sit and work, but with this fresh anxiety I don't know whether I shall be able to do much work. What masses of work I shall have to do when I return to Russa ! And such a short time to do it all in too ! I wonder how you will be received in Moscow. However, I kiss you. I pray you may get this letter in Staraya Russa without any need for it to be forwarded on to Ryazan. Here am I writing to you, but I don't really know if it can possibly reach you and I don't feel like writing. I am in a hurry. Once again I kiss you. How my heart will ache for the children. I bless them and pray for them. The people in Moscow will certainly laugh at Fedya for not knowing how to read. I too was laughed at as a child because my brother was ahead of me.

Good-bye, my love, your very tender, though cross husband,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

My love to all. How could you write such a hasty superficial letter? It would have been much better if you had not written to me at all until after your return to Russa.

Above all, don't stay too long in Moscow ! I kiss you again and bless the children.

146

EMS,
24 *August* / 13 *September* '79.

DEAR ANYA,—I have just received your letter written in pencil and dated the 18th August from Ryazan, and I have again been cast into doubt and anxiety. Again mysteries, again these everlasting secrets. Can you never favour me with absolute frankness ? You correspond and make arrangements with knaves of hearts, and yet you hide these secrets and mysteries from your husband. And why all this mystery, if you have already decided to do what you thought of doing ? Can't you understand that as I sit here 2500 versts away and realise there is a mystery I can't help being upset, always having to guess and doubt and wonder what it can all mean ? Listen, first you tell me you are going to the estate for three days (what for, no one can understand and perhaps you least of all) and now you say in a pencilled scribble of the 18th that, " *I shall not write to you now for a long time—for about six days* " (*i.e.* on your way to the country from Ryazan), and you also add that you will write to me from Ryazan. It is quite clear, therefore, that all these six days (and may be more, for the figure six, like the original three days, was evidently written to keep me quiet, so that six means the minimum, and it may be ten, or twelve, or even a fortnight)—that for all these six days you intend living in the country. But why stay six days in the country where there is no food, where you have to live in a stuffy peasant's hut with the children and knaves of hearts ? And why should you need *so many days*—all that is a perfect mystery to me, which I am evidently incapable of solving and which you obviously don't want to reveal to me. You don't consider it safe or wise to tell such an *unreliable* person as myself and you prefer to cast me into mortal fear rather than favour me with absolute frankness (and surely I cannot help being anxious). I am worried to death trying to understand why you need a whole week in the country. Are you thinking of dividing up the estate ? Surely that can't be done without general consent, and the other Dostoyevskys may not agree ? What then, are you going to do there ? Two days would be sufficient for a simple inspection. Evidently you have firmly decided to do something or other and you have previously arranged it with your knaves of hearts, while only I am not allowed to know. Six days ! But there must be some definite reason when so many days have been clearly fixed beforehand. Well, and after those six days—what is going to happen ? Something in Ryazan, some deeds of sale, title deeds of possession and the devil knows what else, so why hide it from me ? It's too stupid—" he will worry a little and then stop." You intend writing to me from Ryazan after your six days in the country, but that will be on the 24th at the earliest, and how many times have I written to you to say I am leaving here on the 29th, and if your last letter is to reach me it ought to be written on the 23rd. Evidently you only glance through my letters in a hurry, perhaps you don't even read them through ? You will travel with the children third class. Those knaves of hearts have such hearts and such minds that your air of humility and poverty (in the third class) will arouse their scorn for you. You will stop with those knaves in the same inns and perhaps in the same huts in the village, there you may have to endure a thousand impudent familiarities from them. The Shers, the Stavrovskys—they are all the same tribe ; rogues, swindlers, and knaves. And if you can write and say there is nothing to eat—(and that for six days !) then I can imagine how comfortable it will be for the children and how they will have to suffer. Don't be cross for heaven's sake, but I am not made of wood and I cannot help worrying. I have not any wish to write, for this letter will also be forwarded to Ryazan from Russa (if you have gone for such a long time then, of course, my letters will have to be forwarded to you from Russa), but after all there is a limit to everything and one or two letters will certainly go astray, so I don't know if this will reach you or into whose hands it will fall. Will you, or will you not, be in Russa when I return ? I don't expect to hear from you again before I leave here.—

In any case I wish you many happy returns of your birthday on the 30th August. I will send you a few lines again on Monday, and that will be my last letter from here. I have nothing to write to you about myself. Thank Lily for her nice postscript. I kiss the children and bless them, and am very worried about them, my soul is troubled. I kiss you too. Again, don't be cross; for after all I am not made of wood.

All yours,
F. Dostoyevsky.

Once again I kiss you.

147

Ems,
27 *August*/9 *September* '79.

My dear love Anya,—Last night (it being Sunday, the letters were given out in the evening) I received your scrap of paper written in pencil and posted from some place called Klepiki, and I am most grateful to you for it. So it is more than 80 versts from Ryazan *to the estate*, and a journey of a day and a half! I thought it was much nearer. So three of the six days will have to be spent in travelling. It is much clearer to me now and three days in the country don't surprise me so much. But you should have given me more details, for I was quite lost in my calculations. What, I asked myself, were you going to do in the country for six days? I still don't know, but at any rate I imagine you will be back in Russa by the 28th or 29th. God grant you may return safely. What you wrote about the children cheered me up somewhat. But again there seems to be a lack of logic in your letter. Judge for yourself: you write on the 19th and add that you won't write again for another four days, while I can see quite clearly I shall not be able to hear from you again, that is, receive another letter from you, for I leave here on the 29th, the day after to-morrow. The fact is your note from Klepiki is dated the 19th, but the Moscow post office stamp on the envelope is dated the 22nd, and it only reached me a week later in Ems, *i.e.* on the 26th. Supposing you write to me from Ryazan on the 23rd August (four days later as you say), add six days to that and it will be the 29th by the time it reaches Ems. I shall not be able to go to the post office on the morning of the 29th, as the train leaves at 6.30 a.m., *i.e.* before the post arrives (the postal delivery is at 7.30 a.m.). I conclude from this that I can't possibly have any further news from you. This means exactly a fortnight, namely, from the 19th August to the 3rd September. That's dreadful. I remember, my love, I have told you many times you should not post your last letter to me from Russa any later than the 24th, if I am to receive it. And now you will write from Ryazan. I expect you have not paid much attention to what I wrote about these dates, or you have forgotten all about it. But it is too late now. Whatever happens I am leaving here, and during the journey my great longing for you all will be helped by the fact that I am travelling towards you, coming nearer and nearer and will at last arrive at some time or other. As it is the 27th to-day, I expect this letter will still find you in Russa, so it won't need to be sent on or go astray. Only I don't know how long you will stay in Moscow. Is the weather fine? Don't let the children catch cold. Will you travel second class? And so on, and so on. Questions are simply buzzing in my head. Still, I place my trust in God and in you too my capable though harebrained little wife. I am only sorry you are not always frank with your husband, who loves you so and values you so highly. About myself, I will tell you that I don't think the cure here has done me much good. Of course it is impossible to speak so soon; perhaps I shall feel the benefit later on in the winter, but I cough just as much now as when I first came here, and all this last week I have been feeling a curious tightness in my chest just as I do when I am at my worst. I think Orth is to blame for it all; the devil only knows why he changed my treatment three weeks ago from Kränchen to Kesselbrunnen. It was just when I was beginning to feel incomparably better after two weeks of Kränchen. But he changed it to Kesselbrunnen. It seems to me now after three weeks' experimenting that the Kesselbrunnen water is too strong for me and for what my system needs. It has only upset my nerves and perhaps destroyed the good effect of the Kränchen. Still, I don't know—I may be mistaken. As for money—I think I shall arrive in Russa with my last kopecks, I shall have hardly enough to get there. I am given 208 marks here for a hundred rouble note. I shall manage somehow. I shall probably be very tired and upset by the journey. I have not yet written half of my novel (for September). As soon as I return I shall have to sit down and write. This damned diet here (nothing but meat and puddings) has only upset my stomach and it is almost as hard as wood now. At last, this insufferable boredom is coming to an end; after thirty-five days of silence I shall begin to speak out loud—the devil only knows what that feels like! The weather here is warm, although rather changeable. What sort of weather shall I find when I get back? And I hope I shan't catch cold on the way. Kiss the darling angel children for me. I have had another letter from Pobedonostsev (236) and have answered him. If there is time in Petersburg I shall go and see him. I think I shall be in Petersburg on Sunday—that is not much good, for everything will be closed. Putsykovich has already informed me he will not pay me back the money. Good-bye, my angel, what if you suddenly catch cold on the way and fall ill? I very much dislike the idea of your living in the village and in a wood, even if it is only for three days. And hasn't it happened before that you have caught cold and had a sore throat—your weak spot? Anya, you take far too great risks with yourself, and here am I left without news of you for another fortnight. But I trust in God. There is no need to grumble if only God keeps you safe. At last I am leaving Ems. Well, good-bye, we shall not see each other for some time yet, a whole week has to go by. I kiss and bless the children and I kiss you 1000 times and quite soon, my darling, I intend to kiss you as much as I like.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

My love to all. Again I kiss you all. I shall be very busy now. I have to pack my trunk and finish off all sorts of things. And I think the weather looks as if it might turn to rain.

1880

148

Moscow,
23/24 *May* '80.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,—You can't imagine how upset I was on my journey by the news of the death of the Empress (237) (God rest her soul; pray for her). I heard about it from the passengers in the railway carriage just after we left Novgorod. It immediately occurred to me that the Pushkin celebrations (238) might not take place. I even thought of returning from Chudovo, but refrained because of doubt. I thought—if there aren't any celebrations, then they may unveil the statue without any celebrations, except perhaps some speeches and literary meetings. It was only on the 23rd, after I had left Tver, that I bought the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*," and read the announcement made by the Governor-General Dolgoruky that the Emperor had ordered the postponement of the unveiling "to another date." So I have come to Moscow to no purpose. I am thinking of leaving on Tuesday the 28th at 9 a.m. Until then I can at least make the most of my time in Moscow and shall find out one or two things; I shall go to see Lyubimov and discuss everything with him. I shall also see Katkov, go the round of the booksellers and do anything else I have time for. And at last I shall be able to find out the ins and outs of the intrigues of the literary world. Anna Nikolaevna and I parted in

Chudovo after a tender embrace. She promised to return at the first opportunity. It was a hot day, I didn't sleep at all, and tired and absolutely worn out, I reached Moscow by 10 p.m. They gave me a great reception at the station—Yuriev (239); Lavrov (240), all the editorial staff and contributors to the "*Russkaya Mysl*" (Nikolay Aksakov (241), Barsov (242) and about ten others). We were introduced to each other and I was then asked to go straight to Lavrov, where there was a specially arranged supper. But I was so worn out by the journey, so unwashed, and my clothes were so dirty, and so on, that I refused. I shall go and see Yuriev to-morrow, the 24th, at about 2 o'clock. Lavrov told me that the best and most comfortable hotel in Moscow was the "Loskutny" (on the Tverskaya quite close to the square where the church of Our Lady of Iversk is) and he ran off at once and brought back a cab and said it was an ordinary cab, although I believe it was an expensive cab or else his own private carriage. Arrived at the hotel the cabman refused to take any money, but I made him accept 70 kopecks. The Loskutny was full up, but they found me a room at 3 roubles, very decently furnished, but with windows looking out on to the court yard and facing a wall, so I think it will be dark in the daytime. I quite foresee that my article won't be printed before the celebrations, for it would be strange to print it now. So my journey won't be repaid for some time. It is now 1 a.m. It is hard to be without you three, without you and the dear children.

I kiss you all, you first, and then Lily and Fedya. Kiss them for me and tell them I love them very much. I shall probably *not have time* to receive any money from the booksellers, for they won't be able to make up their accounts in two days. Well, good-bye, I don't know whether I shall hear from you. Write c/o Elena Pavlovna. I suppose you won't be able to answer this letter, for I should not get it before the 29th, and on the 29th I hope to be in Russa. How splendid it would be if you have already thought of writing c/o Elena Pavlovna! If anything dreadful happens (pray God it won't), then telegraph to me to the Loskutny Hotel on the Tverskaya: F. M. Dostoyevsky. Room No. 32.

Again, I kiss all three of you. Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

149

THE LOSKUTNY HOTEL,
ON THE TVERSKAYA, MOSCOW,
Sunday, 25 *May* '80.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,—Yesterday morning I had an official visit from Lavrov, Nikolay Aksakov, and a University reader, Zverev (243), who came to present their respects to me. That same morning I had to return visits to all three of them. All this driving about took up much of my time. Then I went off to see Yuriev. It was a rapturous meeting with embraces. I discovered that they want to ask to be allowed to unveil the statue in the autumn, in October, and not in June or July as I believe the authorities were inclined to do. But in that case the unveiling would be " escamoté," for no one would be there. I couldn't get any sense out of Yuriev about the matter, he is a careless fellow, a modern Repetilov.[1] But he is a sly fellow (there have certainly been intrigues). Among other matters I mentioned my article, and suddenly Yuriev said to me, " I never asked you for an article " (*i.e.* for the periodical !), whereas I distinctly remember that he *did* ask me for one in his letters. The fact is " Repetilov " is sly ; he does not want to take the article now and have to pay for it. " But give it to us for the autumn, yes, in the autumn, don't give it to anyone else. We ask to be the first, you understand, and by that time you will have polished it more carefully " (as if he knew already that it was not carefully polished !). Of course, I immediately stopped talking about the article and merely gave a vague and general promise for the autumn. I didn't like it at all. Then I went to Madame Novikov, who received me very amiably. Then some visits and then to Katkov, but neither Katkov nor Lyubimov was at home. I set off to the booksellers. Two of them (Kashkin) had moved. They all promised to give me something on Monday. I wonder if they will. Still, I shall go on Monday and try to make a note of their new addresses. Then I drove to Ivan S. Aksakov. He is still in town, but he was out at the bank when I called. Then I went back home for dinner. At 7 o'clock I went to see Katkov. I found both Lyubimov and Katkov, they welcomed me most warmly and I discussed the delivery of the " *Karamazovs* " with Lyubimov. They were very insistent that it should be ready by June (I shall have to work like the devil when I return). Then I mentioned the article and Katkov begged me to let him have it for the autumn. Being furious with Yuriev I almost promised it to him. So now if the " *Russkaya Mysl* " wants the article I shall demand an outrageous price or else I shall give it to Katkov (I shall be able to lengthen the article by that time).

From Katkov's (where I spilt a cup of tea over myself and was drenched through) I went to see Varya. She was in, and although it was ten o'clock we went together to see Elena Pavlovna. Varya had just received a letter for me from my brother Andrey (244) (about the titles of nobility). I took the letter. It turned out that Elena Pavlovna had moved to another flat and had given up letting rooms. We went to the new flat and found Khmyrov there, as well as Masha and Nina Ivanov (245), who had come to see her (and with whom Elena Pavlovna is again friends). The Ivanovs are going to Dorovoye in about three days' time, and Khmyrov too, because his wife is staying with Vera Mikhaylovna. We sat for about an hour. On my return home I found a letter waiting for me. It had been delivered in person by Nikolay Aksakov and Lavrov; an invitation to dinner on the 25th (*i.e.* to-day), and they are to call for me at five o'clock. The dinner is being given by the contributors to the "*Russkaya Mysl*," but there will be others present as well. I think there will be between fifteen and thirty people there. Yuriev hinted at that when last I saw him. I believe the dinner is being given for me, *i.e.* in my honour; it will probably be in some restaurant (all these young Moscow literary men are very eager to make my acquaintance). It is now nearly three o'clock. They will be here in two hours' time, but I don't know whether to go as I am or to dress for dinner. That's all my bulletin. I did not ask Katkov for any money, but I told Lyubimov I might need some in the summer. Lyubimov replied he would send some to me wherever I was and whenever I asked for it. To-morrow I shall have to go the round of the booksellers. I shall also have to go to Elena Pavlovna to see if there is any letter for me from you, and to Mashenka, who begged me to come and see her, etc. The day after to-morrow, which will be Tuesday the 27th, I shall leave for Russa, but I don't yet know whether it will be by the morning or evening train. I'm afraid I shall be prevented from doing much work to-morrow; Yuriev kept shouting that he "must have a talk with me, a talk," and so on. Altogether I am very bored, and my nerves are upset. I don't intend writing to you again, unless there is something very important to say. Good-bye, my love. I kiss you and the children. Kiss Lily and Fedya for me. I love you all very much.

---

[1] Translators' note. Repetilov : Character in Griboyedov's play, " The Misfortune of Being Clever."

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Postscript. 25 *May*, 2 *p.m.*

DEAR ANYA,—I have opened the letter I sealed down yesterday so as to add this postscript. Ivan Sergeyevich Aksakov came to see me this morning to beg me to remain for the unveiling, as everybody expects it to take place before the 5th. He says I cannot go away, that I have *no right* to do so, that I have an influence in Moscow, and above all on the students and the young people in general, and that if I go it will damage the triumph of our convictions, that at yesterday's dinner he heard the draft of my speech and he was fully convinced I should speak, and so on, and so on. He told me, on the other hand, that as a delegate of the Slav Charitable Society I could not leave, as all the delegates had stayed in Moscow because of the rumour that the unveiling ceremony is going to take place, and Yuriev came in immediately after (I am dining with him to-day) and he said the same thing. Dolgoruky[1] has left for Petersburg to-day (the 25th) and he promised to send a telegram from Petersburg giving the exact date for the unveiling of the statue. The telegram is expected not later than Wednesday the 28th, *but it may come to-morrow.*

This is what I have decided ; to stay and wait for the telegram about the day of the unveiling and if it really is fixed for a day between the 1st and the 5th June, then I shall remain. But if it is later, then I shall leave for Russa on the 28th or 29th. I have told Yuriev this. The main thing is that I still can't find out where Zolotarev is. (246) Yuriev promised me he would find out to-day and that he would come and tell me. Then I shall be able to leave Moscow even though I am a delegate of the Slav Charitable Society, for I shall depute Zolotarev to be present at the unveiling. (By the way the wreaths for the statue are being ordered at our expense and each wreath costs 50 roubles). (Ed. : *four lines crossed out*). Then Yuriev began to insist that my article should be printed in the "*Russkaya Mysl.*" So I told him everything, *i.e.* that I had *almost* promised it to Katkov. He was very grieved and agitated, he apologised and maintained that I had misunderstood him, that it had turned out to be a 'quid pro quo' and when I hinted that I charged a good deal for my work, he shouted that Lavrov had decided to pay anything I liked to ask for it, *i.e.* as much as four or five hundred roubles—so I told Yuriev I had *almost* promised the article to Katkov, because I intended asking him to postpone the "*Karamazovs*" and to publish my article on Pushkin instead. But if I give my article now to the "*Russkaya Mysl*" then it will mean I am asking Katkov for a postponement so as to work for his enemy Yuriev (you can imagine what a fix I am in ; but Yuriev has only himself to blame). Katkov will be offended. True, Katkov will never pay me 400 roubles (for he only gives me 300 roubles for the "*Karamazovs,*" and he will probably not pay me as much as 300 for the article), so the extra 150 roubles from Yuriev would have paid for my prolonged stay here until the unveiling of the statue. Altogether there are masses of worries and difficulties, when or how they will be settled I don't know, but I have decided to stay until the 28th ; consequently if the unveiling isn't fixed before the 5th, I shall return to Russa on the 29th or 30th (after trying to place the article somewhere).—And you, please write a few lines at once (again I repeat my request). Am I not to receive a single line from you after all ? Write *without fail* to those addresses, which I gave you in my letter of yesterday (which you will receive with this postscript). Telegraph if you like. Yuriev told me that many people came to him to-day to swear at him for not telling them about yesterday's dinner. Four students came to ask for a place at the dinner. Sukhomlinov (247), who is here, also came and Gattsuk (248), Viskovatov (249) and others.—I am just off to the booksellers. Good-bye. Again I kiss all three of you.

---

[1] V. Dolgorukov, Governor-General of Moscow.

Your, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Yuriev had already had an article on Pushkin by Aksakov. That is probably the reason why he was so sly the day before yesterday. But when he heard at last night's dinner what I had to say about Pushkin he probably decided that my article was *indispensable*. Turgenev has also written an article on Pushkin. (250)

150

LOSKUTNY HOTEL ON THE TVERSKAYA,
(My room Number is 33),
MOSCOW, 25/26 *May* '80.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,—Here is another letter for you (I am writing at 2 a.m.). It may only reach you after my own arrival (for I still intend leaving on Tuesday 27th), but I am writing to you *in any case*, for circumstances are so shaping themselves that I may remain for a short time here. Let me take everything in turn. Lavrov and Nikolay Aksakov came for me to-day, the 25th, at five o'clock and took me in their own carriage to the Hermitage Restaurant. They were in frock coats, so I also went in my frock coat, although the dinner turned out to have been specially arranged in my honour. There were twenty-two people in all, literary men, professors and scholars, who were already waiting for us at the University. The first thing Yuriev said to me on meeting me ceremoniously, was that many people would have wanted to be present at the dinner, if only it had been held a day later ; hundreds of guests would have come, but it had been arranged in too great a hurry, and they were now afraid that when many others came to hear of it, they would reproach them for not having been asked. There were four University professors there, one headmaster, Polivanov (a friend of the Pushkin family) (251), Ivan Sergeyevich Aksakov, Nikolay Aksakov, Nikolay Rubinstein (252) (the Moscow one), and many others. The dinner was very sumptuously arranged. A whole room had been engaged (at no small cost). The dinner was on such a lavish scale, that after the meal 200 magnificent and expensive cigars were brought with the coffee and liqueurs. How different from St. Petersburg! Sturgeon and salmon a yard and a half long, turtle soup, strawberries, quail, wonderful asparagus, ice cream, the choicest wines and flowing champagne. Six speeches were addressed to me (the speakers rose from their chairs), some of them were very long. Yuriev spoke, both the Aksakovs, the three professors, and Nikolay Rubinstein. Two congratulatory telegrams arrived during the dinner, one of them from a most respected professor, who had unexpectedly left Moscow. They spoke of my " great " significance as an artist who was " universally sensitive " as a publicist and as a Russian. Then an endless number of toasts were given at which everyone stood up and came up to me to touch glasses. Further details when we meet. All of them were most elated and I answered them by a most successful speech. It produced a great effect and I also spoke about Pushkin. It made a great impression.

And now about a most unpleasant and difficult matter ; the deputation from the Lovers of Russian Letters called on Prince Dolgoruky today and he told them that the unveiling of the statue would take place between the 1st and the 5th of June. But he did not state the exact date. They are all delighted here. The authors and certain deputations won't leave Moscow, and although there will be no music and no theatrical performances, there will be literary meetings, speeches and dinners. However, when I announced that I was leaving on the 27th, there was an absolute uproar : " We shall *not* let you go ! " Polivanov (who is a member of the Statue Committee), Yuriev, and Aksakov announced that the whole of Moscow was taking tickets for the meeting and all those who took tickets (for the meeting of the Lovers of Russian Letters) asked when buying their tickets (and even sent round several times to ask) *whether Dostoyevsky was going to speak.* And as they could not tell all of them at which meeting I was going to speak, whether at the first or second, they began to take tickets for both meetings. " The whole of Moscow will be disappointed and indignant with us, if you go away now " they all said. I made the excuse that I had to write the " *Karamazovs.*" In all seriousness they began to shout about sending a deputation to Katkov to ask him to postpone the date for me. I tried to tell them that you and the children would worry if I stayed away so long and they not only offered (perfectly seriously) to send you a telegram, but even a deputation to Staraya Russa to ask you if I might stay in Moscow. I told them I would decide to-morrow, *i.e.* Monday the 26th.

And now I am in a terrible difficulty and I am most perplexed ; on the one hand there is the question of establishing my influence in Moscow as well as in Petersburg, which will mean much to me, and, on the other hand, there is the separation from you all, difficulties about the "*Karamazovs*," the expense, and so on. And finally, although my "word" on Pushkin will certainly now be printed, where will it appear ? On Saturday I almost promised it to Katkov. Consequently both the "Lovers" and Yuriev will be upset. And if I were to give it to them, Katkov would be angry. I am thinking of leaving here on the 27th, or failing that on the 28th or 29th, after we hear from Dolgoruky the *exact* date of the unveiling. I may have to wait here until we receive the answer. On the other hand, Dolgoruky is only saying *what he thinks* and he has not yet received the exact date from Petersburg (I believe he is going to Petersburg himself for a few days), so that supposing I do stay until the 5th June and we suddenly heard it is to be postponed until the 10th or 15th, what then ? Am I still to wait ? I shall tell Yuriev to-morrow that I am leaving on the 27th, but if I stay, then it will only be because of the most urgent and important business. Whatever happens, I am most worried at present. I went to see Elena Pavlovna after dinner, but I *did not find anything there* from you. Of course it is still too early to hear from Russa, but shall I not receive anything to-morrow either ? Elena Pavlovna and I went to see Mashenka Ivanov, and I told her I had dined with Rubinstein and she was delighted. Whatever happens, as soon as you receive this letter, send me an answer without fail ; for even if I do leave, Elena Pavlovna can forward the letter to Russa without opening it. So do write without fail and at once. Elena Pavlovna's exact address is : *On the Ostorozhenka, parish of the Church of the Resurrection, Mme. Dmitrevsky's house, for F. M. Dostoyevsky.* If you should want to wire, then wire either to Elena Pavlovna or direct to me at the Hotel Loskutny on the Tverskaya, I am certain to get it (but you had better address letters c/o Elena Pavlovna).

P.S.—I was elected a member of the Society of Lovers of Russian Letters as far back as a year ago, but the late secretary, Bessonov (253) neglected to tell me of the election. They brought me an apology. I hold you in my arms, my darling. I kiss the children. At night I have strange and significant dreams.

All yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

My speech was a good one. Again I kiss you. Kiss the children and tell them about their father.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—I think I shall insist on leaving on the 27th after all. It is true that I shall not be able to publish my speech then for it will not have the value of a speech, but will only be an article. This will have to be thought about.

151

HOTEL LOSKUTNY, ROOM NO. 33.
MOSCOW,
27 May '80. 3 *p.m.*

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,—More news. When I arrived, Yuriev and Lavrov came with me to the Loskutny Hotel and I booked a room there, Number 32, at 3 roubles. The next morning the manager of the hotel came to me (he is quite a young man and looks well-educated). He suggested very politely that I should move over into the room opposite—No. 33. As room No. 33 was incomparably better than room No. 32, I readily agreed and moved into it. Only I felt surprised that such a good room should be let at the same price, *i.e.* 3 roubles, but since the manager said nothing at all about the price of the room and only asked me to move into it, I concluded it was also let at 3 roubles. On the 26th, that is yesterday, I was dining at Yuriev's, and he suddenly said that my address was registered at the Town Hall as being the Loskutny Hotel, Room No. 33. I was surprised and asked him how the Town Hall knew that. " But you are living there at the expense of the city," he replied. I began to protest but Yuriev retorted firmly that I could not do otherwise than accept this from the city, that even Pushkin's children (254) and Pavlishchev, Pushkin's nephew (255), were all staying at the same hotel at the expense of the city, and that I should insult them if I refused to accept their hospitality, that it would create a scandal, that the city was proud to have a man like me among its guests, and so on, and so on. At last I decided that if I did accept the room from the city then on no account would I accept my board as well. When I returned to the hotel, the manager came to me again to ask if I was pleased with everything, and did I want anything, and was it quiet enough for me—all this with the most obsequious politeness. I asked him at once whether it was true that I was staying here at the expense of the city of Moscow. " Absolutely true." " And my board ? " " And your board too is at the expense of the city." " But I don't want that." " Then in that case you will not only insult the Municipality, but all Moscow. The City is proud to have such guests, etc." Anya, what am I to do now ? If I don't accept, then it will spread like wildfire, it will become a joke, an anecdote, that I did not want to accept the hospitality offered to me by the City of Moscow, etc. Later on in the evening I asked both Lavrov and Yuriev—both were surprised at my scruples and told me outright that I should insult the whole of Moscow, that it would be always remembered, and that there would be gossip about it. So I can see quite clearly I shall have to accept their full hospitality. But at the same time how it will hamper me! I shall make a point now of going to dine in restaurants, so as to keep the bill, which the hotel will present to the Municipality, as low as possible. And I don't like the coffee here, I have had to send it back twice to be made stronger. They probably said in the restaurant: "See what airs he puts on when he does not have to pay anything!" Twice I have asked in the office for postage stamps, and when they present the bill to the Municipality, it will be said, "Look what a pleasant time he had, he even put his stamps down to the Government account!" So you see I shall be really hampered. I must certainly meet some of the expenses myself. I think I shall be able to arrange that. The upshot of it is that no matter how long I stay in Moscow I shall not spend very much money.

(*N.B.*—Yesterday I received 170 roubles from Soloviev, Kashkin and Presnov. (256) You shall see the accounts for yourself, when I return. I have not received anything yet from the Central Shop or from the Morozovs.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon everybody knew from Dolgoruky that the unveiling of the statue would take place on the 4th June, and that this was the special wish of the officials in St. Petersburg. Dolgoruky's telegram giving the exact date of the unveiling will only be received to-morrow, but *everyone* here is firmly convinced that the unveiling will be on the 4th. And besides, letters to this effect have been received from Petersburg. A number of delegations from different towns and institutions are waiting and are not dispersing. There is the greatest excitement here. They positively will not let me go away. I have now decided to stay, and if the unveiling takes place on the 4th, I shall leave for Russa on the 8th, and I shall be with you on the 9th. Both Grigorovich (257) and Yuriev came here this morning and insisted that my absence would be considered strange, that everyone in Moscow would be surprised and that the whole of Moscow is doing nothing but ask whether I am to be present. They added that there will be all sorts of stories told about my absence, that people will say I did not have sufficient civil feeling to neglect my work for a higher cause, for in the reinstatement of Pushkin's significance everyone in Russia sees a means for expressing new convictions, thoughts and tendencies. There are two obstacles and they torment my soul. One is the "*Russky Vestnik*" and the promise given a month ago to give the "*Kara-*

mazovs" for the June number. If I return on the 10th of June, what shall I be able to write in ten days? Lyubimov replied four days ago that a postponement until July depends on Markevich. (258) If he sends them part of his novel, then the postponement will be possible, but if not, then not. But they cannot have a reply from Markevich before the 10th of June. Thus I am quite in the dark and am anxious. I had thought of writing the "*Karamazovs*" here, but in view of the endless bustle, visitors and invitations, it is absolutely impossible. The second reason which torments me is my longing for you all, not a line have I had from you so far, yet you promised you would write c/o Elena Pavlovna. What is the matter with you? For heaven's sake, tell me, why don't you write? Are you well? Are the children alive and well? If only you would write to me to say whether I should or should not wait until the unveiling, I should then be calmer. Surely you must have seen from the papers that the Empress had died, so why didn't you write to me? You must have known I should be in a difficult position. Every day—and yesterday in the rain—I go all that long way to Elena Pavlovna's, to ask if there is a letter from you. The cab fare there and back is one rouble. Write, write without fail.

But I think I shall definitely decide to stay.

If only I could be sure of the date—what if they postpone it again? Yesterday after a pressing invitation I went to a party at Lavrov's. He is a passionate and frenzied admirer of mine, who has been feeding on my works for many years. He publishes and finances the "*Russkaya Mysl*." He is a very rich, retired merchant. Two of his brothers are grain merchants, but he has retired and lives on his income. He is thirty-three, and a most delightful and sincere man, devoted to art and poetry. There were about fifteen scholars and literary men at his house—all of them from Moscow. There were also a few from Petersburg. My appearance at his house yesterday created quite a sensation. I did not want to stay to supper, but I stayed when I realised that I should mortally offend them all if I left. The supper was like a grand dinner, most beautifully served with champagne. After supper, champagne again and cigars at 75 roubles a hundred (the dinner of the day before yesterday was by subscription and very modest in comparison, not more than three roubles a head, but all the luxuries, the flowers, turtle soup, cigars, the special room—all this Lavrov had added at his own expense). I returned home at about 4 a.m. Grigorovich told me to-day that Turgenev, who has just returned from visiting Leo Tolstoy, is ill, and that Tolstoy is deranged and has perhaps gone mad. (259) Annenkov (260) has also arrived. What will our meeting be like?—I must see Katkov and Lyubimov again, so as to come to some arrangement. Yuriev came for my article just now and begged me to give it to the "*Russkaya Mysl.*" Zolotarev will arrive (we have heard from him). It is only from you that I don't hear anything. Anya, for God's sake, write to the addresses I gave you. Have you had all my letters? Until now, I have written to you every day. You love to ask me, Anya, if I love you. And yet you don't seem to miss me in the least, whereas I miss you. How are the children? If only I could hear a little about them. It is no joke, I have been away for nearly a fortnight. Good-bye, my love, I kiss you, I kiss the children and bless them.

If anything special happens to-morrow I shall write again.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—There are three others besides myself who are living in this hotel at the expense of the municipality: two professors, one from Kazan and one from Warsaw, and Pavlishchev, who is a nephew of Pushkin. Greetings to the priest.

152

MOSCOW,
HOTEL LOSKUTNY, ROOM NO. 33,
27/28. *2 a.m.*

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,—At last I have received five lines from you this evening, written in pencil on the 24th, yet I only get it on the evening of the 27th! What a long time a letter does take to come! I was very glad to have it, but also sad for there were only five lines and those began with "Dear Feodor Mikhaylovich." Well, it doesn't matter, I hope to have a better letter next time. By now you know everything from my letters; I think I shall certainly have to stay for the unveiling of the statue. I was at Katkov's this evening. After hearing everything (he had already heard from others how Moscow was waiting for me) he said very firmly that I must not go away. There will be a telegram from Dolgoruky and the day of the unveiling will then be definitely fixed. But everyone is talking about the 4th. If the unveiling is to be on the 4th, then I shall probably leave on the 8th (if not on the 7th) and I shall be in Russa on the 9th. I called on Katkov with the object of getting the "*Karamazovs*" postponed to the July number. He listened to everything very amiably (altogether he was extraordinarily friendly and obliging as he has never been with me before). But he did not say anything definite about the postponement. Everything depends on Markevich, *i.e.* whether he sends the continuation of his novel. I told Katkov about my acquaintance with the high personage at Countess Mengden (261), and at K. K.'s. (262) He was pleasantly surprised and his expression changed. I did not spill any tea this time, but they treated me to expensive cigars. He saw me out to the hall and thereby astonished the office, who were watching everything from the other room, for Katkov never sees anyone to the door. Altogether I think the business with the "*Russky Vestnik*" will be somehow or other arranged. I did not mention anything about my article on Pushkin. Perhaps they will forget about it and I shall be able to give it to Yuriev from whom I shall probably get more money. I dream of finding a little time before the 8th to write some of the "*Karamazovs*," so as to be ready for any emergency, only I doubt if it will be possible. If my speech at the ceremony is successful, then henceforth I shall be more famous as a writer in Moscow (and therefore throughout Russia). (I mean famous in the sense of greatness such as Turgenev and Tolstoy have already won for themselves. Goncharov, for instance, who never moves away from Petersburg, is known here, but only vaguely and *coldly*).—But how shall I be able to live without you and without the children all this time? It's no joke having to sit here for twelve whole days and dream about the children. All the time I am sad. Has Grandma returned? How are you managing alone, are you afraid of anything, do you worry? For God's sake write oftener and if anything should happen, which God forbid, then telegraph to me at once. By the way, (and please pay attention to this), address your letters to me in future to the Hotel Loskutny on the Tverskaya, Moscow, To: F. M. Dostoyevsky, Room No. 33. For why should I have to go for your letters every evening to Elena Pavlovna? First, it is a long way for me to go, and, secondly, I lose time, so that if I happen to want to work (the "*Karamazovs*") I shall not have any time at all. Besides, they will grow tired of me there. From her house I went to Katkov's to-day. I received your letter and I found the Ivanovs there; Mashenka played Beethoven very well. We are having alternate rain and sun here and it is fairly windy and cool. Mashenka and Natasha (263) are going to Darovoye the day after to-morrow, but Ninochka is staying behind. Ninochka is shy and silent, you cannot drag anything out of her, it is as if she were ashamed of something. They all live near Elena Pavlovna. I think I have written all I wanted to. If there is anything fresh to-morrow, I shall write again, but if not, then I shall write the day after to-morrow. As for Leo Tolstoy, Katkov also confirmed that he had heard Tolstoy had gone quite mad. Yuriev urged me to visit him at Yasnaya Polyana; to go there and back would take less than two days, but I shall not go although it would be very interesting. I dined in the

Moscow Tavern to-day so as to keep the bill down at the Loskutny. But I have quite decided that the Loskutny will probably charge the City of Moscow for my dinner each day, whatever I do. They are excessively polite to me at the Loskutny, not a single letter of yours will go astray and as I shall not change my hotel in any circumstances you can quite safely send your letters addressed direct to me at the Loskutny. Good-bye, I kiss you, dear "Anna Grigorievna." Hug the little ones as tightly and as warmly as you can and tell them their father told you to do so.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Elena Pavlovna's children are with her and they are very sweet.

153

HOTEL LOSKUTNY, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
28/29 *May*. 2 *p.m.*

MY DEAR ANYA,

My only news is that a telegram has just been received from Dolgoruky saying that the unveiling of the statue is to take place on the 4th, that is definite. So I shall be able to leave Moscow on the 8th or even on the 7th, and of course I shall hurry away. But I *must* stay here now, I have decided to stay. The fact is I am wanted, not only by the Lovers of Russian Letters, but by our whole party, and for the sake of the idea for which we have been struggling during the last thirty years, because the opposition (Turgenev, Kovalevsky (264) and almost the whole of the University) definitely want to minimise Pushkin's significance as the expression of the Russian nation and thereby deny the idea of Russian nationalism. And on our side we only have Ivan Sergeyevich Aksakov as an opponent (Yuriev and others carry no weight). But Ivan Aksakov is out of date and Moscow has had enough of him. But me, Moscow has neither heard nor seen, and they are interested in me. My voice will have weight and consequently our side will triumph. I have fought for this all my life and I cannot run away now from the field of battle. If Katkov, who is no Slavophile, can say: "You cannot leave, you have no right to leave," then, of course, I *cannot* leave.

This morning at 12 o'clock when I was still asleep Yuriev came in to me with that telegram. I began to dress while he was there. Just then I was told that two ladies had come to see me. As I was not dressed I sent to ask who they were. The man returned with a note that a certain Madame Ilin wished to ask my permission to select passages from my works suitable for children and to publish a book for children's reading. What do you think of that? You and I ought to have done that long ago and published such a book for *children*. It would certainly sell and might bring us in 2000 roubles. Give her 2000 roubles—what impertinence! Yuriev immediately went to tell her (for it was he who had thoughtlessly directed her to me), and to explain to her that I was not at all agreeable and that I could not see her either. He went away and Varvara Mikhaylovna suddenly arrived, and she had only just come in when Viskovatov came in. When Varya discovered I had guests she ran away at once. When Yuriev returned he told me that the second lady who had called did not give her name, but said she had only come to express her boundless respect, admiration, and gratitude for all I had given her by my writings, and so on. With this she departed and I did not even see her. I gave my visitors tea and then Grigorovich suddenly came in. They all stayed for about two hours, and after Yuriev and Viskovatov had gone, Grigorovich stayed and had no intention of leaving. He started telling me about all sorts of things which had happened during these last thirty years, relating his reminiscences, and so on. Of course he was lying half the time, but he told me some interesting things too. Then about five o'clock he told me he did not want to leave me and began to persuade me to go for a drive with him. We went to the Moscow Tavern, where we spent a long time over dinner; and he talked all the time. Suddenly Averkiev and his wife came in. Averkiev joined us and Donna Anna announced that she would come and see me. (As if I want her!) It turned out that Pushkin's nephews—Pavlishchev and Pushkin (265), and another man were dining at the table next to us. Pavlishchev also came up and said he too would come and see me. In short I am given no peace, just as it was in Petersburg. After dinner Grigorovich tried to persuade me to go with him to the park " to have a breath of fresh air," but I refused and left him and walked back home. Ten minutes later I went to Elena Pavlovna's for a letter. There was no letter for me, but instead I met the Ivanovs. Mashenka is leaving to-morrow. I stayed until eleven o'clock and returned home to drink tea and to write to you. That is all my news.

The worst part of it all is that our letters take three or four days to come. Now that you know I am coming home you will, of course, stop writing to me, for you will be expecting me on the 28th. And when will my letters of yesterday and to-day containing my new decision reach you? I am afraid you will be worried and anxious. But it can't be helped. The pity is I shall not hear from you for two days, and I am terribly sad without you. I am unhappy here in spite of all the visitors and dinners. Oh, Anya, how sorry I am we could not arrange (for it was quite impossible) for you to come here with me. I am told that even Maykov has changed his mind and will come. There will be much fuss—I shall have to go to the Town Hall as a delegate (I don't know when) to receive a ticket for the ceremony. The windows of the houses round the Square are being let at 50 roubles a window. Wooden platforms are being erected all round the square for the public, also at a fabulous price. I hope it will not rain, I don't want to catch cold. I shall not speak at the dinner on the night of the unveiling. But I shall speak at the meeting of the " Lovers " on the second day. Apart from this, and instead of a play, they are thinking of arranging a reading by famous literary men (Turgenev, myself, Yuriev) of selections from Pushkin's works. (I have been asked to read the scene of the Chronicler-monk from "*Boris Godunov*" and the monologue from "*The Covetous Knight*"). Also Yuriev and Viskovatov will each read a poem written on the death of Pushkin—Yuriev, the one by Huber ; Viskavatov, the one by Lermontov ; and I shall read Tyutchev's.

Time flies and I am not given a minute's peace. I have not been yet for the money either to the Central Shop or to Morozov's. I have not been to Chayev (266) either. I have to go and see Varya. I should also like to make the acquaintance of the Bishop Nikolay of Japan (267) and the vicarious Bishop Aleksey (268)—both very interesting men. I sleep badly, I have nothing but nightmares. I hope I shall not catch cold on the day of the unveiling and cough during the reading.

I shall wait for your letter with great impatience. How are the children ? My God ! how I long to see them. Are you well and happy, or cross ? I am sad without you. Well good-bye. To-morrow I shall not go to see Elena Pavlovna, she promised to let me know if there was a letter for me. I kiss you all. I bless the children.

All yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

P.S.—If anything happens, wire to the Loskutny. Send your letters to the Loskutny. Do my letters reach you safely ? How terrible if one of then went astray !

154

LOSKUTNY HOTEL, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
30 *May* '80.

I AM writing to you now, dear Anya, although my letter cannot leave here until to-morrow. There is hardly any news. I have much bother and various official ceremonies before me; I have to go to the Town Hall for the tickets; to ask where to stand and where to sit during the ceremony, and so on. And, above all, the wreaths. Two are needed. I am told that the Municipality is getting them for 30 roubles for the two. That is absurd. And Zolotarev is not here yet, but he will be coming and I shall put the whole ceremony at the statue on to his shoulders, for in a frock coat and no hat one can easily catch cold. Yesterday morning the Averkievs came to see me, also Pushkin's nephews, Pavlishchev and Pushkin, came to make my acquaintance. Then I went to Yuriev's (about all those tickets and ceremonies), but he was out. I dined at home. Viskovatov came in after dinner; he told me how much he loved me and asked me why I did not love him, and so on. Still he was better than usual. By the way; he told me that Saburov (269) (the Minister of Education), his relation, had read certain passages from the "*Karamazovs*" and had literally wept with delight. At nine o'clock we again went to Yuriev's, but again he was out. Viskovatov suddenly remembered that Anna Nikolaevna Engelhardt (270) was here and suggested going to see her. We went and arrived at the Hotel Dusseau at ten o'clock. She had already gone to bed, but she was very pleased to see us and we stayed for an hour talking about the Beautiful and the Sublime. She had come to Moscow, not for the ceremony, but to see some relations and was now ill; she had a swollen foot. Ivan Sergeyevich Aksakov came to see me this morning while I was still asleep, but he would not allow me to be disturbed. Then I went to see Polivanov (the Secretary of the Society and the Director of the Secondary School). Polivanov explained to me all the *steps* I had to take in connection with the Municipality and about the tickets. He offered the services of a young man to help me, who introduced me to his family. A crowd of masters and schoolboys joined us, and we all went to examine some things that had once belonged to Pushkin and some portraits of him that are being kept at present in this school. When I returned home I found a note from Grigorovich inviting me to dine at the Restaurant Testov at six o'clock. I don't know that I shall go. Meanwhile I am sitting down to write you my bulletin. At about eight o'clock I shall drag myself to Elena Pavlovna's for your letter. (I received one yesterday, the 29th). Then home again, and I shall set to work on my article, which I must polish up. Altogether life here is vile, but the weather is beautiful. After all, the Muscovites are at home here, but I am only a visitor. I will write again in the evening.

30/31 *May.* 1 *a.m.*

I did not find Grigorovich at Testov's so I returned to the hotel and had dinner. Then I went to Elena Pavlovna's; she was out and the children told me that no letter had come from you. I have reckoned that there ought to be a letter from you to-morrow, for certain. I understand now that you probably concluded from all my previous letters that I should return on the 28th. But by now you must have received the letters in which I was uncertain whether I should stay or not and you will therefore write to me now. It is a pity we did not make a definite arrangement before I left, for then you could have written in any case c/o Elena Pavlovna, so as not to leave me without news of you and the children. I have also worked out that by the 2nd I ought to receive a letter from you, sent direct to the Hotel Loskutny. (As for any letters sent c/o Elena Pavlovna, you could have written without fear, for even if I had left Moscow, no one would have opened them and she would have forwarded them to Russa). It will be a great help to me to have the letters addressed to the Hotel, for it will save my going to Elena Pavlovna, because there will be so much to do soon (from the 2nd). I shall have to get up early and be busy all day long, so that I shan't even have time to go to Elena Pavlovna. And I shall stop writing you such detailed bulletins as I do now; there will be no time for them. There will be a reception at the Town Hall on the 3rd with speeches, evening dress, top hats and white ties. Then the unveiling, the dinner at the Town Hall, then meetings on the 5th and 6th in the mornings, and literary readings in the evenings. Also there will be a meeting of the " Lovers " on the 2nd, when it will be decided who is to read, and when. I think I am to read on the second day, *i.e.*, on the 6th. I have been to Morozov, and to the Central Shop. I only received 14 roubles from Morozov, and in the Central Shop they asked for a postponement until the 6th or the 7th, although they told me you had written to them telling them to pay me 50 roubles. As I shall have to make farewell visits on the 7th, and there are many of them, I shall not leave before the 8th and I shall let you know my train later on. But I shall do my best to leave on the 8th for certain. I went to see Varya. She told me a great deal about her grandchildren and asked my advice She is a very wise and good woman. In the evening I managed to read through some of my manuscript. How are the children? I miss them very much, and their little voices. I often wonder if anything has happened to you? If anything does happen—I pray God it doesn't—then wire at once. Good-bye, my love. Oh! if only I could hear from you to-morrow! I kiss you and the children. Oh! the Karamazovs, the Karamazovs! A nice sort of business I have got into! I am taken up with the unveiling; their side is very strong. Again and again I kiss you.

Your F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Yesterday afternoon my golden cuff-link, which had been mended, snapped. One half remained in the shirt sleeve, but the other half must have jumped out somewhere in the street.

155

LOSKUTNY HOTEL, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
31 *May* '80. 1 *a.m.*

DEAR ANYA,

I did not want to write to you to-day because there was nothing to write about, but as I had, at last, received your note (of the 29th) and as I have days before me when I shall not be able to write to you—or at the most two lines—because of all this bustling, I have decided to write to you now. I am very glad you are all well, I am glad for the children and for you, and I feel more light-hearted, although I am still wretched. I am annoyed that grandmama won't wait until I return. Aksakov has promised me an autograph of Gogol, although I don't know if I shall have time to fetch it (271). Also I have forgotten the addresses, they are all mixed up in my head, and I shall have to ask Yuriev who lives there. To-day a mathematician (I forget his name) called on me. He sat in the reading-room of the hotel for a long time and waited for me to wake up. When I awoke he came into my room and stayed exactly three minutes and did not even sit down; he had come in to express his deep respect and admiration for my talent, and his devotion and gratitude. He said all this with great fervour and then departed. He is a greyish haired man with a most sympathetic face. Then Lopatin (272) visited me; he is the young man whom Polivanov had charged with getting my tickets from the Town Hall, and who was to give me all the necessary information. I had a long talk with him and was pleasantly surprised to find him a very clever man, who thinks, is very decent, and completely shares my convictions. In a word, it was a very pleasant meeting. Then Grigorovich came; he lied a lot and gossiped. I believe they are really preparing to say some disagreeable things to us at the meetings and at the dinners. Grigorovich is also a delegate of the "Literary Fund." There are four of them: he, Turgenev, Gayevsky (273) and Krayevsky (274). The fund has paid out 150 roubles to each for expenses. Our Slav Society has not and could not give anything, but Grigorovich complains that

150 roubles is too little. It is quite true the money flies here, and, although I shall have little to pay at the hotel, I shall have spent much here on cabs, tobacco, extra expenses, wreaths, etc. By the way, the Municipality is preparing two *compulsory* wreaths for each delegate, 30 roubles for the two. If Zolotarev does not come, then, of course, I shall pay. I must also buy some cuff-links. I dined at the Moscow Tavern. Then I went to Elena Pavlovna's and received your short letter. Her Manya is a sweet young girl of twenty, and I noticed a young doctor there who was very interested in Manya. Viskovatov and I then went off to Anna Nikolaevna Engelhardt, who is still sitting at home with a bad leg. Her doctor was there when we arrived and he says it will be fairly serious if she neglects it the slightest bit. Then Viskovatov and I walked back to my hotel. There were two thunderstorms this morning and a downpour, but it is beautiful to-night. Well, that is all my news so far. How shall I read my speech? Aksakov tells me he says almost the same as I do in his speech. It will be a bad thing if our ideas are literally the same. How shall I read, at those readings on the literary evenings: Pimen, "*The Covetous Knight*," and also (which is the most important), Tyutchev's poem on "*The Death of Pushkin*"? I am interested to know what my meeting with Annenkov will be like? Will he really shake hands? I don't want any quarrels. Well, good-bye, Anya, my love. Kiss the children, remind them about me. Remember me to Anna Nikolaevna. How is she? Did she have a good journey? Mine was bad. I ought to go and see Katkov. Good-bye. I kiss you.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I bless the children.

P.S.—Orinka (275) is sitting by his Auntie's side playing cards with her. So how can we possibly expect him to come here?

156

HOTEL LOSKUTNY, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
2/3 *June* '80. 2 *a.m.*

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND ANECHKA,

Last night I went to Elena Pavlovna's to fetch your letter and found nothing for me, but to-day two letters from you arrived at the hotel, one at 4 p.m. and the other one in the evening. They evidently take less time to come to the hotel than to Elena Pavlovna. How happy I am you are all well and that you think of me. I kiss the children for their sweet postscripts and listen, Anya; please buy them some sweets. Even doctors prescribe sweets for children. As to your remark that I don't love you very much, I tell you it is absolutely stupidissimo ; I do nothing else but think of you and the children. I even dream of you. We have had another upset here. Yesterday the celebrations were suddenly postponed, but it is now definitely decided that the unveiling will be on the 6th. The Municipality is preparing wreaths at 8 roubles a wreath. Two are necessary, and I shall order them to-morrow. Zolotarev has not come yet. The train from Petersburg with all the different delegates for the celebrations will only arrive the day after to-morrow.—And next : two nights ago there was a meeting (276) at Turgenev's of almost all those who are to take part (I was left out of it), so as to decide what to read, the arrangements for the celebrations, etc. I was told they had all met at Turgenev's by chance. Grigorovich told me that to console me. Of course I would not have gone to Turgenev without a formal invitation from him ; but Yuriev, the simpleton, whom I have not seen for the last four days, let it drop four days ago that they were all going to gather at Turgenev's. As for Viskovatov, he told me quite frankly he had received an invitation three days ago. So it was obvious that I was left out on purpose. (Of course Yuriev is not responsible for this—it is Turgenev and Kovalevsky. Yuriev has only hidden himself, and that is probably why he does not make an appearance). And then yesterday morning, when I was only just awake, Grigorovich and Viskovatov came and *informed* me that when they were at Turgenev's they had arranged a complete programme for the celebrations and the evening readings. And as music and the performance of Pushkin's "*Covetous Knight*" (with Samarin (277) as actor) had been sanctioned, the reading of the "*Covetous Knight*" had been taken away from me, as well as the poem written on Pushkin's death. (And it was just that poem which I had wanted to read). Instead I was to read Pushkin's poem, "*The Prophet.*" I don't suppose I shall refuse to read "*The Prophet,*" but why not have informed me officially ? Grigorovich also told me I was requested to come to the Great Hall of the Assembly of the Nobility (quite close to my Hotel), where everything would be finally settled. They left and Lopatin arrived—the young man given me as guide by Polivanov (the Chairman of the Committee). He told me, on the other hand, that everything had already been settled (which means my opinion was not asked), and that I was being asked to go to the Hall of the Nobility for a public rehearsal, and above all with schoolboys (free admission). The rehearsal is chiefly for them, so that they too may hear. I have thus been placed in a most awkward position. It has all been decided without me ; my consent to read the verses allotted to me has not even been asked, and yet I must be at the rehearsal and read to the young people or it will be said that Dostoyevsky did not want to read to the young people. And finally, I do not know *what I am to wear* to-morrow : a frock coat, since there will be an audience, or morning clothes. I was most annoyed about all this yesterday. I dined alone, in the evening I went to see Anna Nikolaevna, her doctor was still with her (he is her friend, a relation of hers). I stayed for half an hour and they both brought me back to my hotel. Grigorovich and Viskovatov came in again this morning and Grigorovich began to beg us all three to dine together at the Hermitage, and afterwards to spend the evening in the Hermitage Gardens. They left and I went to Katkov's, as I had not been to see him for three days. I found Lyubimov with him. He had just received a letter from Markevich, who promised to send his novel for June ! So I can be at rest on that score. It is a very good thing. I heard some news from Katkov ; he had just had an official letter from Yuriev as Chairman of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters (of which Katkov has been a member from time immemorial). Yuriev informed him that the invitation for the celebrations had been sent to the " *Moskovskie Vedomosti* " by mistake and that the Committee of " Lovers " for the arrangement of the celebrations had cancelled that invitation as it did not conform with the Committee's decision, and the invitation ought, therefore, to be considered as not having been issued. The style of the letter was very curt and rude. Grigorovich assured me that Yuriev had been made to sign it chiefly by Kovalevsky, but of course by Turgenev too. Katkov was visibly annoyed. " I would not have gone in any case," he said to me, when he showed me the letter. He wants to print everything in the " *Vedomosti*." Of course it is disgusting and, moreover, they had no right to behave like that. It is disgusting, and if I had not been taking part in these celebrations, I would probably have cut off relations with them all. I shall speak severely to Yuriev about all this. I asked Katkov to tell me who was the best dentist here, and he recommended a certain Adelheim on the Kuznetzky Bridge and told me to tell Adelheim I had been sent by Katkov. My little plate is quite broken now, it was only hanging by a thread. I went to Adelheim and he immediately put in a new one for 5 roubles. I then returned to my hotel, and Grigorovich, Viskovatov and I went to the Hermitage, where we dined at a rouble a head. In the meantime it began to rain. We left as soon as the rain stopped and we all three took a cab to the Hermitage Gardens. On the way it began to rain. We arrived at the Gardens soaked through and ordered tea in the Restaurant. We had taken rouble tickets, which admitted us to the Hermitage Theatre.

The rain would not stop. Grigorovich spun us various yarns, then we went to the theatre and were in time for the second act. The opera "*Paul and Virginia*" was being given. The theatre, orchestra, singers—were not at all bad, but the music was bad. (In Paris this opera lasted for some hundred performances.) The scenery for the third act was beautiful. We left before the end and returned to our respective homes. At the hotel I found your second letter. I am most upset about to-morrow's rehearsal. Grigorovich promised to fetch me and we could then go to it together. I got rather wet in the rain. I must have caught cold on my way here, for my left arm is stiff and aches. Yesterday morning I went to see the Bishops Aleksey and Nikolay (of Japan). I was pleased to make their acquaintance. I sat there for an hour. Then some countess or other arrived and I left. Both talked intimately with me. They told me I had honoured them greatly by my visit and had made them happy. They had read my works. They evidently appreciate a man who stands for God. Aleksey blessed me fervently. He gave me some communion bread. Good-bye, my love, I shall write again to-morrow if I can. I love you very much. Kiss the children. Sincere greetings to Anna Nikolaevna and also kiss her hand for me.

All yours for ever,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

But you are mistaken. I have very bad dreams. Listen: you are always writing to me about having our name entered on the register of the nobility. First of all, even if it were possible, I have not the time, and, moreover, it ought to be done from Petersburg *through people*. I will explain it all to you in person. I shall certainly do something about it in Petersburg. Here, however, no amount of running about will help. I know that well. I am convinced. (278)

I have been to see Ivan Aksakov in the country. Chayev is also in the country. I will go and see Muraviev, if I find time. Once again always yours lovingly.

157

LOSKUTNY HOTEL, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
Tuesday, 3/4 *June* [1880]. 2 *a.m.*

MY DEAR LOVE ANECHKA,

To-day I have received your dear letter and thank you very much for not forgetting your Fedya. Ever since your letters have been more frequent I have grown much more happy and reassured about you. I am also glad about the children. Lopatin came to see me this morning and brought the programme of the ceremonies. I gave him 17 roubles to order the wreaths (two of them) at the Town Hall. Zolotarev has not arrived. Then a certain barrister called Soloviev (279) came to call on me. A scholar—he came to talk about mystical, religious matters (a new craze). Then came Grigorovich and Viskovatov and later on—Yuriev. We all fell upon Yuriev for his letter to Katkov and scolded him terribly. I dined at the Moscow Tavern together with Grigorovich and Viskovatov and there I made the acquaintance of the actor Samarin, an old man of sixty-four, who made speeches to me. He is to act the "*Covetous Knight*" (in costume) at the celebrations in honour of Pushkin. (He has stolen this from me.) The Moscow Tavern is always very crowded and people always turn round and look at me; they all know who I am. Samarin told us many stories about the artistic circles in Moscow. Immediately after dinner we went to the general meeting of the Committee of the "Lovers" to arrange the final programme of the morning meetings and the evening celebrations. Turgenev, Kovalevsky, Chayev, Grot (280), Bartenev (281), Yuriev, Polivanov, Kalachev (282) and others were there. All the arrangements were unanimously agreed upon. Turgenev was fairly nice to me, and Kovalevsky (a man of enormous bulk and an enemy of our ideas) stared at me all the time. I am reading on the second day of the morning meetings, *i.e.* on the 8th of June, and during the celebration on the evening of the 6th (music has been sanctioned). I shall read the Pimen cell scene from "*Boris Godunov.*" Many people are going to read, almost everyone—Turgenev, Grigorovich, Pisemsky (283) and others. But on the second evening, on the 8th, I shall read three poems of Pushkin (two from the "*Western Slavs*" and "*The She Bear*"), and at the end, to *conclude* the festival, I shall read Pushkin's "*Prophet*" a short, but terribly difficult poem to read. I have been chosen on purpose for the end, so as to produce an effect. I do not know if I shall be able to do so. I returned to the hotel exactly at 10 p.m. and found two of Suvorin's (284) visiting cards with a note added that he will come to see me at 10 o'clock. He had left two cards by mistake (they were stuck together), but I thought he had been twice and had not found me in, so I drove to the Slavyansky Bazaar (quite close to me). He is staying at that hotel and I found him there drinking tea with his wife. He was very glad to see me. Like Katkov, he too has been placed on the black list by the "Lovers" for his articles. He has not even been given a ticket for the morning meetings. But I had a ticket (Varya's), which she had refused, so I offered it to him. He was very pleased. He will make them feel it later on. He told me that Burenin (285) is here. We have arranged to be at Chayev's to-morrow in the Armoury at 1 p.m., where he will show us everything. Grigorovich and Viskovatov also wanted to come. I don't know if they will come to the Armoury. They drove off to the Hermitage at about 10 o'clock, immediately after the meeting and they begged me to go with them, but I went off to Suvorin. When Suvorin heard we were going to the Armoury Chamber to-morrow he asked if he and his wife might come too, and then suggested that we should all dine together afterwards in the Moscow Tavern, *i.e.* he and his wife, Grigorovich, Viskovatov and I, and go on afterwards to the Hermitage. I think, poor man, he is bored with his wife. Of course he will be present at the evening readings, for which tickets can be bought. The reading rehearsal which was to have been given for the school children has been cancelled. On the 5th, which is the day after to-morrow, our martyrdom begins; all the delegates are to appear at the Town Hall in frock coats and I am afraid I shall not have any time to write to you. A train full of Petersburg delegates is arriving to-morrow and they are going to stay at our hotel. It will all be over on the 8th. I shall have to pay calls on the 9th and I shall leave Moscow on the 10th. I will let you know the time later. Maykov wired to say he was coming. Also Polonsky. Well, my darling, that is all my news. So you can expect me on the 11th and I think that is definite. Suvorin has asked me for my article. I absolutely don't know to whom I should give it or how to arrange the matter. Let him first hear my reading.

I kiss you, my Anya. I kiss you many times. I kiss the children and bless them. You write that you have dreams and that I do not love you. I too have dreams, every night, but they are horrible nightmares about your being unfaithful to me with others. I swear by God I suffer dreadfully. I kiss you a thousand times.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

Kiss the children.

158

LOSKUTNY HOTEL, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
5 *June* '80. 8 *p.m.*

MY DEAR ANYUTKA,

Your sweet letter of June 3rd just received, and I hasten to write to you as quickly and as much as I can. No, my love, don't expect long letters from me now, because I doubt if I shall be able to write you any letters at all. Absolutely all my time, every *minute* will be occupied, and I shall not even have enough time to do what is wanted here, let alone write letters. And now I will give you my news in the right order. Yesterday morning Suvorin, his wife, Burenin, Grigorovich and I went to the Kremlin, to the Armoury. We examined all the antiquities and were shown round by Chayev, the Keeper of the Armoury. After that we went to see the Patriarch's Sacristy. After seeing everything we went into the Testov Restaurant for a snack and stayed for dinner. Then I went to see Anna Nikolaevna Engelhardt for a minute and after that made a few purchases. Then, as agreed, we went to the Hermitage Gardens. Suvorin, Grigorovich and the others were already there. We met there almost all the delegates who had arrived from Petersburg. Several people came up to me—I cannot remember who they all were—Gayevsky, Lentovsky (286) the singer, Melnikov (287) and others. I sat and drank tea with the Suvorins and Burenin, and now and again with Grigorovich, who kept coming and going. And suddenly the news spread that the celebrations had been postponed. Melnikov had started the rumour. It was 11 p.m. and I went to Yuriev. He was out, but his son was in and he reassured me and told me the rumour was all nonsense. (And so it turned out to be.) Back in the hotel I began to prepare for my reading on the evening of the 6th. It is a difficult business, Anya. Just imagine, the unveiling of the statue will take place on the 6th, and I shall be on my feet from 8 o'clock in the morning. The ceremony will be over by 2 o'clock and the reception at the University will then follow (but I swear I shall not be there). Then the dinner at the Town Hall, and then *that same day*, at 9 o'clock in the evening, tired, worn out, after food and wine, I shall have to read the Chronicler's Monologue—which is terribly difficult to read, and requires calmness and complete mastery of the subject. I feel I am not yet ready for it. And, moreover, I am almost the first to begin the evening—a most awkward thing to do. I sat up until 4 a.m., and I was awakened suddenly at about 10 a.m. this morning by Zolotarev who has at last arrived. I had only slept 5½ hours in all. Feodor Ivanovich Kornilov (288) came after he had gone. And then Lopatin brought the wreaths (which cost 14 roubles and not 17, but they are without any ribbons). I entrusted the buying of the ribbons to Zolotarev as well as to-morrow's running about. It turns out that I have to pay the 14 roubles for the wreaths. It is true, however, that Zolotarev will have to pay as much for the accessories. We went to the Town Hall at 2 o'clock. All the deputations (about 100 of them) (289) had presented themselves to Prince Oldenburg (290), etc. Ceremonials, bustle and disorder—I won't describe it, for it is absolutely impossible to describe. I saw and even spoke to Pushkin's daughter (Nassaussky) (291), and Ostrovsky (292) came up to me. He is Moscow's Jupiter. Turgenev ran up to me and was quite amiable. The other

Liberals, among them Pleshcheyev (293), the lame Yazikov, were rather distant and even haughty; they seemed to be thinking "*You* are a reactionary but we are liberals." Disharmony is already beginning. I am afraid there will be a fight during the next few days with all these divergent opinions. Many people are disgusted with the story of Katkov's exclusion from the celebrations. I returned to my hotel and dined there in the hope of receiving a letter from you. I had intended to write back to you, to look through the Pimen Monologue and my article, to prepare my shirt and frock coat for to-morrow, and to go to bed early, but Gaideburov (294) came in, and then Maykov came in unexpectedly, and also Viskovatov. Maykov had come to read me his poetry. It is all right, he is quite nice and is feeling his way. I had a little talk with them and after that I asked them to go. I am now finishing these few lines to you. Zolotarev has not returned and the wreaths are still not arranged. I saw Varya in the morning. To-morrow I shall be busy all day from morning till night. The day after to-morrow there will be a meeting of the "Lovers," but I am not reading at that meeting. Then a dinner for about 500 people, with speeches and perhaps with a fight. Then my speech on the morning of the 8th at the meeting of the "Lovers," and on the evening of the second festival of the "Lovers," some others and I are reading a few of Pushkin's poems. I shall finish up with the "*Prophet.*" You write that I should leave on the 8th, but I shall only begin paying calls on the 9th. I shall leave on the 10th and arrive on the 11th, if only I don't have to stay here an extra day, and that is quite possible. But I will let you know. It will be much more convenient for me to leave by the 1 p.m. train than by the morning one, for then I shall only have one night without sleep, whereas if I leave by the morning train I shall have two nights without sleep, for I shall either not sleep at all or wake up at 6 o'clock. There will be no need for me to write to you about my triumphs, for my day is on the 8th. I shall only be reading Pimen on the 6th. Just think, I shall have to place my article. Although there are three people who want it; Yuriev seems to be hesitating again, Katkov after his affair will probably be quite indifferent about the whole matter, and Suvorin may not repeat his offer. That will be a bad business. That is why I may very possibly arrive a day later. I have just received 18 roubles 75 kopecks from Alexandrov. I went to see Varya and I think I have said good-bye to her for good. She is going to her daughter in the country—Well, good-bye, my love. Of course I have not had time to tell you the thousand and one things I wanted to say to you. What can one say in a letter? But I have absolutely no time now for writing. And at this minute I am tired out and quite weak. And I cannot go to bed yet. I have still so much to do. And when shall I get enough sleep? I kiss you many times. I kiss the children and bless them.

All yours,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

I don't want to write about love, for love is not in words but in deeds. And when shall I be able to get to deeds? It is high time. But all the same, I shall write you a few lines.

159

HOTEL LOSKUTNY, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
7 *June* '80. *Midnight.*

MY DEAR LOVE, MY DARLING ANYA,

I am writing to you in haste. The unveiling of the statue took place yesterday. How can I describe it to you? Twenty pages would not be enough and I have not a second of time. For the last three nights I have not slept more than five hours and to-night it will be the same. Then there was the dinner with speeches. (295) Then the reading at the evening literary festival in the Hall of the Nobility. I read the Pimen scene. In spite of the unsuitability of their selection (for Pimen cannot be shouted across a whole hall) and it is a very bad hall for acoustics, I was told I had read magnificently. But I was also told that very little was heard. I had a great reception. They would not let me read for a long time, they kept calling out my name and after my reading I was recalled three times. But Turgenev, who read abominably, was recalled oftener than I was. Behind the stage (an enormous dark space) I noticed about a hundred young people who yelled madly and enthusiastically each time Turgenev appeared. I immediately thought it was " a claque " placed there by Kovalevsky, and that is what it really turned out to be. Because of this claque at the speech reading this morning, Ivan Aksakov refused to make his speech after Turgenev (who in his speech underrated Pushkin by refusing him the title of national poet), and he explained to me that the claque had been prepared long ago and had been put there by Kovalevsky (they were all his students and all of them Westerners). He had done this so as to make Turgenev appear as the leader of their movement and humiliate us in case we tried to go against them. Nevertheless, the reception given to me yesterday was extraordinary, although it was only the public in the stalls who applauded me. Apart from that, crowds of men and women came to shake hands with me behind the scenes. I walked through the hall during the interval and crowds of people, young and old, men and women, all rushed up to me saying: "You are our prophet, you made us better men and women when we read the '*Karamazovs*.'" (In short I was then convinced that the "*Karamazovs*" are of colossal importance.) This morning the same thing happened when I was leaving after the morning meeting. Men and women stopped me on the stairs and in the cloak room. At last night's dinner two ladies brought me flowers. I recognised some of them by their surnames. Tretyakov (296), Golokhvastov (297), Moshnin and others. I shall call on Tretyakov the day after to-morrow. (His wife owns the picture gallery.) To-day was the second literary dinner. There were about 200 people there. The young people met me as soon as I arrived, hailed me, fussed round me, and made frenzied speeches to me—and all this before dinner. Many people spoke at the dinner and proposed toasts I did not want to speak, but towards the end of the dinner people jumped up and made me speak. I only said a few words—there was a roar of enthusiasm, literally a roar. Then later, in the other hall, I was surrounded by a dense crowd of people—they spoke much and ardently (during coffee and cigars). And when I got up at 9.30 to go home (two-thirds of the people were still there), I was cheered and even those who did not want to had to take part. Then the whole crowd rushed after me down the stairs, and without coats or *hats* ran after me into the street and put me into my cab. And then, suddenly, they began to kiss my hands—not one person, but dozens, and not only young people, but old men too. Yes, Turgenev has a claque, but these have genuine enthusiasm for me. Maykov is here and witnessed it all. He must have been surprised. Several people (strangers) came up to me and whispered that at to-morrow morning's reading there will be quite a row against Aksakov and me. To-morrow, the 8th, is my most fateful day; in the morning I am reading my speech; in the evening I am reading twice; "*The She Bear*" and "*The Prophet*." I am determined to read "*The Prophet*" well. Wish me luck. There is a great stir and excitement here. Katkov risked making a long speech at the Town Hall Dinner yesterday, and produced a great effect, at any rate on some of the public. Outwardly Kovalevsky is most amiable, and in one toast he even mentioned my name. Turgenev did the same. Annenkov tried to make up to me, but I turned away. You see, Anya, here I am writing to you and I have not yet finished revising my speech. I have calls to pay on the 9th and I must definitely decide to whom I shall give my speech. Everything depends on the effect it produces. I have stayed here a long time, I have spent quite enough money, but then the foundations of our future have been laid. I have still to correct my speech and prepare my clothes for-to-morrow. To-morrow is my chief début. I am afraid I shall not have enough sleep. I am also afraid of having an epileptic fit. (298) The Central Shop will *not* pay me, do what I will. Good-bye, my love, I kiss you. Kiss the children. I shall probably leave on the 10th and arrive late on the 11th. I kiss you all and bless you.

Yours for ever and ever,
F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

N.B.—This letter will probably be my last from here.

160.

HOTEL LOSKUTNY, ROOM 33,
MOSCOW,
8 *June* '80. 8 *p.m.*

MY DARLING ANYA,

To-day I sent you yesterday's letter of the seventh, but now I can't help writing you these few lines, although I am terribly exhausted both morally and physically, so that you will perhaps receive this letter together with the last one. This morning I read my speech at the "Lovers"; the hall was packed. No, Anya, no, never will you be able to picture to yourself or to imagine the effect it produced! What are my Petersburg successes? Nothing, nothing at all compared to this! When I came out, the hall thundered with applause and for a long, a very long time, they would not let me read. I bowed, I made signs asking them to allow me to read—nothing helped; delight, enthusiasm (all because of the "*Karamazovs*"!) At last I began reading; I was interrupted absolutely at every page and sometimes at every paragraph by thunderous applause. I read loudly and with fire. All that I had written about Tatyana was accepted with enthusiasm (this is a great triumph of *our* idea over the mistakes of the last twenty-five years!). And when at the end I proclaimed the *universal union* of men, the hall was in hysterics. When I finished—I can't describe to you the roar, the frenzy of delight; people in the audience, who were strangers to each other wept, sobbed, embraced *and swore to one another to be better, and henceforth not to hate but to love.* The order of the meeting was broken; they all surged towards me on to the platform; society women, students, Secretaries of State, students—they all embraced and kissed me. All the members of our society who were on the platform embraced and kissed me, and all, absolutely all, were crying with delight. They waved their handkerchiefs and called me back on to the platform again and again for about half an hour. Suddenly two old men I did not know stopped me with: "We have been enemies for twenty years, we have not spoken to each other, and now we have embraced and are friends. You have reconciled us. You are our saint, our prophet!" "Prophet! Prophet!" shouted the crowd. (299) Turgenev (300), about whom I had put in a good word in my speech, rushed up to me to embrace me with tears in his eyes. Annenkov ran up to shake hands with me and he kissed my shoulder. "You are a genius, more than a genius!" they both said to me. Aksakov (Ivan) ran on to the platform and announced to the public that my speech *was not an ordinary speech but an historical event*! "A cloud has been veiling the horizon and lo! the word of Dostoyevsky, like the sun, has dispersed it and illumined all. From now on brotherhood dawns and there shall be no more misunderstanding!" "Yes, yes!" they all shouted, and again embraces, again tears. The meeting was suspended. I sought refuge behind the scenes, but they all rushed there from the hall, mostly women. They kissed my hands, they would not leave me alone. The students rushed in. One of them in tears fell at my feet in hysterics and fainted. It was a complete, an absolutely complete victory! Yuriev (the Chairman) rang the bell and announced that the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters had unanimously elected me as an *honorary* member. Again, howls and shouts. After an interval of almost an hour, the meeting was resumed. No one wanted to read his paper. Aksakov came in and announced that he would not read his speech, since everything had been said and everything had been solved by the great words of our genius—Dostoyevsky. Still, we all made him read. The reading continued, but in the meantime a plot had been hatched. I was weak and tired and wanted to leave, but they kept me by force. In that hour they had managed to buy a magnificent laurel wreath of about two yards across, and at the end of the meeting, a crowd of women (more than a hundred) thronged on to the platform and crowned me with the wreath before the whole assembly: "In the name of the Russian women, about whom you have said so much good." All wept and again more enthusiasm. The head of the Town Council, Tretyakov (301), thanked me on behalf of the City of Moscow. Admit, Anya, that it was worth remaining for; those were pledges for the future, for *everything*, even if I were to die. When I got home, I received your letter about the new-born colt, but you are so cool about my long stay here. In an hour's time I am going to read at the second literary celebration. I am going to read "*The Prophet*." To-morrow, visits. The day after to-morrow, the 10th, I leave—that is, unless something *very important* detains me. I must place my speech (302)—but where?

Everyone is trying to snatch it out of my hands. It's terrible! Good-bye, my darling, my precious beloved. I kiss your feet. I kiss and bless the children. I kiss the colt. I bless you all. My head is going round. My hands and feet are trembling. Good-bye—till we meet again soon.

Yours wholly and completely,

DOSTOYEVSKY.

161

STARAYA RUSSA,

11 *August* '80. *Midnight.*

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,

Have you arrived safely? I should like to hear from you as soon as possible, even if it is only a line. How are you? Where are you sleeping? Eating? What about the "*Diary*"? After seeing you off, Fedya and I left Lyuba with Sonya, Anfissa and Marie, who all went off to the priest, while Fedya and I took a cab (the cabman told us about the fête) and drove to the Town Gardens, which are on the Red Bank close to the Palace Gardens. There were many people there, a balloon went up, and soldiers' songs were sung. Fedya listened attentively. But as it was damp, we returned home early, fetched Lyuba, and after that the children went to bed. I sat up all night. I got up at 12 o'clock. The children have already posted a letter to you. They are behaving very well. Fedya went off to the river to fish, but I found him by the precipice and told him to come home, and he immediately did so without arguing. Anfissa was with Lyuba all the morning; after that all of them went off to the priest, while I went for a walk. The priest is evidently interested in them and is always inviting the children to his house; of course, he does this to help me. Fedya does not lag behind Sergusha, who has suddenly got a gun from which one can shoot peas. I fetched the children after my walk. We dined together, talked about you and wondered how you were. After dinner the children went off to the priest again. I brought them home after my walk. On the way back Fedya asked about you. "Father, when did Mother go away—wasn't it yesterday? Well, then, will she be back to-morrow? Or, the day after to-morrow?" At home, we had tea and the children went to bed, while I have now sat down to write to you. Well, and that is all our doings. In short, everything is all right and peaceful, the children are behaving well, and *want* to behave themselves. They are keeping their promise to you. The weather is delightful. Fedya hasn't got a hat. His summer one is all torn (Lily has mended it several times), and besides it is unseasonable and the peak has come off his cap (which is very dirty). It would be nice if you could buy him one when you return. There were some military caps for children with small cockades at a rouble each in the Gostiny Dvor, in the toyshop at the corner, close to the chapel. I wish you would come back soon. It will probably make you very tired. I hope you won't fall ill. Will the "*Diary*" appear to-morrow? There was a second announcement of the "*Diary*" in this morning's "*Novoye Vremya*," but not a word about it in the paper, not even in the local news. Goncharov has only got to hiccough and all the papers immediatly shout about it: "Our venerable novelist has hiccoughed" whereas they ignore me as though by common consent. I am convinced that Panteleyev has been delayed in some way. If only they would hurry up. So do return and don't stay away any longer. Remember me to Marie Nikolaevna and ask her to keep us informed about the sale of the "*Diary*," at least until the 25th August. I don't expect it will sell well. But it will probably be sold out later on. Well, good-bye, until we meet again soon. I may write to-morrow. I hope nothing dreadful will happen to you! You have taken too many commissions on to yourself. To-morrow Lily will add something of her own to this letter and Fedya also wants to scrawl something. They will take it to the post. They are now asleep. Marie is sleeping in the room where there is a washstand. The boy is sleeping outside. Good-bye. I kiss you.

All yours,

F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

162

F. M. DOSTOYEVSKY'S BOOK STORE,
(Solely for the Provinces).
S.P.B.—KUZNECHNY PEREULOK 5, FLAT 10.

STARAYA RUSSA,
Tuesday, 12 *August* [1880].

MY DEAR FRIEND ANYA,

I am only writing a few lines to you just now, although I sincerely hope this letter will not find you in Petersburg, and that you will leave to-morrow, *i.e.* on the 13th. All is well here and absolutely nothing interesting has happened. The children are well and are behaving themselves. I received your letter to-day. You have distributed many copies, but will they sell? I pray God they may, although I am steadily losing hope. (303) We are slightly late, it should have been published a month ago. I read in the "*Novoye Vremya*" this morning that the merchant Zizerin has committed suicide in his fur store at the Nizhny-Gorodsky Fair. He is a Petersburg man, Gregory Pavlovich is his name, and he was visiting the fair. I believe we store our winter coats at Zizerin's during the summer months (but I am not sure). If they *are* at Zizerin's, then is this the same man? He has, of course, hanged himself because of his business difficulties. In that case I hope we don't lose our winter coats. If this letter catches you in Petersburg, will you please make inquiries about Zizerin? Good-bye, my love. I don't know whether I shall hear from you to-morrow. I should very much like to. It is very dull here. The weather is beautiful, but coldish, and the nights are very cold. You went away in very thin clothes. Don't catch cold.

Good-bye, the children kiss you and I kiss you too.

Yours, F. DOSTOYEVSKY.

NOTES TO DOSTOYEVSKY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

THE notes to the first thirty-six letters were written by Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky, and have been translated in full together with additional notes by the Russian editor. They are respectively distinguished from each other by the letters (*a*) and (*b*). All the subsequent notes (after Note 98) were made by the Russian editor, N. Belchikov, and have been condensed for the English edition.

TO THE LETTER OF DECEMBER 9TH, 1866.

1. (*a*) *Bazunov, A. F.* Bookseller with whom F. M. had money dealings.

(*b*) Bazunov, Pratz and Weidenstrauch were publishing at that time F. M.'s novel "*Crime and Punishment.*" Bazunov published "*The Eternal Husband*" in 1871, and in 1862 he had published "*The Letters from a Dead House.*"

2. (*a*) *The 5th Chapter*—in the last part of the novel "*Crime and Punishment,*" which I had taken down in shorthand (for which I had gone to F. M. three or four times a week).

(*b*) F. M. was late with his novel and had to hurry in order to have it finished in time because of Stellovsky's urgent demands. F. M. therefore asked Olkhin for the services of a stenographer. He sent Anna Grigorievna.

2*a*. (*a*) The 9th December was my nameday and also that of my mother, Anna Nikolaevna Snitkin. Our friends and relations usually gathered at our house on that day. I had begged F. M. to come to dinner. Apart from weakness after a recent epileptic fit, the effects of which had not yet worn off, F. M. was shy of the strange faces, which he might see at my home, and in his nervous state such meetings were painful to him. F. M., therefore, preferred not to come, but sent his stepson, Pavel Alexandrovich Issayev, to congratulate us and to hand me this letter and a gold bracelet.

TO THE LETTER OF DECEMBER 29TH, 1866.

3. (*a*) The first time I saw F. M. was on October 4th, 1866. On November 8th of the same year I became engaged to him. Our first meeting took place on October 4th, 1866.

4. (*a*) At the Ivanovs, *i.e.* at Vera Mikhaylovna Ivanov's, his favourite sister.

(*b*) F. M. portrayed her family as the Zakhlebin family in "*The Eternal Husband.*"

5. (*a*) *Elena Pavlovna Ivanov*—Vera Mikhaylovna's sister-in-law.

6. (*a*) *Sonya*—Sofia Alexandrovna Ivanov, who married Khmyrov. She was the eldest daughter of the Ivanovs ; F. M. was very friendly with her and greatly valued her intellect and literary culture.

(*b*) F. M.'s letters to Sofia Alexandrovna Khmyrov were published by her in the "*Russkaya Starina,*" July 1885, pp. 137-166. In those letters, which are written in a very friendly tone, F. M. speaks of the progress of his work on "*The Idiot,*" about his plans for "*The Atheist*" and for "*The Eternal Husband,*" written for the "*Zarya,*" and about "*The Possessed.*" There are many personal and family details in those letters valuable to the biographer.

7. (*a*) *Junge, E. F.* A famous oculist with whom F. M. was friendly. When F. M. told him about his forthcoming marriage, and that there was a difference in age of twenty-five years between him and his future wife (I was just 20 and F. M. was 45), he tried to dissuade him from marrying, and assured him that there could be no happiness in a marriage where there was such a difference in age.

8. (*b*) *Katkov Mikhayl Nikoforovich* (1818-87)—at one time professor of philosophy at the University of Moscow, a conservative publicist, the editor and publisher of the newspaper "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*" and the journal "*Russky Vestnik,*" which was reactionary, but also very authoritative in its time. Katkov had a considerable influence on internal politics in the eighteen seventies and eighties. F. M. Dostoyevsky's novels "*Crime and Punishment,*" "*The Idiot,*" "*The Possessed,*" and "*Brothers Karamazov*" were first published in Katkov's periodical. Katkov materially supported F. M. by giving him large sums of money in advance when F. M. was in exile after the Siberian prison and in the years which followed. The affair about which F. M. was so upset has been described by him in the letter of January 2nd, 1867. F. M.'s letters to Katkov are not numerous, they were published in Book 14 of "*Byloe*" 1919, and quite recently some very valuable material for the study of Dostoyevsky's work on the novel "*Crime and Punishment*" was published by I. I. Glivenko in the periodical "*Krassny Arkhiv,*" Vol. IV. 1923.

9. (*a*) *Elena Pavlovna Ivanov*, was Vera Mikhaylovna's sister-in-law, *i.e.* the wife of her husband's brother. In wishing happiness for F. M., Vera Mikhaylovna hoped he would marry Elena Pavlovna when her husband died. Her husband had been ill for years and his death was expected from day to day. F. M., who dreamt of family happiness, was inclined to be influenced by his sister's persuasions, for he recognised many good qualities in Elena Pavlovna. He sometimes saw her when he was spending the summer of 1866 in Lyublin near Moscow and lived close to the Ivanovs' villa. F. M. once asked her : " Would you marry me if you were free ? " She did not give him a definite answer and F. M. did not consider himself bound to her by any promise. Still, F. M. was very oppressed by the thought that he might have raised hopes in her which were not fated to be realised. Elena Pavlovna's husband died in 1869.

As for Elena Pavlovna, she retained the friendliest relations with F. M., and with me and my children to the end of her life.

10. (*a*) *Lyubimov, N. A.* Professor. He had great influence in the publication of the "*Russky Vestnik.*"

(*b*) Lyubimov died in 1897. F. M.'s letters to him were mainly of a business character and were published by B. M. Modzalevsky in "*Byloe,*" 1919, Book 14; and 1920, Book 15.

11. (*a*) *Masenka—Marie Alexandrovna Ivanov.* Vera Mikhaylovna's second daughter, a splendid musician, a pupil of Nikolay Rubinstein. When F. M. went to Moscow he used to stay with the Ivanovs, and he would ask M. A. to play his favourite pieces, especially the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, which she played beautifully.

12. (*a*) *Fedya—Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky*, F. M.'s nephew, the son of Mikhayl Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky.

13. (*a*) *Yulya—Yulya Alexandrovna Ivanov.* Vera Mikhaylovna's third daughter.

14. (*a*) *Pasha—Pavel Alexandrovich Issayev*, F. M.'s stepson.

(*b*) Pasha caused his stepfather much disappointment, worry and expense. He was a great trial to Anna Grigorievna. She frequently speaks in her reminiscences of the hard moral struggle which she had with him because of his extravagance and exploitation of F. M.'s kindness. According to Anna Grigorievna, F. M. depicted him in the character of a young man, one of the heroes in "*The Eternal Husband*" (see Anna Grigorievna's Notes to Dostoyevsky's work in the collection "*The Art of Dostoyevsky,*" ed. by L. P. Grossman, Odessa 1921). For F. M.'s Letters to him see the "*Severny Vestnik,*" 1891, Nos. 10 and 11, and the collection *F. M. Dostoyevsky* articles and materials edited by A. S. Dolinin. Petersburg, 1922.

15. (*a*) *Sashenka—Alexander Alexandrovich Ivanov*, Vera Mikhaylovna's eldest son.

16. (*a*) *Khmyrov*—Later Vera Mikhaylovna Ivanov's brother-in-law.

(*b*) Sonechka's husband—a teacher of mathematics.

17. (*b*) *Mamma*—Anna Grigorievna's mother, Anna Nikolaevna Snitkin, *née* Miltopeus, died on July 15th, 1893. She was the wife of Gregory Ivanovich Snitkin (1799-1866). Lyubov Feodorovna Dostoyevsky writes in her reminiscences (Russian Edition, p. 45), "My maternal grandmother, Maria Anna Miltopeus, was a Swede from Finland. She maintained that her ancestors were English, who had left their country in the 17th century on account of religious persecutions. They settled in Sweden and married Swedes and subsequently migrated to Finland, where they acquired land. Their English name was probably Milton or Miltop, for the "eus" termination is a Swedish addition. There was a custom in Sweden whereby men belonging to the learned professions—clergymen, writers, scholars, doctors and professors—added that ending to their names."

18. (*b*) F. M. evidently called Anna Grigorievna's brother—Ivan Grigorievich Snitkin (1849-1887) "little brother."

19. (*a*) *Leontiev, P. M.*—Co-Editor of the "*Russky Vestnik.*"

(*b*) He was famous as a learned philologist and pedagogue (1822-74), a devotee of Schelling. From 1856 he was in close collaboration with Katkov and took an active part in the periodical the "*Russky Vestnik.*" Leontiev had a great mental affinity with Katkov and had a great influence on him. Dostoyevsky attributed Katkov's refusal to print his tale "*Selo Stepanchikovo*" ("*A Friend of the Family*") in 1859 to Leontiev's influence; in a letter to his brother, October 9th, 1859, F. M. says outright that Leontiev had complete control over the periodical and Katkov was under his thumb. Later, Leontiev became interested in pedagogic activity and worked in the Lyceum. Dostoyevsky's letters to Leontiev, written between 1866 and 1881, were published in 1919 by B. L. Modzalevsky in the periodical "*Byloe.*" Book 14; and in 1920, Book 15.

20. (*a*) *Alexander Pavlovich Ivanov*—Vera Mikhaylovna's husband.

21. (*a*) *Marie Sergeyevna Ivanchin-Pissarev*—A friend of the Ivanov girls, a very witty young woman.

(*b*) F. M. depicted her in the character of Marie Nikitichna in "*The Eternal Husband,*" a fact which Anna Grigorievna pointed out in her Notes to Dostoyevsky's works. See Collection "*The Art of Dostoyevsky,*" ed. by L. P. Grossman.

22. (*a*) *Yanovsky, Stepan Dmitrievich*—a doctor, an old friend of F. M.'s.

(*b*) Yanovsky was a military medical inspector of the Moscow military district, the author of reminiscences about F. M. Dostoyevsky (see "*Russky Vestnik,*" No 4, 1885). Dostoyevsky first met Yanovsky in 1846 through V. N. Maykov. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship. So far only one of Dostoyevsky's letters to him (of February 4th, 1872) has been published. In that letter Dostoyevsky turns to him as to one of his "unforgettable" friends, "one of those who have deeply affected my soul, and my memories are linked with you" (Biography. Letters. Vol. I.).

23. (*b*) *Aksakov. Ivan Sergeyevich* (1823-1886)—a famous Slavophile publicist, who published in the years 1867-68 a newspaper "*Moscow.*" Dostoyevsky took no part in Aksakov's paper.

24. (*a*) *Maykov, Apollon Nikolaevich*—the famous poet. He used often to come to see F. M. and find him dictating "*The Gambler*" to me. I sometimes talked with him and I was greatly impressed by his cleverness and kindness.

(*b*) Dostoyevsky's friendship with Apollon Maykov began when Dostoyevsky was 22 years old, *i.e.* in 1843. This relationship continued when the brothers Maykov took part in Petrashevsky's "Fridays." After 1847 they ceased coming to the Fridays, but they did not break their friendship with certain members of the circle amongst whom was Dostoyevsky. In answer to a question put to Dostoyevsky by the Court of Enquiry about the people most intimate with him, Dostoyevsky named the Maykov family first of all. While Dostoyevsky was abroad in 1867-71 Apollon N. Maykov was the link between him and Russia. Dostoyevsky used to write details to him about his life and work, he entrusted his money matters to him and the affairs of his stepson. Dostoyevsky's letters to Maykov are valuable material (see Dostoyevsky's Letters to Maykov in the collection *F. M. Dostoyevsky*. Ed. by A. S. Dolinin. Petersburg, 1922).

25. (*b*) Evidently he had not revised the last two chapters of "*Crime and Punishment*," which he was then writing.

26. (*b*) This is about the November number of the periodical "*Russky Vestnik*," in which appeared one of the last chapters of "*Crime and Punishment.*"

27. (*b*) *Milyukov, Alexander Petrovich* (1817-97)—pedagogue and writer. Author of the one-time famous "*Sketch of the History of Russian Poetry*" (1847). A. P. Milyukov suffered for his expressed agreement with Belinsky in his "*Sketch.*" His acquaintance with Dostoyevsky started in 1848, when Dostoyevsky was just beginning his literary career. They met in the Petrashevsky circle. Dostoyevsky was sent to Siberia for the Petrashevsky affair, but Milyukov was only arrested and detained for three days in the Peter and Paul Fortress. Milyukov kept Dostoyevsky's story about the arrest, and also described the farewell scene between Dostoyevsky, his brother and himself before Dostoyevsky was sent to Siberia. When Dostoyevsky returned from exile he renewed his acquaintance with Milyukov and his family. He invited Milyukov's daughter to his wedding. Dostoyevsky's Letters to Milyukov, chiefly belonging to the '60's, were published recently by B. L. Modzalevsky in the collection, "*F. M. Dostoyevsky—Articles and Material*," edited by A. S. Dolinin, Petersburg, 1922. After Dostoyevsky's death Milyukov wrote his reminiscences of certain moments in his friendship and meetings with Dostoyevsky. The reminiscences appeared in the "*Russkaya Starina*," 1881, III.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 17TH, 1867.

28. (*b*) F. M. did not put any year on this letter. Anna Grigorievna included it in the packet of letters for 1867, and entered the year in pencil (1867). We have no reason to disagree with her. Other letters during this and the following years have been similarly dated, and the date in those cases has been placed in square brackets.

29. (*a*) We went abroad on April 14th, 1867, two months after our wedding, and we settled in Dresden for a month. From here F. M. went to play roulette in Homburg. I remained in Dresden in the care of the landlady.

30. (*a*) *Vrangels, Latkins, Reislers*. They were creditors, and F. M. was greatly worried about the payment of his debts to them.

(*b*) Debts for which Dostoyevsky was threatened with imprisonment. The creditors suddenly appeared after the death of his brother, M. M. Dostoyevsky, and because the periodical "*Epokha*" had ceased to appear. F. M. hurriedly left for abroad a month before the date of this letter (14th April, 1867), so as to escape the insistent demands of these creditors. F. M. mentions Vrangel as being one of his most unpleasant creditors. Vrangel was his friend from Semipalatinsk with whom he retained friendly relations throughout his life. In a letter to S. A. Khmyrov (*née* Ivanov) of 8/20 March, 1869, F. M. states quite plainly that this debt was " one of the most unbearable and painful of all my debts in Petersburg. It was a debt of honour without a bill of exchange."

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 18TH, 1867.

31. (*a*) *Masha—Marie Mikhaylovna Vladislavlev,* née *Dostoyevsky.* F. M. was very fond of her as a child and was greatly upset by their quarrel, which had no serious foundation.

(*b*) F. M. wrote to his brother before she was born (December 3rd, 1843), " If it is a girl call her Marie." L. F. Dostoyevsky gives the reason for F. M.'s coolness towards his niece M. M., which Anna Grigorievna did not mention : " One of his nieces, his favourite, knew a student who was in love with her, a somewhat insignificant young man, who hated Dostoyevsky, ' because in the person of Raskolnikov he had insulted the Russian students.' One day when arguing about political questions he spoke most disrespectfully to my father. Dostoyevsky was very angry and told his sister-in-law not to receive this impertinent man in her house again. They pretended to obey him, but the infatuated student continued his visits secretly. As soon as he had finished his studies at the Univeristy he hastened to marry my cousin. The ungrateful girl took a delight in getting married in secret, and did not even invite her uncle (F. M.) to the wedding, whereas he was working like a slave to support her family. When the bride met him later on at her mother's house she laughed in his face and treated him as if he were an old fool. My father was deeply wounded by this ingratitude. He loved his niece Marie as a daughter, petting and amusing her when she was a little girl, and later taking great pride in her musical talent and first successes. She was one of Anton Rubinstein's best pupils." (" *Dostoyevsky portrayed by his daughter.*" The English translation was published by William Heinemann, London, in 1921 under the title " *Feodor Dostoyevsky, a Study.*")

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 21ST, 1867.

32. (*a*) F. M. is speaking of an article on Belinsky. In undertaking the publication of a certain collection, the writer Babikov asked F. M. to contribute an article and paid him 150-200 roubles in advance. F. M. decided to write one on Belinsky. He finished writing it in Dresden and was pleased with it. He sent the article to Maykov, who read it and greatly praised it in one of his letters to F. M. According to Maykov the article was passed on to the bookseller Bazunov as Babikov had wished. But where it disappeared to is unknown : Babikov died and Bazunov, who was pressed with work, could not remember to whom he had given it. It is a great pity that this clever article was lost to the public, because F. M. had expressed in it his opinion on Belinsky's literary activity.

TO THE LETTER OF OCTOBER 5TH, 1867.

33. (*a*) *Sonechka.* F. M. is speaking about the child I was expecting, who was born in Geneva on February 22nd (March 5th), 1868. Long before the birth of this child we had decided to call it "Misha" in the event of a son, in honour of a favourate brother, and "Sonya" in the event of a daughter, in honour of a favourite niece—Sofia Alexandrova Ivanov. But F. M. somehow thought and hoped it would be a girl. In other letters F. M. speaks of his unborn children as if they already existed. By this he seemed to express his tender care and love for children whom he had always longed to have and whose birth gave him such great joy and infinite happiness.

34. (*a*) In explanation of the letter of October 5th, 1867, I consider it necessary to say that we moved to Geneva in the September of that year and stayed there until June 1868. F. M. went to Saxon-les-Bains from Geneva three times (in October, in November 1867 and in April 1868), where at that time there was roulette. I could not go with him as I was pregnant at the time, and later, after the birth of our daughter Sonya (February 2nd, 1868), I could not leave the child.

TO THE LETTER OF NOVEMBER 17TH, 1867.

35. (*a*) *Sonechka and Mishka.* F. M. is mentioning our future child, not knowing whether it would be a girl or a boy, but for a joke he pretended we would have twins. Further on he says he prays for me and for them, *i.e.* again about our future children.

TO THE LETTER OF NOVEMBER 18TH, 1867.

36. (*b*) After the cessation of the periodical "*Epokha*" in 1865 F. M., who lived by his pen, was freed from financial embarassment by his strenuous work on his novel "*Crime and Punishment*," which he had begun to write abroad in July 1865 and completed in the country in the summer of 1866, in Lyublin not far from Moscow. It appeared in Katkov's periodical the "*Russky Vestnik*."

TO THE LETTER OF NOVEMBER 18TH, 1867.

37. (*a*) *Ogarev, N. A.* Poet, a friend of Herzen. Ogarev was very friendly with us and often came to see us. He was as gentle with me as with a little girl, which, indeed, I was then. F. M. was very touched by this. He did not borrow the 300 francs from Ogarev, as we received a little money from my mother, who was in Petersburg.

38. (*b*) *Herzen, Alexander Ivanovich* (1812-1870). Dostoyevsky's personal and mental relations with Herzen are a complex problem, and varied at different phases of their lives. By 1867 Dostoyevsky had parted from Herzen, both so far as personal matters were concerned and also in intellectual matters. This can be clearly seen in his preference for Ogarev. Their relationship had been different five years previous to that. Dostoyevsky used to meet Herzen in London in 1862. He mentions this in

his "*Diary.*" Dostoyevsky's attitude towards Herzen, according to N. N. Strakhov, was "very gentle," and "*The Winter Notes on Summer Impressions*" "re-echo a slight influence of that writer" (Biography Letters, p. 240). In an article "*Dostoyevsky and Herzen*" (towards a study of Dostoyevsky's social-political views) A. S. Dolinin clearly establishes the mental dependence and the similarities between Dostoyevsky's "*Winter Notes*" and Herzen's "*Letters from France and Italy*" (see "*Dostoyevsky—Articles and Materials.*" Petersburg, 1922, p. 275-324). Dolinin says, "When we compare Herzen's views with those of Dostoyevsky at that time, which are known as 'pochvennichestvo' (the years between 1860 and 1863) and which were again fully reflected in his Pushkin speech, then their similarity is striking" (p. 303). "We recognise similarities with Herzen's ideas in their fundamental principles and in the very essence of their intimate faith; and they both harmonise facts from the past and present of Russia and Europe in exactly the same way, so that they may appear to be convincing to other people" (p. 306). Later on, Dostoyevsky dis-. agrees with Herzen; he begins to differ from him on a number of questions. Herzen's propensity to make fun of the highest moral questions and philosophy must, Dolinin thinks, have been unbearable to Dostoyevsky. "Herzen makes fun just at that point where the greatest tragedy of the impotence of man's spirit comes to light: while to Herzen everything is poetry—an object of amusement and observation (p. 310)—Dostoyevsky's heart is most strained, tragic and serious (p. 320). And, although in later years Dostoyevsky could never completely renounce or move away from Herzen, even at the time of writing "*The Possessed*"—in fact when writing all his works between "*The Notes from the Underworld*" and "*Brothers Karamazov*"—there is an incessant conflict with Herzen's "happy philosophy" (A. S. Dolinin).

N. N. Strakhov, who knew Dostoyevsky's moods, also remarks that Dostoyevsky frequently expressed to him his anger with Herzen for his inability to understand the Russian people and his incapacity to value certain features of their life and manners. According to Strakhov, Dostoyevsky was infuriated by certain traits in Herzen—his pride in enlightenment and his disdainful contempt for simple and good-natured manners—traits which he even condemned in Griboyedov, in our revolutionaries and minor critics. The question of the relationship between Herzen and Dostoyevsky has been studied in a little book by Ganzhulevich, "*Herzen i. Dostoyevsky v. Istorii Russkogo Samosoznaniya,*" Petersburg 1907.

39. (*a*) F. M. is speaking about my clothes and jewellery. These were alternatively pawned and redeemed and were a support in our life, which was full of money worries.

40. (*b*) The birth took place on February 22nd, 1868. It was their daughter Sofia who died in Geneva on May 12th of the same year.

TO THE LETTER OF APRIL 4TH, 1868.

41. (*a*) F. M. is talking about the 200 roubles which A. N. Maykov had promised to send to Geneva.

42. (*a*) F. M. is speaking about his novel "*The Idiot*," which had been appearing in the "*Russky Vestnik*" since January 1868.

43. (*a*) F. M. mentions that in the course of a year and three months, January 1868–April 1868, he had received from Katkov 5060 Roubles in advance for the novel, "*The Idiot*." The money . . . (ED. : *sentence left unfinished*.)

He first received 2000 roubles from Katkov in January and February 1867. Of this, 200 roubles were spent on the wedding and on preparations for it and 400 roubles for our life during the two months and on payment of immediate debts. We went to Moscow in the fifth week of Lent, and F. M. then asked Katkov to give him another 1000 roubles so that we might go abroad. But when we were leaving it turned out that we had to pay the most pressing debts or else we would have had the bailiffs in and we should have had to give a written promise not to leave the town. But as we were supposed to be leaving for four or five months we had also to provide for the life of F. M.'s stepson ; F. M.'s brother, Nikolay Mikhaylovich ; his brother, Mikhayl Mikhaylovich's family ; and also M. M.'s illegitimate son, Vanya, and his mother Praskoviya Petrovna.

F. M. and I were horrified when we reckoned up all the expenditure before us. We had not sufficient money, and yet it was necessary for many important reasons to go abroad even for a short time, especially for the sake of F. M.'s health and for the possibility of working at his novel, which was impossible in our noisy and bustling life here. F. M. had the most important part of his work before him, which was the most difficult for him—namely the thinking out and creation of the plan for his novel. The actual writing was comparatively easy for him, but the creation of a plan presented great difficulties. The whole trouble lay in his rich imagination and the artist's dissatisfaction with the form in which he wanted to express the idea, which was the foundation of his novel. He would make dozens of plans for a novel, and write sketches of the heroes, plots, and sometimes short scenes. (It can be seen from F. M.'s note books, which have been preserved, how a certain idea came to him, how it took shape, and what exactly F. M. wanted to express through each of the characters of his novel. In short, the whole development of Dostoyevsky's art can be seen in his note books.) It was for this work that F. M. required complete isolation, which he could not have in Petersburg. Apart from that, both of us longed to be alone together, without the noisy crowd of friends and relations, who surrounded us and prevented us from enjoying our radiant happiness, a happiness which we had in part experienced in those unforgettable three months when we were engaged.

I imagined from what F. M. had said that we should return to Petersburg in September 1867 (whereas we returned in July 1871), and, wanting to leave at all costs, I suggested we should not keep the flat we had rented, but that we should pawn all he and I had in the flat. We could ask our friends and relations to take care of those things which we could not pawn. It was very hard for F. M. to decide to pawn those things, which had been given me for my dowry, but I persuaded him, and after much hesitation he agreed (all the furniture). F. M.'s entire library (quite an extensive one) was taken to Emilia Feodorovna Dostoyevsky's, where his stepson was staying, as well as the little chest of drawers with ikons and photographs, albums, and other trifles and ornaments, valuable china given to me by my parents consisting of Saxony China cups (Ed. : *sentence unfinished*).

We pawned all F. M.'s and my things for about 1000 Roubles. We thus had about 6000 Roubles for a year and three months, including the Katkov money, of which 200 Roubles went on the wedding, 600 Roubles for life in Petersburg (three months), 100 Roubles for our journey to Moscow ; 120-150 Roubles a month for our life abroad and our journey there—about 2000 Roubles. Thus, in my opinion, F. M. could not have lost more than 500/600 Roubles at roulette during those fifteen months.

In another part of her reminiscences, to be found in manuscript form in the Centrarkhiv, Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky adds further details to her note about the loss of almost all their things during their stay abroad. She writes : " In Note No. 31 to the Letter of April 4th, 1868, evening, I said : . . ." She then continues, " But the most painful part of all was the loss of F. M.'s library, which he had collected with such love and discrimination and of which he constantly spoke when he was abroad. Some books were autographed and inscribed to F. M. When we returned, it no longer existed. The stepson explained that after leaving Emilia Feodorovna's he moved from flat to flat and that many books had been stolen. He had sold others as he was in need of money, which he only received irregularly from F. M." (Ed. : *quoted from manuscript.*)

44. (*a*) In spite of the fact that the novel " *Crime and Punishment* " was a great success, and that Dostoyevsky was counted among our best writers, F. M. continued to receive only 150 roubles per sheet. In 1874 Nekrassov asked F. M. to write a novel for the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski* " at 250 roubles a sheet. F. M. decided to find out if Katkov would pay him the same price, as he was always grateful to Katkov for his help when we first married. Our family had grown by now, the cost of living had increased, and it was out of the question to accept the old rate of payment. But Katkov took a long time to think the matter over and F. M. decided to give his novel to the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski*." It was only when the " *Brothers Karamazov* " were appearing that the " *Russky Vestnik* " paid him 300 roubles a sheet.

(*b*) *L. K. Ilyinsky*—in a note in the periodical " *Bibliograficheskie Listy*," Russian Bibliological Society, 1922, March, No. 3, Ilyinsky took upon himself the task of clearing up the question of Dostoyevsky's earnings from his earliest writings. With figures in hand L. K. Ilyinsky established the already known sad fact that, from " *Poor Folk* " to " *Crime and Punishment*," Dostoyevsky was always paid less than other writers. " And just as before his life catastrophe (1849), Dostoyevsky could not arrange his life in such a way as to write for pure art and could not find clean, pure work " (L. K. Ilyinsky, *ibid.*)—so also, after years of prison and exile, " it is impossible to relate all Dostoyevsky's misfortunes " (*ibid.*). And involuntarily Apollon Grigoriev's words come to mind : " We ought not to have whipped up F. Dostoyevsky's great talent as if it were a post horse, but it should have been cherished and taken care of." Those words were not said in vain. It was only "after he returned from abroad and undertook the editorship of the "*Grazhdanin*" (1873), and published "*The Diary of a Writer*," that Dostoyevsky began to receive higher payment for his work. The "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*" offered him 250 roubles for "*The Hobbledehoy*" and Katkov offered 300 roubles. But even then it cannot be said that Dostoyevsky was not poor." That was Ilyinsky's final conclusion.

45. (*b*) This letter to Katkov has not been found among the letters in the Centrarkhiv.

46. (*a*) *Rolland.* (Ed.: *Anna Grigorievna left a space for a note here, but did not give the note.*)

47. (*a*) *Josselin* . . . (Ed.: ditto.)

48. (*a*) F. M. was always sad that we were too poor to allow me to dress well, and that any clothes I had were nearly always in pawn. One of his dreams, therefore, was that when he would have money he would order some new clothes for me; but alas! to his great regret those dreams were seldom realised (and I was almost indifferent, for even later, when our circumstances did improve, I thought little of dress).

49. (*a*) *Josephine*—Sonya's nurse, who was devoted to her.

50. (*a*) *Mamma*—My mother, Anna Nikolaevna Snitkin. She came to Geneva for the christening of our daughter Sonya in May 1868, and she stayed with us (with a few breaks) until July 1871, *i.e.* until our return to Russia.

TO THE LETTER OF APRIL 29TH, 1870.

51. (*a*) *Ivan Grigorievich Snitkin*—my brother. He was a student at the Agricultural Academy in Petrovsko-Razumovsk, and shared rooms with the student, Ivanov, who was killed by Nechayev. He was 19 years old, and, like me at his age, was quite a child. Knowing from his letters the type of person he was going about with, F. M. advised my mother to ask him to come and stay with her in Dresden. This was also done for my sake, as he and I were friends, and after nearly three years abroad I was very homesick for my brother and for Russia. Also, F. M. wanted to give my mother pleasure. My brother arrived at the beginning of 1870 and wanted to return quickly, but the Nechayev affair took place, the Academy was closed, and my brother, therefore, remained in Dresden for a year and a half or more. He did not live with us, but he came to see us daily. In spite of the difference in age F. M. and he became good friends, and F. M. liked and respected him and was very sorry that his life had turned out so unhappily.

(*b*) In "*Feodor Dostoyevsky—a Study*" his daughter gives further details about Ivan Grigorievich Snitkin's friendship with Ivanov and about the great impression the Nechayev affair made on Dostoyevsky, and how he used it as material for his famous novel "*The Possessed.*"

52. *Lyuba*—Dostoyevsky's second child.

(*b*) Lyubov Feodorovna was born in Dresden on September 14th, 1869.

She is still alive and lives abroad—she is a writer of psychological short stories somewhat in the manner of F. M. Dostoyevsky.

In 1921 her reminiscences about F. M. were published under the title "*Dostoyewsky. Geschildert von seiner Tochter*" (München, 1921). L. Y. Krukovsky translated the book into Russian.

In the editor's opinion " among the documents published on the occasion of the 40 years since his birth, the biography written by his daughter is one of the most important." (English translation, "*Feodor Dostoyevsky—a Study*," William Heinemann, London, 1921.)

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 1ST, 1871.

53. (*a*) *Mr. N. N.*—this was our future child, who was born on the 16th of July, 1871. Our first son—Feodor.

TO THE LETTER OF APRIL 28TH, 1871.

54. (*a*) " Write to me " in a telegram was a sentence F. M. and I had agreed should mean that F. M. had lost at gambling and I was to send him some money. The sum had been fixed beforehand. F. M. was very fond of my mother and had great respect for her. Realising how much she would disapprove of his playing roulette in our circumstances, F. M. had told her that he was going to Frankfort on literary business. It is possible that my mother guessed the object of his journey, but pretended she believed him.

55. (*a*) F. M. attached much importance to dreams. He was always very upset when he dreamt of his brother, Misha, and more so when he dreamt of his father. The dream was an omen of grief or misfortune, and I was a witness several times that after such a dream (two or three days later) someone who had been quite well would fall ill or die in the family, or F. M. would have a bad epileptic fit, or we would suffer some material loss. Fortunately nothing happened to us this time.

56. (*a*) I cannot say who was the priest in Wiesbaden at that time (or whether there was a church there), but for some reason or other I did not want F. M. to go to a priest, and above all not to borrow money from him for the journey. I, therefore, asked F. M. not to go to him, which request he observed.

57. (*a*) F. M.'s words " the hateful illusion, which has *tormented* me for almost ten years " and that " the loss " was " *definitely* the last " were actually justified. Although F. M. went abroad in later years, several times to Ems for instance, he never again played roulette.

58. (*a*) While we were away Stellovsky published the fourth volume of F. M.'s collected works (the novel "*Crime and Punishment*") and he had to pay us about 1000 roubles. But, as he was a notorious rogue, we only received this money a few years later, after suing him for it. I believe it was in 1875 or 1876.

TO THE LETTER OF APRIL 28TH, 1871.

59. (*b*) The Dostoyevskys returned to Petersburg on July 8th, 1871, after much hesitation because of their creditors.

60. (*b*) We know nothing of the fate of this letter to Katkov. It has not been published nor has it been found among the fresh materials.

TO THE LETTER OF APRIL 29TH, 1871.

61. (*a*) *Ivan Grigorievich Snitkin*—my brother, from whom F. M. hoped to borrow 4000 roubles. This money Ivan Grigorievich had inherited after the death of our father and he had offered it to F. M. long ago, but he could not receive it until he came of age. In the autumn of that same year he left Dresden with his future wife—Olga Kirilovna—and was secretly married to her by the Greek Metropolitan in Vienna. The elopement and secret marriage cost him a tremendous amount of money and he was only able to lend us a very small sum. To dispel the fears of his mother-in-law Ivan Grigorievich decided to go to Russia for two or three months and wanted to stay with a friend of his at Tsarkoe Selo.

62. (*a*) The novel, about a second edition of which F. M. is speaking, was his novel "*The Possessed*," which appeared in the "*Russky Vestnik*" in 1871.

TO THE LETTER OF JANUARY 2ND, 1872.

63. (*b*) *Fedka.*—Feodor Feodorovich, Dostoyevsky's son, who was born in Petersburg, July 16th, 1871. He died in Moscow in 1922.

64. (*a*) *Averkiev, D. V.*—author (1836-1905).

(*b*) A writer of fiction, dramatist, publicist and critic. In the early '60's he was a friend of the brothers Dostoyevsky, Apollon Grigoriev and Strakhov. His "*Comedy of the Russian nobleman, Frol Skobeyev and Nardyn Nashchokin's daughter Annushka*" appeared in 1869. F. M. commented on "*Frol*" in a letter to A. N. Maykov on July 15/27 1869: "I consider Averkiev's comedy "*Frol Skobeyev*" the best work of the year ("*F. M. Dostoyevsky—Articles and Materials.*" Ed. by A. S. Dolinin, Petersburg, 1922). Following Dostoyevsky's example, Averkiev issued privately in 1885-86 his "*Diary of a Writer,*" in which he included his article on Dostoyevsky. It was a short extract from a critical-biographical account of Feodor Mikhaylovich, which he had prepared for the collected edition of his works (the second, posthumous edition of 1885-86). The sketch was entrusted to Avierkiev by Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky. The appearance of the biographical extract in Averkiev's "*Diary*" was unpleasant to Anna Grigorievna. E. A. Stackenschneider tells us that Anna Grigorievna confessed this frankly to him (for further details see E. A. Stackenschneider "*Golos Minuvshego.*" 1919. Nos. 1-4).

65. (*a*) *Verochka*—Vera Mikhaylovna Ivanov—F. M.'s sister.

66. (*a*) *Polyakov, B. B.*—one of the creditors.

67. (*a*) *Mme. Hinterlach*—also a creditor.

68. (*a*) *Sasha Karepin*—Alexander Petrovich Karepin, a doctor, F. M.'s nephew, the son of his sister, Varya Mikhaylovna.

69. (*a*) *Pleshcheyev, A. N.*—poet.

(*b*) Dostoyevsky's friend, who suffered with him because of the Petrashevsky affair.

70. (*a*) *Chayev, N. A.*—a writer (1824-1914).

(*b*) Dostoyevsky met him at the Pushkin celebrations in Moscow in 1880. (See more about him below.)

71. (*a*) The publication of the periodical "*Besseda,*" to which F. M. had been asked to contribute a novel.

(*b*) Dostoyevsky's answer to Yuriev's invitation dated October 27th, 1871, and his other letters to Yuriev written between 1878-80 have been published in the collection: "*In memory of S. A. Yuriev,*" Moscow, 1891.

TO THE LETTER OF JANUARY 4TH, 1872.

72. (*a*) An extract from the novel "*The Possessed*" (Stavrogin's confession) unpublished hitherto.

(*b*) The extract ("*Stavrogin's Confession*") from the novel "*The Possessed*" was published in Moscow in 1921. The fragment, consisting of three chapters, was discovered in one of the note books containing materials for his novels, which was acquired by the Centrarkhiv in November 1921. (The first part of the Confession was published by Anna Grigorievna in the 1906 Jubilee Edition of Dostoyevsky's collected works.) (The English translation was published in 1922.)

73. (*b*) *Voskoboynikov, Nikolay Nikolaevich* (1838-82)—Railway engineer, journalist, an active and valuable collaborator, and from 1875 the assistant editor of the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti.*"

74. (*a*) *Olga Kirilovna*—My brother's wife.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 27TH, 1872.

75. (*a*) *Rokhel, A. A.*—a doctor and director of the Staraya Russa Mineral Springs.

(*b*) After Dostoyevsky's death a school was opened in memory of him in Staraya Russa, and A. A. Rokhel often helped the school-children with money.

76. (*a*) *Shenk*—The senior military doctor, who had come with the soldiers.

77. (*a*) It turned out that F. M. had been looking for the clothes in the wrong trunk (there were several).

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 28TH, 1872.

78. (*a*) *Rumyantsev*—Father John, a priest, and the owner of the villa we were living in.

(*b*) *Rumyantsev* was the priest of the Georgievsky Church in Staraya Russa. The Dostoyevskys rented his country house for the summer of 1872 and were friends with the priest's family for many years. Ekaterina Petrovna was Rumyantsev's wife. After F. M.'s death Rumyantsev helped Anna Grigorievna to establish a school for young women in memory of Feodor Mikhaylovich, which was opened on October 30th, 1883. During the years which followed he took upon himself all the responsibilities of the building of the school. The detailed story of the founding of this school in memory of F. M. Dostoyevsky, Pobedonostsev's attitude towards it, his managing to raise a subsidy of 4000 roubles, the kindness of the town and inhabitants shown towards the school—all this has been told by V. Pylaev in his geographical sketch "*Staraya Russa*."

79. (*a*) *Ivan Smelkov*—Archpriest, a relation of M. I. Vladislavlev through whom we had rented the villa in Russa.

80. (*b*) F. M. was evidently preparing chapters for the novel "*The Possessed*" for Number XI. of the periodical "*Russky Vestnik*," 1872.

81. (*a*) *Money*—In leaving Petersburg we left Father Rumyantsev 25 roubles for various expenses. He returned 21 roubles.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 30TH, 1872.

82. (*a*) *Marie Grigorievna Svatkovsky.*—My sister, who had died in Rome on May 1st, 1872. She died from recurring typhus.

83. (*b*) Anna Grigorievna added in her reminiscences that Pavel Grigorievich Svatkovsky was a censor in 1866-67.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 3RD, 1872.

84. (*a*) *Alexandra Mikhaylovna Golenovsky.*—Shevyakov by her second marriage. F. M.'s sister.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 5TH, 1872.

85. (*a*) *Barch, Ivan Martynovich*—a surgeon who had operated on our daughter's hand (which she broke in April 1872).

86. (*a*) *Glama*—a doctor, I. M. Barch's assistant.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 8TH, 1872.

87. (*a*) *Snitkin, M. N.*—a doctor, my first cousin.

(*b*) In her reminiscences Anna Grigorievna gives the following comment of M. N. Snitkin's family:

"Once, in the winter of 1871, I was staying at my cousin's, the doctor, Mikhayl Nikolayevich Snitkin. In the spring of that year he had married Ekaterina Ippolitovna, the sister of Mme. Saint-Iler. After she had heard my opinions on certain matters Ekaterina Ippolitovna said to me: 'I have heard from Sasha's sister (Alexandra Ippolitovna Saint-Iler) that there is a basket of papers stored in the attic of her house and it belongs to your husband.' I began to ask questions, and it turned out that about three years ago Feodor Mihyalovich Junior had asked Mme. Saint Iler if he might store *temporarily* at her house a basket containing his uncle's papers. He had gone off somewhere and the basket was still there. The following day I sent for it. A large wicker basket for clothes was brought to me, stuffed with papers and exercise books, *not locked*, and only tied round with thin string.

"You can imagine my delight when on examining the contents I discovered several of F. M.'s note books, a few books on the management of the periodicals "*Vremya*" and "*Epokha,*" which he had obtained from Mikhayl Mikhaylovich, and a mass of miscellaneous correspondence. These papers served me in very good stead in the later years of my life, when I had to prove or contradict various facts about Dostoyevsky's life before 1867, and which were previously unknown to me. It then came to light that this basket of letters and papers was taken by Pavel Aleksandrovich when we left; but when he moved from Emilia Feodorovna's he had left the basket with her; she did not know what to do with it, handed it over to her son, and F. M. Junior took it to his friend's house and asked them to store it for him. And everybody had forgotten about it. I then remembered that F. M. might have had note-books and manuscripts of a much earlier date, those, for instance, relating to the novel "*Insulted and Injured*" or the "*Letters from the Underworld*"; so I think there must have been another basket containing papers and manuscripts, which was also taken by Pavel Aleksandrovich, and which after changing hands several times was still lying about in somebody's attic, forgotten by everyone until the mice started to nibble at it. But in spite of all my efforts I have never been able to clear the matter up." (Quoted from manuscript.)

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 9TH, 1872.

88. (*a*) *Mikhayl Nikolaevich Snitkin*—a doctor (the Vladislavlev cradle belonged to M. M. Vladislavlev, F. M.'s niece).

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 12TH, 1872.

89. (*a*) *M. N. Snitkin's* flat where I was staying was in the Fonarny Pereulok.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 12TH, 1872.

90. (*b*) *Brother Kolya.*—N. M. Dostoyevsky, who was very delicate. F. M. had helped him before. Nikolay Mikhaylovich had inherited a tendency to drink. L. F. Dostoyevsky mentions this weakness of her uncle in her reminiscences: "My uncle Mikhayl, although he drank, was able to work. But my wretched uncle Nikolay, who had finished brilliantly at the University, never did any work and was a burden to his brothers and sisters all his life. ("*F. M. Dostoyevsky as portrayed by his daughter,*" Petrograd, 1922, p. 19). Anna Grigorievna says a great deal in her reminiscences about the continual monetary assistance which the author brother, Feodor Mikhaylovich, afforded Nikolay Mikhaylovich (see "*Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky*"—"Articles and Materials," ed. A. S. Dolinin, Petrograd, 1922).

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 14TH, 1872.

91. (*b*) At that time F. M. had to send the end of his novel "*The Possessed*" to the "*Russky Vestnik.*" But F. M. was very late in sending in his work. When he went to Moscow in the October of that year he settled

this difficult matter by personal conversation with Lyubimov, and he was allowed to postpone the end of the novel until the November and December numbers of the periodical. He hastened to let Anna Grigorievna know about this (see Letter No. 35, October 9th, 1872).

TO THE LETTER OF OCTOBER 9TH, 1872.

92. (*a*) *Elena Pavlovna Ivanov*, a relation of V. M. Ivanov. For several years after her husband's death she let furnished rooms, which did not bring in much money because she was too modest. F. M. wanted to help her and almost always stayed in her furnished rooms.

93. (*b*) Dostoyevsky managed to get the last chapters of the "*Possessed*" written to time, and they appeared in the November and December numbers of the "*Russky Vestnik*" for the year 1872.

94. (*a*) *Vesselovsky*—a Moscow lawyer.

95. (*a*) *Perov*—a famous painter.

(*b*) *Perov, Vasily Grigorievich* (1833-1882)—a famous painter. Dostoyevsky, who was against realism in art, thought highly of Perov's talent and greatly valued his picture "*The Hunters*" (see "*Diary of a Writer*," 1872, March). In her reminiscences Anna Grigorievna states the time and circumstances which brought Feodor Mikhaylovich, Perov and Tretyakov together.

Anna Grigorievna writes: "That same winter, 1872-3, Tretyakov asked F. M. for permission to paint his portrait for the Moscow Gallery, and the painter, Perov, came to Moscow with the same intention. Of course F. M. was very pleased, especially as Perov turned out to be an exceedingly nice and simple person. Before beginning work Perov visited us daily for a week; he would find F. M. in the most varied moods, he would talk and argue with him, and was able to depict in his portrait F. M.'s most characteristic expression, the one which F. M. always had when he was deep in his literary thoughts. It can be said that in this portrait Perov managed to catch F. M.'s 'creative moment.' I have often seen this expression on F. M.'s face: I would sometimes walk in and see him looking within himself as it were, and I would go away again without saying anything, and later on I would discover that F. M. had been so busy with his thoughts that he had not noticed my coming and he would not believe I had been in the room at all. V. G. was a clever man and F. M. loved to talk with him."

According to V. S. Soloviev, when this portrait was exhibited at the Academy of Arts, Dostoyevsky's intellectual opponents, the editors of the "*Grazhdanin*" invited "the public to go and see Perov's portrait of Dostoyevsky, which was a clear proof that Dostoyevsky was a madman, whose place was in a lunatic asylum" ("*Reminiscences about F. M. Dostoyevsky*," "*Istorichesky Vestnik*," March, 1881).

Y. P. Polonsky confirms this in his reminiscences ("*Niva*," 1884, No. 4, January 28th) and Anna Grigorievna also mentions this in her Reminiscences: "F. M.'s portrait was among Perov's works. His literary enemies, when describing the exhibition and praising the artist, did not hesitate to say it was obvious from the portrait that Dostoyevsky was mad. That hurt

F. M. very much, and I had great difficulty in dispelling the depressing effect it had on him. What hard hearts they must have had to write such a thing, especially as the critic could not have been ignorant of the terrible complaint from which Dostoyevsky suffered! How cruel people are sometimes." The original portrait by Perov is still in the Tretyakov Gallery.

96. (*a*) *Tretyakov, P. M.* (1832-1898)—the owner of the picture gallery.

97. (*a*) *Sonechka.* Sofia Alexandrovna Ivanov, F. M.'s niece.

98. (*a*) *Mashenka.* M. A. Ivanov. F. M.'s niece.

EDITOR'S NOTES

TO THE LETTERS OF OCTOBER 10TH, 1872.

99. *The Myasnikov Case*—A famous law suit, described by the Public Prosecutor as one "which in difficulty, complexity and importance surpassed all the cases which had ever been heard within the walls of the district Court." The case was a very long one; it was begun in 1859 and concluded in 1872. The brothers Myasnikov were accused of having forged the will of a merchant, Kozma Vassilievich Belyaev. One of the brothers (Alexander Konstantinovich) was the adjutant to the head of the III. Section of H.I.M. Political Police. The eminent lawyers of the day took part in the case, among them the academician A. F. Koni. The verdict of the jury was that the will left by the merchant Belyaev had not been forged, and consequently all the remaining questions were left without an answer and the accused were pronounced to be innocent. The Public Prosecutor protested, and the criminal cassation department of the Senate cancelled the decision and handed the case over to the Moscow District Court to be heard again. The verdict given there was the same (for details of the case see Vol. VI. "*Russian Court Orators in famous Law Suits*," Moscow, 1902). F. M. was no doubt interested in the case, and as an event well-known and familiar to Anna Grigorievna he mentions it briefly in the letter.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 20TH, 1873.

100. *Polyakov, Boris Borissovich*—a Petersburg lawyer. F. M. did not like him much. F. M. gives a character sketch of him in a letter to Anna Grigorievna of June 22nd, 1873.

101. *Shers*—one of the claimants, together with the Dostoyevskys and the Kazanskys, to a certain portion of the estate of their Aunt Kumanin, Alexandra Feodorovna, *née* Nechaev—Dostoyevsky's mother's sister and F. M.'s godmother, who died in 1871. He described this aunt as the "babulenka" (the grandmother) in his novel, "*The Gambler.*" From a recently published letter of Dostoyevsky to A. N. Maykov of 14/26 August, 1869, it can be seen that F. M. immediately took steps about this inheritance. He writes to Maykov: "I have written to Vesselovsky to tell him that the matter now depends on him. After carefully reading through all you wrote me I decided that we must be very careful in the way we approach the

matter, for it is a delicate affair. I am a witness and a hundred other witnesses could be found to prove that my aunt was not in her right mind (probably during the last four years of her life). On the other hand, I know absolutely nothing about her will or her true intentions with regard to the Monastery. I am certain of one thing—that Vesselovsky thoroughly knows the substance of her will, and who will be against us and who for us. I have written to tell him that I had heard from you. Also, I asked him for an explanation of certain facts and the circumstances and details of the will, and I ended by saying that if he was firmly convinced the will had been altered recently, *i.e.* when she was not in her right mind, and that the claim is justifiable, then they should not leave me without advice or guidance, but should explain it all to me. I am, of course, ready to take up the case in the above-mentioned circumstances " (see Collection, " *F. M. Dostoyevsky* "—Ed. A. S. Dolinin).

The case dragged on for a very long time; but it had not gained in clarity or precision. In her reminiscences Lyubov Feodorovna Dostoyevsky mentions the sad fact of the quarrel which arose between the heirs because of this law-suit: " Aunt Kumanin died while my parents were abroad and left a very muddled will. The heirs spent several years in quarrelling among themselves, and only after my father's death did we at last get our share " (p. 74, Note 1). Hints at the unfriendly relations between Dostoyevsky and his sisters, because of this inheritance, may be found in several of F. M.'s letters written to Anna Grigorievna during these years. Lyubov Feodorovna dwells considerably on this feud between the relations and questions the rights of some of them (especially F. M.'s sisters), and considers one of the causes of F. M.'s death was the unpleasant talk about this inheritance which he had with his sister Vera in Petersburg.

102. *Brother Andrey*—that is how Feodor Mikhaylovich usually called Andrey Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky in his letters. A. M. was Dostoyevsky's brother—the third in age (1815-1897)—a civil engineer, who on completion of his training lived in Petersburg. Vesselovsky, to whom A. N. Maykov had sent Feodor Mikhaylovich in 1869, was Andrey Mikhaylovich's friend. A. M. is the author of valuable reminiscences about the early part of F. M. Dostoyevsky's life. Printed in Vol. I. " *Biography, Letters and Notes from Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky's Notebooks*," Petersburg, 1882. F. M.'s Letters to him and to his wife, Domnika Ivanovna, written in 1854, were printed in " *Biography, Letters, etc.*".

102. (*a*) *Ten Thousand Roubles.*—F. M. Dostoyevsky borrowed these from his Aunt Kumanin in the autumn of 1864, when the brothers Dostoyevsky were in need of money because of the closing down of the periodical " *Vremya.*" F. M. speaks about the debt of 10,000 roubles in a letter to A. E. Vrangel of April 14th, 1865. " I have managed to get 10,000 roubles from my rich old aunt, which she had decided should be my share in her will " (" *Biography, Letters, etc.*").

103. *Zheromsky*—a lawyer, who lived in Moscow. He was evidently Nikolay Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky's friend of his childhood.

104. *Vitya.*—One of Vera Mikhaylovna Ivanov's ten children.

105. *Darovoye*—a village, 150 versts from Moscow, bought in 1831 by the author's father—Mikhayl Andreyevich—with his wife's money. The Dostoyevsky family used to go there for the summer holidays. The estate also consisted of another little village called Chermashnya. The country left a very deep impression upon F. M. for the whole of his life, and everything in it was full " of the most precious memories " for him—among others, the meetings with peasants—with the muzhik Marey, Alena Feodorovna and others who, as is known, are reflected in his novels.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 12TH, 1873.

106. Anna Grigorievna and the children were evidently living then in Staraya Russa in the care of the priest, Ivan Rumyantsev (see Note 78) whom Dostoyevsky knew, while he (F. M.) was in Petersburg. He was very busy as editor of Meshchersky's " *Grazhdanin* " and only came down for two or three days to Russa to see his family.

107. F. M. as Editor of the " *Grazhdanin* " was held by the Court to be responsible for an article called " *The Kirghiz Delegates in Saint Petersburg*," which appeared in 1873 in Number Five of the newspaper.

Mention was made in the article of the comic incident which occurred at the time of Alexander's reception, held for the Kirghiz delegates in St. Petersburg, and the article was evidently sent to the editorial office by an eyewitness. It was said that the eldest delegate, Sultan Mahomet, the Sultan of the Kirghiz, began his speech, which had been composed by him in the name of his people, by pronouncing very firmly and correctly : " Your Imperial Highness," but at these words the Emperor interrupted him with : " So you speak Russian ? " Mahomet was so confused that he could only continue by saying a few words in Kirghiz, after which he was absolutely dumb.

This episode, quite innocent in itself, should not have been made public without the special permission of the Imperial Court, which the editor had not attempted to get. The President of the St. Petersburg Censorship Committee, therefore, turned to the Public Prosecutor of the St. Petersburg District Court with the suggestion that he should institute legal prosecution according to an Imperial Order under Article 1024 of the Criminal Code. The affair, as is well known, took a bad turn. N. N. Strakhov in his reminiscences says, " Round about Holy Week, I remember there was great anxiety in the ' *Grazhdanin* ' circle ; it was said that publication would cease, and F. M. was in a state of great agitation for some time."

A. F. Koni also mentions this incident in his recollections, but not quite accurately, " When I was Public Prosecutor of the District Court in Petersburg, my friend Kulikov's sister, who knew Dostoyevsky, wrote to me that Feodor Mikhaylovich was in a very awkward position. At that time he was Editor of the ' *Grazhdanin*,' which was quite different from the later shameful newspaper of the same name. He allowed a notice of the Emperor's journey to appear in it without previously asking for permission from the Minister of the Court, as was then required by censorship regulations. The consequence was that the Court had to sentence him to a fortnight's detention at the head sentry post on the Sennaya Square.

Meanwhile, the cure which Dostoyevsky was then pursuing and various other circumstances of a personal nature made this short loss of freedom highly inconvenient just at the time when the sentence had to be carried out. In answering Kulikov's sister I asked her to tell Feodor Mikhaylovich that the sentence would only be carried out when he considered it convenient to himself. Dostoyevsky wrote me an amiable letter expressing his gratitude and also paid me a visit. When I returned his call I was convinced with my own eyes of the modest, even poor, surroundings in which one of the greatest Russian writers lived, thought and created. During that meeting we had a fairly long talk together in which Dostoyevsky showed great interest in the jury and the difference between town or country barristers 'in judging a crime' " (A. F. Koni, "*Nekrassov, Dostoyevsky*"—from personal reminiscences).

F. M. was arrested, and according to Anna Grigorievna: "It lasted from Thursday, 11 a.m. until 11 a.m. on Saturday in Passion Week 1873." The date is incorrect. Anna Grigorievna made a mistake in the year, it was 1874 and not 1873. F. M.'s letters to her reveal this inaccuracy: F. M. speaks about the arrest in June 1873 as of a future fact, after the sentence had been passed on June 22, 1873. Also, V. S. Soloviev's reminiscences confirm the month of the arrest, but also corrects the year. Soloviev (who it must be said was always a very authoritative witness and accurate in his information) speaks of this incident in Dostoyevsky's life thus: "In the Spring of 1874 . . . he (F. M.) once came to see me, and as I was out he left me a note in which he said among other things that in a few days' time he would have to serve a term of imprisonment as editor of the '*Grazhdanin.*' During the morning of March 22nd, Apollon Nikolaevich Maykov came to see me. 'Do you know where I have just come from?' he asked—'from our prisoner; our Feodor Mikhaylovich is in prison. . . . Go to him, he is waiting for you.' 'What sort of a mood is he in?' I asked. 'In the best of spirits. Do go and see him.' I went to the famous corner of the Sennaya Square and was allowed in at once. I found F. M. in a spacious and fairly clean room, where, besides himself, there was some other young man in the corner, who was badly dressed and had the dullest face. F. M. was sitting at a small plain table, drinking tea, smoking his own cigarettes and holding a book. He was glad to see me, put his arm round me and kissed me" ("*Reminiscences about F. M. Dostoyevsky,*" "*Istorichesky Vestnik,*" March, 1881. Thus the date of the arrest must be considered as the 21-23 March (Thursday to Saturday in Passion Week), 1874.

108. *Meshchersky, Vladimir Petrovich* (1839-1914). Novelist and journalist, a grandson of Karamzin. His comedy "*Million*" and his satirical novels were very successful. From 1872 Meshchersky began to publish a paper "*Grazhdanin,*" which in later years had a marked reactionary policy. F. M. was editor of that paper in 1873, and in the following year he gave the editorship over to V. F. Putsykovich. Meshchersky spoke of his relationship with Dostoyevsky in his reminiscences, and gave a description of Dostoyevsky as an opponent to the feminist movement ("*My Reminiscences,*" Part 2, 1865-1881, St. Petersburg, 1898).

According to Meshchersky, Dostoyevsky offered to be the editor of the "*Grazhdanin*," but according to Anna Grigorievna, Meshchersky and the whole of that circle persuaded Dostoyevsky—"Towards the end of the first year of the publication of the '*Grazhdanin*,' says Meshchersky, "I was disillusioned in Gradovsky, or, to be more exact, I became convinced that he was not my type. . . . The situation was critical. . . . Where was I to find another colleague ? And at that difficult time, on one of our Wednesdays, when we were discussing this question over a cup of tea, never shall I forget with what a good natured and, at the same time, inspired face F. M. Dostoyevsky turned to me and said : 'Would you like me to be the editor ?'

"At first I thought he was joking, but then came a moment of real joy, for it turned out that Dostoyevsky had decided this out of sympathy for the aims of the publication.

"But that was not all, Dostoyevsky's decision had its own spiritual beauty. Dostoyevsky was poor in spite of the fact that he was Dostoyevsky ; he knew that my private and publishing means were limited and, therefore, he told me that he only wanted the lowest salary for living expenses, and he himself fixed 3000 roubles a year and payment by the line.

"The horizon of the '*Grazhdanin*,' which had been so clouded at the end of the year was thus brightened by this joyful fact, and our hopes revived for the success of the '*Grazhdanin*,' thanks to the addition of Dostoyevsky's name. But Dostoyevsky turned out to be a prophet.

"'No,' he said, 'don't have any illusions, my name won't bring you anything : the hatred towards the '*Grazhdanin*' is greater than my popularity, and besides, what is my popularity ? I haven't any, they have seen through me and have found out that I go against the stream.' And he was right. There was something cold, something bitter in the attitude of the press of the day towards Dostoyevsky as editor of the '*Grazhdanin*.' Attacks on the '*Grazhdanin*' became more bitter and more intensive, with the result that there were very few subscribers in 1873, an increase of only about 200."

V. S. Soloviev also speaks in his reminiscences of the attacks on Dostoyevsky. "His editorial activity," wrote Soloviev, "on which he (Dostoyevsky) had placed such hopes, were not altogether successful. . . . Stupid and vulgar jokes poured upon the new editor from all sides. The author of '*Crime and Punishment*' and the '*Letters from a Dead House*' was called a madman, a maniac, a backslider, a traitor ; the public were even invited to go to the exhibition of the Academy of Arts to look at Perov's portrait of Dostoyevsky as a direct proof that he was a madman," ("*Istorichesky Vestnik*," March, 1881).

109. *Transhel, A.*—the owner of the printing business where the "*Grazhdanin*" was printed. No doubt the delay in the working of the press, because of non-payment by the editor, must have had an effect on the punctuality and regularity of the paper's appearance.

110. *Fedya.*—Feodor Mikhaylovich Junior, F. M.'s nephew. According to Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky, F. M. Junior earned good money as a teacher of music. In talking about the loss of all their property on their

return from abroad in 1871, Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky speaks well of F. M. Junior: " F. M. Junior made us very happy by returning to us the large trunk containing letters and notebooks which he was keeping for us " (Quoted from manuscript).

111. *Kashpirev, Vasily Vladimirovich* (1836-75)—published " *Monuments of Modern Russian History* " (St. Petersburg, 1871-73). In 1869 he began the publication of the moderately conservative periodical " *Zarya*." Dostoyevsky was much in sympathy with the publication, as its editor, N. N. Strakhov, was his friend. F. M.'s novel, " *The Eternal Husband* " appeared in this periodical in 1870. Strakhov described Kashpirev in an obituary notice as being a very kind man, very sensitive, but most slow, which used occasionally to irritate his colleagues and especially Dostoyevsky. When the Dostoyevskys returned to Petersburg they became friendly with the Kashpirevs. Details about their life appear occasionally in F. M.'s Letters to Anna Grigorievna, *e.g.* in a letter of June 26th, 1873. Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky writes in her " *Reminiscences* ": " F. M. and I used to go to the Kashpirevs' house; Vasily Vladimirovich, the head of the family, was the publisher of the periodical '*Zarya*,' and his wife, Sofia Sergeyevna, was the editor of a children's journal, '*Family Evenings*.' Both were very nice people. I remember an interesting evening spent at their house in 1873 when the writer Pissemsky read out his unpublished novel '*Meshchyane*.' He was not at all prepossessing to look at, but he read magnificently, bringing out in an amazing way the various types in his novel."

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 14TH, 1873.

112. It is not quite clear which article F. M. is referring to; most probably it was the article in No. 25 of the " *Grazhdanin* " for Chapter XII. of the " *Diary of a Writer*."

113. *Alexandra*—the servant; Anna Grigorievna mentions her several times in her reminiscences.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 22ND, 1873.

114. In the " *Sovremennye Izvestiya*," 12th June, 1873, No. 159, on the first page in the section " *Legal Chronicle* " there is published among other cases of the District Court in the V. Civil Section the order for the hearing of the case of Messrs. Sher and Kazansky under No. 19.

115. *Strakhov, Nikolay Nikolaevich* (1826-1896)—for many years a close friend of Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky, Apollon Grigoriev, and later of Leo Tolstoy. He was akin to F. M. both in ideas and as a follower of the idealistic philosophy. In his critical articles published in " *Vremya* " and " *Epokha* " Strakhov denounced the Nihilism and Materialism of the '60's. The " *Vremya* " was closed down at its fourth number in May 1863 because of Strakhov's (misunderstood) article in it on the Polish Rising, entitled " *A Fatal Question*." Strakhov was one of the few friends F. M. corresponded with while he was abroad. Strakhov published F. M.'s Letters and his reminiscences of him in Vol. I.: " *Biography, Letters and Notes, from F. M. Dostoyevsky's Notebook*," St. Petersburg, 1883.

116. "*Prince*"—F. M. called V. P. Meshchersky the owner of the periodical "*Grazhdanin*" by that name (see Note 108).

117. *Putsykovich, Viktor Feofilovich*—was secretary in the office of the "*Grazhdanin*" in 1872-73. Putsykovich (1843-99) was a writer and a journalist. F. M. met him in the office of the "*Grazhdanin*." In 1874 Putsykovich became editor-publisher of the "*Grazhdanin*" after F. M. had relinquished the post in April 1874. From 1879-81 Putsykovich published and edited the "*Russky Grazhdanin*" in Berlin. At first F. M. promised to contribute to it and prepared an article for the first number, but he did not send the article, and only allowed his name to be associated with the paper. Later he became still more sceptical about this undertaking of Putsykovich, which he fully expressed in his Letters to Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky in 1879. In a Letter to K. P. Pobedonostsev, 9/12 August, 1879, F. M. gave a very cutting description of him, "I have noticed one trait in Putsykovich: he is lazy and is incapable of work. As you know I was interested in him until lately, but now I am in despair about him. He puts everything on to other people." In 1879 Feodor Mikhaylovich took a close interest in his fate and financial affairs and made an attempt to reconcile him with Katkov and to get him work on the "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*." F. M.'s letters to him have been published in the "*Moskovsky Sbornik*," Moscow, 1887.

118. *Philipov, Terty. Ivanovich* (1825-99), a government and social worker, in sympathy with the Slavophiles and the circle of the "*Molodoy Moskvityanin*." Philipov had very decided views, had an influence at one time over Ostrovsky, A. Grigoriev and Pissemsky. He contributed to the "*Grazhdanin*" from its beginning and belonged to Meshchersky's circle.

119. *Klets*—we have not been able to trace any information about him.

120. The arrest did not take place. F. M. speaks about this in his next letter and said it would be in three weeks' time. The thought of the arrest greatly upset F. M., and he openly expressed his annoyance and blamed Meshchersky (see Letter No. 43).

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 26TH, 1873.

121. As is known, no promise was exacted from F. M. about not leaving the town.

122. F. M. knew the brothers Vsevolod and Vladimir Sergeyevich of the Soloviev family. Vladimir Sergeyevich went abroad in 1875. Here F. M. is evidently speaking about V. S. Soloviev's journey. V. S. Soloviev (1849-1903), novelist, met F. M. according to his own reminiscences on January 1st, 1873, when F. M. was living in house No. 14 in the 2nd Battalion of the Izmailovsk Regiment. They were friends for many years; they corresponded when Dostoyevsky was at Ems. Soloviev was a great admirer of Dostoyevsky's talent. Dostoyevsky loved to have intimate talks with him, the substance of which was partly given by Soloviev in his reminiscences. Unfortunately two years before Dostoyevsky's death their friendship ceased and Soloviev's information about those years is very brief. Soloviev's reminiscences must be considered as valuable and exact material. Apart

from his "*Reminiscences*" V. S. Soloviev also wrote the article "*F. M. Dostoyevsky*" in "*Niva,*" 1878 and 1891. He mentions Dostoyevsky in his novel "*Flowers of the Abyss*" ("*Russky Vestnik,*" 1895, Jan.).

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 5TH, 1873.

123. Meshchersky did not mention F. M.'s arrest in his reminiscences.

124. *Dmitrevsky*—we have not been able to trace any information about him.

125. *Pechatkin*—the owner of a printing business in Petersburg.

126. *Gladkov*—evidently one of the secondary collaborators of the publication.

127. *Trishin*—a merchant who had lent F. M. some money and was at that time receiving interest on it.

128. Prince Slivchansky, Dostoyevsky's landlord, was the owner of a house on the Ligovka (see Letter 53).

129. The landlords in this case are the owners of the villa in Staraya Russa. The landlord's name was Alexander Karlovich Gribbe, who, according to Anna Grigorievna, formerly worked in the military settlements under Arakcheyev, and had retired and was living in his own house in Staraya Russa. Anna Grigorievna writes in her reminiscences: "The children and I spent the summer of 1873 in Staraya Russa. As the villa belonging to the priest Rumyantsev was already let, we moved into the house belonging to Colonel A. K. Gribbe, the suppressor of the revolt of 1830. He was a very kind old man, who loved my children. We lived most comfortably and peacefully at the Gribbes" (quoted from manuscript). Lyubov Feodorovna Dostoyevsky gives further details about Gribbe and his house in her reminiscences.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 10TH, 1873.

130. Judging from the correspondence I. G. Snitkin had business dealings with *Obraztsov*. We have not been able to find any exact information about the matter.

131. *Arkhangelsky.*—There is no information about him.

132. *Pobedonostsev, Konstantin Petrovich* (1827-1907)—the famous Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod. He had great influence over the conservative tendency of the internal policy in Russia, especially between the years 1881 and 1904. Dostoyevsky's friendship with Pobedonostsev in the last ten years of his life (1871-81) is a most interesting fact for the history of the social and political relations of that time, and important both in the personal and literary biography of the writer—a fact which has hitherto remained unexplained.

In the winter of 1871-2 Dostoyevsky met him at Prince V. P. Meshchersky's house. This acquaintance was destined to continue, for during 1873, the year of F. M.'s editorship of the "*Grazhdanin,*" they became friends. From the very first Pobedonostsev's attitude toward Dostoyevsky was friendly and sincere. Pobedonostsev speaks of those days in a letter to I. S. Aksakov, 30th January, 1881. "We (*i.e.* Dostoyevsky and Pobedonostsev) were brought together during his editorship of the '*Grazhdanin*.' Out of sympathy for his wretched position, I worked with him throughout the summer and we became good friends."

Their friendship grew, and Pobedonostsev arranged weekly meetings and talks with him at 9 o'clock on Saturday nights.

Their talks drew them still closer together. At first Dostoyevsky's vanity may have been flattered by his acquaintance with such an important bureaucratic figure, but he liked the friendship and interest which the Synod's Chief Procurator showed him. Three or four years later Dostoyevsky, who by now greatly valued Pobedonostsev's opinions, went to see him in Staraya Russa "to cure his soul" during a time of depression, gave him his literary works to criticise, confided his creative musings to him, discussed his plans with him—as for instance the figure of Zossima—and frankly confided to him all his sad thoughts about the moods and tendencies in society and the literary world, which were so near to his heart, but which were "alas! so like a madhouse" (Dostoyevsky's own words). He shared with him all his anxious doubts about the possibility of the party of the Westernisers taking the upper hand at the Pushkin celebrations in June 1880, and, if so, how his convictions and views would suffer defeat and how he would lose the people's sympathy.

Dostoyevsky's death must have deeply affected Pobedonostsev and such people as Aksakov and others who shared his convictions. Pobedonostsev's correspondence with Aksakov on Feodor Mikhaylovich's illness and subsequent death is touching in its sincerity. He wrote to I. S. Aksakov on January 30th, 1881: "You write that you are sad, though you have not heard of the death of F. M. Dostoyevsky, but it is twice as sad at his grave. I knew that man intimately. It was solely for him that I held those Saturday evenings, and he often used to come and spend them with me. He thought out his Zossima with the help of my advice. We had many heart to heart talks. . . . He lived just at the right time. And now he is irreplaceable for he stood alone. . . ." ("*Novoye Vremya*," 1909, No. 12118 (illustrated supplement). The very day of Dostoyevsky's death (29th January, 1881) Pobedonostsev tried to arrange for a subsidy for the writer's family, and approached Alexander III. (then heir to the throne) by sending a letter in which he expressed the opinion that "Dostoyevsky's death was a great loss to Russia. Among literary men he was almost the only one—an ardent preacher of the fundamental principles of faith, rationalism and love of the fatherland. Our wretched youth, erring like sheep without a shepherd, had faith in him and he had a great and good influence upon them. Many . . . turned to him as to a father confessor, both in words and in letters. And now there is no one to take his place." (See "*Krassny Arkhiv*," 1923, Vol. II. p. 252.) F. M.'s letters to Pobedonostsev, which are valuable for helping us to become acquainted with Dostoyevsky's views during the years 1879 and 1880, are six in number and have been preserved in Dostoyevsky's archives. There is also one letter from Pobedonostsev to Anna Grigorievna, published by us in the periodical "*Krassny Arkhiv*," 1923, Vol. II.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 20TH, 1873.

133. *Misha*—M. M. Dostoyevsky's second son, who was born in Reval in 1847.

134. *Klein*—a bookseller in Petersburg; evidently the sale of Dostoyevsky's works was made through him.

135. *Grisha*—Ivan Grigorievich and Olga Kirilovna Snitkins' baby son.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 23RD, 1873.

136. *Belov, Evgeny Alexandrovich* (1826-95)—historian by training. In 1873 he was one of the active collaborators in the bibliographical section of the "*Grazhdanin*," but there is no mention of his collaboration in the "*Grazhdanin*" in the Brockhaus Encyclopaedia. Dostoyevsky speaks of him in several of his other letters as his collaborator in the "*Grazhdanin*."

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 26TH, 1873.

137. *Bretzel*—a Petersburg doctor—there are few details about him. We only know that he attended the Dostoyevsky family for several years and in particular attended F. M. until his death.

138. F. M. thought of writing an article on the death of F. I. Tyutchev, which occurred on June 15th, 1873. But he did not write the article; there are no sketches or rough draft of this article in his personal archives in the Centrarkhiv. F. M. gave a brief but expressive estimate of Tyutchev as a poet in a memorial notice in No. 30 of the "*Grazhdanin*," June 23rd, 1873, where he said, "Obituary: Feodor Ivanovich Tyutchev, a great and profound Russian poet, one of the most remarkable and individual continuators of the Pushkin epoch; died in Tsarskoe Selo on June 15th. With sincere grief we inform our readers of this loss, and in a very short time we hope to estimate the poetic activity of the late poet in a separate article." (p. 852).

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 29TH, 1873.

139. *Meshchersky's* article on the death of F. I. Tyutchev appeared in No. 31 of the "*Grazhdanin*," 1873.

140. *Vargunin, The Zamyslovskys, Troshchin and Pechatkin.* Dostoyevsky's creditors, owners of various branches of the paper and printing businesses in Petersburg. A. E. Vargunin, for instance, owned a paper store, and supplied the brothers Dostoyevsky with paper when they were publishing the periodicals "*Vremya*" and "*Epokha*."

141. *Snitkin, I. G.*—according to Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky he bought an estate in the spring of 1874. It was in the Government of Kursk —"Maly Prikol" near to the town Miropolie. F. M. and his family visited him there in the summer of 1877.

TO THE LETTER OF AUGUST 10TH, 1873.

142. *Wolff, Mavriky Ossipovich*—an important publisher and bookseller in Petersburg and later in Moscow.

143. F. M.'s anxiety about the children's health on the journey is explained by the difficulty and inconvenience of communication between Staraya Russa and Novgorod, where there was steamer communication during the summer, but in the winter the journey had to be made with horses and by train from Novgorod to Petersburg.

NOTES MADE BY ANNA GRIGORIEVNA TO FEODOR MIKHAYLOVICH'S LETTERS TO HER DURING 1874.

" In his letters during the summer of 1874 written from Ems, Feodor Mikhaylovich returns several times to the worrying thought about the difficult time which we had ahead of us. The position was such that it could make even us wonder, *us*, whose life had never been easy.

" I have already said that N. A. Nekrassov came to see us in the April of that year to invite Feodor Mikhaylovich to place his next novel in the '*Otechestvennye Zapiski*' of 1875. Feodor Mikhaylovich was glad to renew his friendly relationship with Nekrassov, whose talent he highly valued ; he was also pleased that Nekrassov had offered him a price, which was 100 roubles more than he received from the '*Russky Vestnik*,' *i.e.* 250 roubles per sheet, and with the usual length of F. M.'s novels (40-50 printed sheets) it meant a considerable sum for us. But there was a difficulty in the matter, for the '*Otechestvennye Zapiski*' was a periodical belonging to the opposite camp to F. M., and a frenzied war had waged between them while F. M. was editing the periodicals '*Vremya*' and '*Epokha*.' There were several of F. M.'s literary enemies on the staff of the '*Otechestvennye Zapiski*' (Mikhaylovsky, Skabichevsky, Elisseyev, and to some extent—Pleshcheyev), and they might demand from F. M. that he should make certain changes in the novel so as to conform with their opinions. But in no circumstances would Feodor Mikhaylovich depart from his convictions. The '*Otechestvennye Zapiski*,' on the other hand, might not want to print Feodor Mikhaylovich's opinions, which would be contrary to theirs, and at the first slightest disagreement F. M. would undoubtedly demand his novel back, no matter what the consequences might be. In a letter of July 20/August 1st, 1874, on that subject he says he would rather go begging.

" What we should do in such circumstances was a thought which greatly worried both of us, not to mention the fact that we should immediately have to return the money taken in advance ; but this was already spent, and it would have been extremely difficult for us to return the money at once. Apart from that, what money should we have had to live on until such time when Feodor Mikhaylovich managed to place his novel ? After all, the '*Russky Vestnik*' was the only periodical at that time for which he could work, because it was in accordance with his convictions, but then the '*Russky Vestnik*' was almost inaccessible to F. M., for Katkov had acquired L. N. Tolstoy's '*Anna Karenina*' for the periodical, and it was not likely that he would care to have another heavy expenditure in the same year by taking F. M.'s novel.

" In thinking out various solutions in case of any unforeseen misfortune

I used to wonder how far I could reduce our expenses for our family life. No matter how modestly we lived, our yearly expenses, apart from paying pressing debts and interest on the debts, were not less than 3000 roubles, as our little flat alone cost 700-800 roubles and up to 1000 with wood for heating. So I had the idea of spending the winter in Russa, especially as F. M. and I had firmly decided to come again to Russa in the following spring in view of the good the baths there had done our children. We should thus be moving to Petersburg for some 8-9 months only, of which about 6 weeks would probably have to be spent in looking for a flat, in arranging it and in preparing to come here for the summer. All that time would have been lost for work, and F. M. was most anxious to finish his novel as soon as possible, so as to start the fulfilment of his most cherished dream—his independent publication of '*The Diary of a Writer*.'

"Apart from the cheapness of accommodation in Staraya Russa, life itself and food were three times cheaper there than in Petersburg, and other expenses, unavoidable in a town, would be considerably reduced.

"Apart from the material calculations I was attracted by the possibility of spending a whole winter in Russa, to have the quiet, peaceful and pleasant family life we always had in the summer and which we always remembered with such pleasure in the winter. F. M. belonged too little to the family during the winter in Petersburg, he had to see people, to read at literary evenings and to entertain many people, which was quite useless and uninteresting to him, but out of the goodness of his heart he thought it quite impossible to refuse. Many people used to come to ask him for his opinion on their works, and they would sometimes leave bulky manuscripts, which F. M. would conscientiously read through so as to be able to express his sincere opinion and to give good advice. People used to come to ask for F. M.'s protection with his important friends, they used to ask for work and money of which we had very little ourselves. F. M. could never refuse people anything, although these innumerable visits tired him, disturbed his work, took up time which might have been spent on looking after his health, which was then beginning to fail (how many times was he late at a treatment of compressed air in Dr. Simonov's Clinic, which did him so much good, all because of some tiresome visitor !) and, finally, they used to rob F. M. of me and the children, of whom he was compelled to see less and less and who were his happiness. By staying in Russa for the winter we should rid ourselves of much that spoilt F. M.'s life and mine.

"Once we had decided to spend the winter in Russa I began to look for a flat. It was impossible to stay in our country house ; the kitchen was downstairs, and as I, as housekeeper, had continually to be there, it meant going up and down an unheated staircase and my servant and I would have always been catching cold. But it was not difficult to find a large flat in Russa : the villas were let in the summer at 300-400 roubles, but in the winter they were vacant and people were glad to let them at 15 roubles a month. I was able to find several such flats. But I decided to wait until F. M. returned from Ems, for in passing through Petersburg he might have found a suitable flat and then there would have been no question of wintering in Russa.

" Feodor Mikhaylovich returned to Russa about the 10th of August ; he spent 2-3 days in Petersburg, but he did not find a flat, indeed, he did not even try to find one as he was longing to see his family and was in a hurry to get home.

" A few days after his return the conversation turned to our winter flat, and when we should have to leave Russa. Then I said, by way of a suggestion: ' What about our staying in Russa for the winter ? ' My suggestion met with immediate opposition from F. M. The reason for his refusal was unexpected, but very flattering to me. F. M. began to say that I would be dull in Russa, living such a lonely life as in the summer. ' Even in the past winter you never went anywhere or had any pleasure ; but this year, God grant the work will go smoothly, then there will be more money and you will be able to make yourself some smart clothes and go about and see people.' It was always F. M.'s wish to see me well dressed, and he mentions this in several letters. But alas ! through lack of money this wish was never realised. I began to persuade F. M., that we had a heavy winter before us, that we had to continue and finish ' *The Hobbledehoy* ' and I should, therefore, have no opportunity to think of clothes or amusements. And besides I did not need them, for the peaceful family life in Russa, undisturbed by any upheavals, was much nicer and dearer to me. On the contrary I was afraid he might be dull without seeing people.

" But this could be remedied by going to Petersburg two or three times during the winter so as to see those who were dear to him and in whom he was interested. Such journeys would not cost much for one person and would at the same time allow him to have fresh impressions, and save him from losing touch with literary and artistic interests. I pointed out to F. M. all the advantages, both material and otherwise, of spending a winter in Russa. That same evening, when we went out for a walk, I suggested to F. M. that he should view some flats. After looking at one the matter was definitely settled. Feodor Mikhaylovich liked it very much indeed, it was on the busy Ilyinsky Street, in the house of the Hon. Senior Admiral of the Fleet, Leontiev. It was a large two-storeyed house (it still stands there), (Ed. : *this bracketed note was added by Anna Grigorievna*) and was let in the summer (both floors) at 800 roubles. The ground-floor consisted of six large rooms. What F. M. particularly liked about it was that his rooms (bedroom and study) were separated from our rooms by a large room with four windows, ' The Salon ' as we called it. Thanks to that the children's noise and running about could not reach F. M. and would not disturb his work or sleep and the children would not need to be repressed (about which F. M. was always especially anxious), and they could shout and make as much noise as they wanted. We came to an arrangement with the owner's sister there and then, for she was then responsible for the house, and rented the flat at 15 roubles a month until May 15th of the following year. We decided to move over immediately and to settle in for the winter so as not to lose any time for work. That winter of 1874-75 is one of the most beautiful memories of my life. The children were quite well and not once did we need to call in the doctor, which was never the case in Petersburg. F. M. also felt well. The result of the Ems cure was most satisfactory, the cough had diminished, his breathing was considerably improved, and he even put on weight, which he mentions in a letter.

"The regular, peaceful life, and above all the absence of all sorts of unpleasant shocks so frequent in Petersburg, helped his nerves to get better, and his epileptic fits were less frequent and not so severe. In consequence of this F. M. was rarely angry or irritable, but was almost always good-tempered, talkative and jolly. The trouble which caused his death six years later had not yet developed, he did not lose his breath as rapidly as he did later on, and he could therefore run about and play with the children. Our Staraya Russa friends, my children and I remember very distinctly how, sometimes in the evening, F. M. would play with the children and dance the quadrille, waltz and mazurka with the children and me to the strains of a little harmonium.[1] F. M. was particularly fond of the mazurka, and I must give him his due and say that he danced it divinely, like a real Pole. He was very pleased when I once told him this.

"Our life in Staraya Russa was arranged as if by time table, which was strictly adhered to. F. M. always worked during the night, so he did not get up before 10-11 a.m. Then he would come out to drink coffee, he would call the children, who would joyfully run up to him and tell him all that had happened that morning and all about what they had seen on their walk. F. M. used to keep up an animated conversation.

"After 12 o'clock F. M. called me in to his study to dictate what he had had time to write during the night. As I have already said, I always enjoyed working with F. M. From my early girlhood (from the age of fifteen) he had been my favourite author and I was very proud that it had fallen to me to be useful to him, to work with him, and that I was the first person to listen to what he had written from his own lips.

"F. M. usually dictated a chapter of his novel from manuscript. But if he was displeased with the work, or felt it was not successful, then he usually did not dictate the chapter, but first read it out to me. The result was a much greater impression than from ordinary dictation.

"From the beginning of our life together it had been my custom to express any praise or criticism of the chapter he had read out to me. Even when I saw he was unhappy about the unsuccessfully written chapter I did not console him by assuring him it was good and would be successful, I always spoke sincerely : if I liked it I used to say it was good, if I did not like it—I was silent. Feodor Mikhaylovich greatly valued this sincerity and believed in the first impression which the novel made on me, and from this he gathered what impression it would make on any reader (the average one, the crowd of course) and somehow it always happened that the impression of such a reader turned out later to be the same, and what delighted or disturbed me delighted or disturbed the readers.

"I remember that once during the winter in Staraya Russa F. M. had just read a chapter he had written about how a young girl had hanged herself (' *The Hobbledehoy*,' Part I. Chap. 9). The reading over, he glanced at me and exclaimed, 'Anya, what is the matter with you, my darling, you are quite pale. Are you feeling faint ?' 'It is you who have frightened me,'

---

[1] F. M. bought it for the children. It now belongs to our grandchildren.

I replied. 'Goodness! does it really make such a terrible impression? How sorry I am, how sorry I am!' (ED.: *This chapter made an enormous impression on Nekrassov, and F. M. mentions this in his letter of February 9th, 1875*).

"The dictation over, and after lunching with me, Feodor Mikhaylovich used to read or write letters, and at half-past three, no matter what the weather was like, he would go out for a walk along the quiet deserted Russa streets. He nearly always used to go into the Plotnikov shop (ED.: *this is described in the 'Brothers Karamazov' as the shop where Mitya Karamazov bought sweets on his way to Mokroye*), where he used to buy a small quantity of sweets and delicacies which had come straight from Petersburg. They knew him well in the shop, and without minding his buying only half pounds they hastened to show him anything new which had come in.

"At five o'clock we would dine together with the children, and F. M. was always in a good humour then. The first thing he did was to hand old Prokhorovna a glass of vodka. She was our boy's nurse (ED.: *Anna Grigorievna adds: 'F. M. valued Prokhorovna because of her great love for our boy. F. M. often spoke of her in his letters and portrayed her in his novel the 'Brothers Karamazov' as the old woman in 'Believing Women'*). 'Nurse—some vodka!' F. M. would invite her. She drank the vodka and ate bread and salt after it. The dinner would pass very happily, the children talked without stopping, and we never talked about anything serious at dinner or of anything beyond the children's understanding. After dinner and coffee F. M. remained for another half-hour or more with the children and told them fairy tales or read Krylov's fables.

"At seven o'clock F. M. and I would go for a walk together, and on our way back we always went in to the Staraya Russa post office, for by that time they had finished sorting the Petersburg mail. F. M.'s correspondence was always considerable and we would sometimes hurry home, looking forward to reading the newspapers and letters. At 9 o'clock the children were put to bed, and F. M. always went to bless them for the night and to say the Lord's Prayer with them, also the Virgin's Prayer: 'All my hope and trust I lay on Thee, Mother of God, protect me under Thy cover,' which was his favourite prayer.

"By nine o'clock there was peace throughout the house, as all the people according to provincial custom went to bed early. F. M. would go into his study to read the papers, while I, tired out from the day's work and children's noise, was only too glad to sit in peace, and I would go to my room to play patience of which I knew about a dozen. My heart aches when I remember how F. M. would come into my room several times during the evening to tell me something he had read in the papers or simply to have a chat with me, and he always began to help me to finish my patience. He assured me that my patience would not come out, because I missed good chances and, to my surprise, he always found the necessary cards which I had not noticed. The patience games were complicated and I was seldom able to triumph without Feodor Mikhaylovich's help (Anna Grigorievna adds: On the subject of cards—it was not the custom to play cards in the society (principally literary) which F. M. frequented. In all the 14 years of our married life F. M. played préférence only once at my relations, and although he had not had a card in his hands for more than ten years, he played wonderfully well and even won a few roubles from his opponents, which embarassed him considerably). On the stroke of 11 o'clock F. M. would appear in the doorway of my room and that meant it was time for me too to go to bed. I asked to be allowed to play just one more patience, F. M. would agree and both of us would lay out a patience. I would then go off to my room, everyone was asleep in the house, only Feodor Mikhaylovich sat at his work until three or four o'clock in the morning.

" The first half of our winter in Staraya Russa (from September to March) passed very well, and I cannot remember another time when F. M. and I had such untroubled peace. True, our life was monotonous, one day was like another, they are all as one in my memory and I cannot remember any special happening during the time.

" In the spring of 1875 we discovered a fact that we had not suspected: that F. M. continued to be under the supervision of the police. This is how I discovered it " (Ed.: *Manuscript ends here. There is no continuation of these reminiscences in her notebooks*).

TO THE LETTER OF APRIL 26TH, 1874.

144. *Melnikov-Pechersky, Pavel Ivanovich* (1819-83)—writer, author of the stories "*In the Woods*," which appeared in the "*Russky Vestnik*" during the years 1874-5. Not much is known about his relationship with Dostoyevsky; so far, only one of Melnikov's letters to Dostoyevsky has been published, in which Melnikov invited F. M. to be an honorary organiser together with Goncharov, K. Kostomarov, Maykov, and others for the Lomonossov Bi-Centenary Jubilee in 1865. The letter appeared in the Centrarkhiv edition, "*From Dostoyevsky's Archives: Letters of Russian Writers*," Moscow 1923.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 6TH, 1875.

145. *Shevyakov*—husband of Alexandra Mikhaylovna, the youngest sister of Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky.

146. F. M. went abroad again in 1875, '76, '78 and '79.

147. The Ryazan estate remained, after the death of the aunt, A. F. Kumanin (see Note 100)—it consisted of 6000 dessyatins and was 100 miles away from Ryazan, near to the Spass-Klepiki. The estate was left to the four brothers Dostoyevsky—500 dessyatins each. F. M. decided to take the uncultivated land and to pay the necessary expenses for cultivation. The idea of acquiring unmovable property greatly appealed to F. M. Under the influence of F. M.'s decision, Anna Grigorievna went to see the estate with the chief heirs, and chose 200 dessyatins of woodland in the part called " Pekhotka " and 100 dessyatins of pasture in Spass-Klepiki. While all the heirs had met to discuss this question of partition F. M. wrote on August 16th to Anna Grigorievna, who was taking part in the Moscow discussions: " Here in Petersburg I am aways dreaming about the settlement of our future and of how we can buy an estate. Can you believe it, I have almost gone mad over the idea and I tremble for the children and their future."

148. Nadein's suggestion was evidently not approved of or accepted by Anna Grigorievna, and in the list of the editions of F. M.'s collected works, compiled by Anna Grigorievna herself, Nadein's edition is not mentioned as it never came into existence.

Nadein, Mitrofan Petrovich (1839-1916)—was a populist with intellectual aims. He established the " Bookshop for provincials " in Petersburg. He was intimate with Kravchensky, Shishko, Chaikovsky and other eminent populists of the 70's.

149. Orest Miller's articles entitled " *Russian Literature after Gogol* (*with the exception of the drama*) " appeared in the paper " *Nedelya,*" and also in book form under the same title (Petersburg, 1874).

150. *Bunting*—a dentist. The subject is the alteration of springs in Dostoyevsky's false teeth.

151. At that time Turgenev was collecting material for his novel " *Nov.*" What his conversations were with Strakhov and if he actually had any with him is unknown. In Turgenev's correspondence with A. P. Philossofov there are traces of his collecting material about " new people " for " *Nov.*"

Judging from Turgenev's correspondence with Annenkov during those years he did not portray Dostoyevsky in the novel, and F. M.'s comment on it should be attributed to his excessive suspiciousness, for at that time he was a great enemy of Turgenev in ideas.

152. In 1875 F. M. intended repaying his debt of 50 roubles borrowed from I. S. Turgenev in 1863. He speaks of it in an earlier letter of June 6th, 1875. This episode was also referred to in Anna Grigorievna's reminiscences. The passage in her reminiscences referring to this and to F. M.'s letter to Turgenev about the money and Turgenev's receipt in settlement of the debt have been published in the Centrarkhiv edition : " *From Dostoyevsky's Archives : Letters of Russian Writers,*" Moscow, Gosizdat, 1923. The whole question of repaying Turgenev is vividly told by Anna Grigorievna in her notes : " In March 1876 a certain misunderstanding took place, which greatly upset F. M., especially as two or three days previously my husband had had an epileptic fit. A certain young man, A. F. Otto (who later on settled in Paris under the pseudonym of Onegin, and who made a valuable collection of Pushkin's books and possessions), came to see F. M. Mr. Otto said that his friend, Turgenev, had asked him to see F. M. and to receive from him the remaining money which was owing to him, *i.e.* to Turgenev. F. M. was surprised and said : ' Hadn't Turgenev received the 50 roubles from Annenkov, which I gave to Annenkov when we were together in a railway carriage somewhere ? ' F. M. told him that Turgenev had sent 50 thalers to him when he was in Wiesbaden, and that those 50 thalers had been given to P. V. Annenkov in July of last year to be handed back to Turgenev. Otto confirmed the receipt of this money, but said that Turgenev remembered having sent not 50, but 100 thalers to Wiesbaden, and he, therefore, considered that F. M. still owed him 50. He then showed him Turgenev's letter. F. M. was very agitated, for he thought he had made a mistake, and he immediately called me :

" ' Tell me, Anya, how much do I owe Turgenev ? ' my husband asked after introducing me to the visitor.

" ' Fifty roubles.'

" ' Are you sure? Can you really remember?' F. M. said greatly agitated.

" ' I remember perfectly. After all, Turgenev mentioned in his letter how much he was sending.'

" ' Show me the letter. Where is it?'

" Of course, I could not put my hand on the letter at once, but I promised to find it, and I asked the young man to come in again in two days' time. F. M. was most upset at the possibility of my having made a mistake, and was so worried that I determined I would find that letter even if I had to search all night for it. Unfortunately, F. M.'s correspondence was in such a terrible chaos at that time that I had to look through four or five hundred letters before I found Turgenev's letter. After reading the letter, and making certain that there was no mistake on our part, F. M. calmed down. About two days later Mr. Otto called again, we showed him Turgenev's letter, he was very embarassed and asked us to give him the letter so that he might send it to Turgenev and he promised to return it to us. About three weeks later Mr. Otto came again and brought a letter, not the one which we had given to him, but one written by F. M. from Wiesbaden in which he had asked Turgenev to send him 50 thalers. Thus the misunderstanding was cleared up to our complete satisfaction and A. F. Otto was the only sufferer, as he told us many years later."

153. "*Grazhdanin*"—did not cease, but continued to appear until 1878, when the resources of the owners were exhausted. Ten years later Meshchersky received a subsidy from Alexander III and again started a newspaper under the same name, but with a more reactionary policy.

154. *Sofia Sergeyevna Kashpirev.* In the '80's Sofia Sergeyevna undertook the publication of "*Family Evenings*" for children, and F. M. took part by encouraging contemporary writers to contribute to that publication.

155. *Anna Gavrilovna*—the wife of Alexander Karlovich Gribbe.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 13/25TH, 1874.

156. At this time F. M. was thinking of writing the novel "*The Hobbledehoy.*" All F. M.'s details about working on a plan in the other letters from Ems during the summer of 1874 refer to that novel. F. M.'s remarks are particularly valuable for studying the history of the creation of this novel. There are brief hints about it in other letters, for instance, the remark: " I have composed something for the plan, but I don't even know whether I am pleased with it " (see Letter 17/29 July)—refers to a definite stage in the working out of his plan, the canvas of his novel. By drawing attention to these remarks of F. M. about the material itself, the investigator is able to study the gradual growth and development of the idea behind the novel in Dostoyevsky's creative consciousness, and, above all, to speak of the original nucleus, which was then crystallizing in the writer's mind. The plan of the novel over which Dostoyevsky struggled for so long was composed in Ems, but evidently he did not begin to write it until his return to Staraya Russa. The material for the novel, which has

been preserved in notebooks, does not differ from F. M.'s remarks about it in his letters. We only find in those notebooks, ideas, sketches of characters, various compositional plans thought out and hastily jotted down, but we do not find complete images or extracts of the text of the future novel in the form of chapters.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 28/16TH, 1874.

157. The reason for the delay in receiving letters, which greatly upset F. M. and even brought on epileptic attacks, was not due to the carelessness of Anna Grigorievna as F. M. imagined, and for which he often blamed her in his Letters (*e.g.* in Letters 60, 66 and 67), but to the fact that in the years up to 1880 Feodor Mikhaylovich was under police observation.

The Staro-Russa Ispravnik was deputed to keep F. M. under observation. According to Anna Grigorievna's reminiscences, F. M. was called " A retired sub-lieutenant " in the gendarme and police letters and reports, and his correspondence was censored.

158. *Sluchevsky, Konstantin Konstantinovich* (1837-1905)—a poet, who was never on intimate terms with F. M., and no correspondence between them exists. They met in St. Petersburg at the house of E. A. Stackenschneider, where there gathered in the '70's the leading representatives of the literary and artistic circles of the day.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 5TH/23RD JUNE, 1874.

159. The plans for the novel " *The Hobbledehoy* " have been preserved in three manuscripts in the personal archives of F. M. Dostoyevsky acquired by the Centrarkhiv in 1921. At the present time the text of this material is being prepared for publication. Apart from this, one other manuscript of the novel " *The Hobbledehoy* " is extant in the Historical Museum in Moscow, to which it was presented by Anna Grigorievna between 1900-1904.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 6TH, 1874.

160. This letter was written by Dostoyevsky on the third and fourth pages of a piece of notepaper, the first and second page of which and the beginning of the third contained the previous letter written by F. M. The end of this letter is written on a separate page.

161. F. M. received money from Katkov in moments of great material distress. In 1859, when Dostoyevsky was in Siberia and in need of money on leaving prison, Katkov at Dostoyevsky's first request sent him a large sum of money on account of the next novel. Also later, F. M. was helped by Katkov, which fact he did not conceal from his friends. F. M. had naturally to be more reserved about Nekrassov, who, at that time, was his enemy in ideas. Nor could he bind himself to a money debt from the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski* " from whom he expected possible objections on the subject of his novel, and to which (as Anna Grigorievna points out in her reminiscences), he did not intend to agree, and was almost prepared to break with them. Nekrassov was not a native of Yaroslav, for he was born in a place called Yuzvin in the Vinnitsk Uezd of the Government of Podolsk,

but he lived in the village Greshnev about 20 miles away from Yaroslav. F. M. is hinting here at Nekrassov's business sense and practical ability common to all natives of Yaroslav—which traits were specially marked in Nekrassov in comparison with other contemporary literary men.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 10TH/JULY 28TH, 1874.

161*a*. See Note 171.

162. *Polonsky, Yakov Petrovich*—was an old friend of F. M. Dostoyevsky from the time of their meeting in the '60's. Polonsky collaborated in the Dostoyevskys' periodical "*Vremya*." Polonsky's correspondence with M. M. and F. M. Dostoyevsky during those years shows the friendly relations which existed between these contemporaries. On his return from abroad F. M. renewed his friendship with Polonsky and used to meet him on Sundays at the hospitable and friendly house of the Stackenschneiders. Polonsky's correspondence with F. M. and the story of the personal relations between these writers have been published in the Centrarkhiv edition, "*From Dostoyevsky's Archives : Letters of Russian Writers*."

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 1ST/13TH, 1874.

163. *Kublitsky, Mikhayl Evstafiovich* (1821-1875)—a literary man, Y. P. Polonsky's school friend. He often used to go abroad for the purpose of studying the Western theatre.

164. F. M. had evidently read the story about Fedya and the muzhik in Anna Grigorievna's letter. Anna Grigorievna had told it to F. M. as at that time he was interested in his children's creative imagination, and on page 100 of one of the notebooks, which he used for writing down material for the novel "*The Hobbledehoy*" (now in the Centrarkhiv), F. M. made a note of Fedya's story in September 1874. Here is the text of the note : "Story told to me by Fedya on Sept. 4th, 1874, in Staraya Russa, at breakfast : 'There was a house up to the ceiling, like a birch tree (*i.e.* it was so big, note added by F. M. Dostoyevsky) with lodgers in it. And suddenly there chanced a wolf and an Arab. They came into the house and ate everybody up.'

"*N.B.*—He invented this story himself evidently on the strength of stories he had heard from me. But still, it was he who invented it, and the words 'lodgers' and 'chanced' are remarkable. He evidently knows what lodgers are. But it is stranger that he should know the word 'chanced' and to understand its meaning." Anna Grigorievna made special note of the children's conversation, adventures, etc., which she mentioned in her notebook No. 5, which had the following inscription on the outside, "In case of my death or a serious illness." And on page 62 : "I would add, for the information of my son and daughter, that if the circumstances of their childhood, their conversations and adventures, interest them they can read of them in my notebook (account book) for 1902-1903 (from 28 Oct. 1902–17 Oct. 1903)." But this notebook is not in the Archives.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 17TH/15TH, 1874.

165. "*Her*"—Olga Kirilovna, Ivan Snitkin's wife—with whom the Dostoyevskys were not particularly friendly.

166. *Fedya's Birthday*—June 16th (1871).

F. M. stayed longer in Ems, and was not able to leave Ems even on July 20/Aug. 1.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 21ST, 1874.

167. *Stackenschneider, Adrian Andreyevich*—Elena Alexandrovna Stackenschneider's brother, the Dostoyevskys' close friend.

168. A. A. Stackenschneider's wife—*née* Malinovsky.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 26TH/14TH, 1874.

169. F. M. was not completely cured that season although he considered the results of the cure were excellent.

170. In her reminiscences Anna Grigorievna speaks of dreams, which foreboded evil in F. M.'s life. In a chapter called "Confession" she records a conversation with F. M. about the prophetic meaning of his dreams. "This morning I had a wonderful dream," F. M. said. "Is that all?" I asked and burst out laughing. "Please don't laugh, I attribute great significance to dreams. My dreams are prophetic, especially when I dream of my late brother, Misha, or of my father; then I know that something dreadful will happen" (see "*From Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky's Reminiscences*," Kultura, Literary and Scientific Collection, 1, Odessa, 1923, and also Journal of Russian Academy of Arts: Isskusstvo, No. I. 1923).

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 16TH/28TH, 1874.

171. In Notebook No. 3, in which F. M. had written down his plan for the novel "*The Hobbledehoy*" while he was in Ems, he made entries on the outside cover about the condition of his health. Here we read:

"Fits. After an interval of five and a half months in 1873 (the year of editorship),

20th April.
4th June.
1st August.
3rd November.
19th November.
27th December.

"In 1874, 28th January.

"16th April (a very severe one) pains in the head and bruised legs.

"(*N.B.*—Saturday, 20th April. My head and heart slightly better; it was very terrible. The third day, the 19th, was worst of all. And now at 10 a.m. April 20th, although I feel ill it seems to be passing.

"13th May (rather severe).

"27th June-9th July (very severe. On Saturday, 29th June, had a very bad head and felt wretched, and my legs are still feeling heavy).

"15th/27th July (rather slight. Full moon. Weather very changeable for about five days—sun, wind, rain, quiet—all this in one day).

"8th October (a very severe one in the night. At 5 a.m. The days are dry and bright).

"18th October. A fit at 5 a.m., fairly severe, but not as intense as the last.

"The days are fine.

"28th December, in the morning at 8 a.m. in bed, one of the most severe fits. My head suffered most of all, blood rushed to the head, pains in my head. Felt gloomy and sad ; remorseful ; fantastic ideas.

"Was very irritable. A fine day.

"About 15° of frost.

"*N.B.*—Thirst an hour after the fit. Drank three glasses one after the other !

"In all, eight fits in the year from 28th Jan. 1874."

Then the fits are noted down from the beginning of 1875 :

"One on Jan. 4th and another on Jan 11th.

"8th April. A fit at 12.30 in the night. I felt it coming on all evening and yesterday. I had just rolled some cigarettes and was going to sit down to write about two pages of my novel when I remember I suddenly flopped down in the middle of the room. I lay there for about 40 minutes, and when I came to I was sitting at my cigarettes, but I was not rolling them. I don't remember how a pen got into my hand, but I tore my cigarette case with the pen. I might have stabbed myself. It was damp all week ; full moon to-night and I believe a slight frost. Full moon on April 8th. My head is not aching too badly, it is about an hour since I had the fit. I am writing this, still stumbling over words. The fear of death is beginning to pass, but it is still fairly strong, and I dare not lie down. My sides and legs ache. I went to wake Anya about 40 minutes after the fit, and was surprised to hear from Lukeria that Madam had gone away—I asked Lukeria details about when and why she had gone. Half an hour before the fit I had taken some opii benzoedi, 40 drops in water. When I was still unconscious, I must have got up from the floor and sat down again to roll my cigarettes. I had filled four, but not very well, and when I was making the last two I felt a severe pain in my head, but for a long time I could not understand what was the matter with me until I went to Lukeria. Slight haemorrhoids."

(Entries of fits, with dates and descriptions of his condition, can also be found in other notebooks.)

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 17TH/29TH, 1874.

171. (*a*) Judging from his entries in the notebooks preserved in Dostoyevsky's Archives the plan for the novel and work in general was very slow at that time : only 47 pages were filled between May and August, 140 between August and September (see further details in "*Archives of F. M. Dostoyevsky*," Arkhivnoe Delo, Part 2, Leningrad, 1925, p. 81). Entries and notes in that notebook refer to that stage of the creative process when the artist has not yet found even the definite theme of the novel. The

entries for May still refer to "the novel of '75" and not to "*The Hobbledehoy*." What this novel of 1875 was to be, Dostoyevsky did not know then.

TO THE LETTER OF DECEMBER 17TH, 1874.

172. In the notebook containing entries for the novel "*The Hobbledehoy*," which F. M. had made in Ems during the summer of 1874, there is a daily note on the condition of his health, the weather, and so on—under the heading : "*Diary of the cure at Ems*."

173. *Panteleyev, Petr. Fomich*—the owner of the printing and engraving works in Petersburg. Anna Grigorievna had business with the Panteleyevs about the publication of F. M.'s works during these years (1872-1880) and later (1890-1910), and was very pleased with their attitude towards her.

TO THE LETTER OF DECEMBER 18TH, 1874.

174. A separate edition (the fourth) of "*The Letters from a Dead House*" was being printed at that time by the Panteleyevs. It came out in two parts. As this edition belonged to the Dostoyevskys, Anna Grigorievna decided to be in Petersburg in person at the time of the book's publication.

175. F. M.'s anticipation was not realised. Nekrassov wrote a letter to F. M. on the same day in which he answered the question which was worrying Dostoyevsky. Nekrassov wrote : "Dear F. M., Your novel is being printed. You will have the proofs one of these days. I shall read it in its proof form and then write to you. All yours, N. Nekrassov, 18th December, 1874" (see "*From Dostoyevsky's Archives : Letters of Russian Writers*," Moscow, 1923).

TO THE LETTER OF DECEMBER 19TH, 1874.

176. *Cherepin*—Bookseller.

177. The progress and exact figures of the sales of "*Letters from a Dead House*" were no doubt accurately entered in that special notebook called *Book for entering the sales of "The Possessed," "Crime and Punishment," and other works until* 1881, which Anna Grigorievna entered under No. 40 in her "List of exercise and notebooks in my possession in the top drawer of my business cupboard." Here, too, under No. 39, there is another interesting entry upon the same question "the record of F. M. Dostoyevsky's book sales in 1880." Neither this nor the other exercise book was found among F. M.'s personal Archives, acquired by the Centrarkhiv. In the exercise book marked "in case of my death or serious illness" Anna Grigorievna made detailed entries of the debit and credit transactions for the sixth edition of F. M.'s works in 1905 in the form of totals for the year, and gave details of all business transactions and debts.

TO THE LETTER OF DECEMBER 20TH, 1874.

178. Even before this Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky's pride as a writer had been wounded by the different payments made for work. In giving the details of their return to Russia from abroad Anna Grigorievna

makes the following comment upon the artistic form of Dostoyevsky's work, which is connected with the difference in payments. The whole pathos of Anna Grigorievna's reasoning is linked up with Turgenev, the lucky man, who was able to work in peace and not in a hurry like Dostoyevsky. She wrote in her reminiscences :

" In literature and in society people often compare the works of Feodor Mikhaylovich with the works of Turgenev, and his novels are often criticised for being so shapeless and confused and so packed with material that they seem as though several novels were joined into one (*N.B.*—Strakhov's opinion in an article), whereas each one of Turgenev's works is so polished, so finished. It seldom dawns on anyone that they should remember and consider the circumstances in which the first and second novelist lived and worked. Turgenev was a man of means and was provided for all his life, he never needed to work and always had every opportunity for reconsidering and polishing his work. It has been said that he used to copy out his novels five times (Ed.: *the word 'correcting' is crossed out*), adding and shortening, and in order to avoid losing his manuscript he used to keep it in three separate banks. Feodor Mikhaylovich was a man suffering from two serious complaints (epilepsy and emphysema), he was burdened with a large family, was always in debt and always preoccupied with dark forebodings about the future, about his daily bread. How could he possibly polish his work in such circumstances ? How often did it happen that two chapters of a novel were in print, the third at the printers, and the fourth in the post on its way to the '*Russky Vestnik*,' while the rest had only just been thought out, but were not yet written ? And how often did Feodor Mikhaylovich despair when he suddenly saw, after reading the printed chapter of his novel, that he had made some mistake which had entirely ruined all he had thought out ? He would say : 'If only it were possible to return it, if only I could alter it. I see now where the difficulty lies, I see why my novel is not succeeding. Perhaps I have killed the whole idea with this mistake.' And this was genuine grief, the grief of an artist who realised very clearly what his mistakes were, but had no power to alter them. Unfortunately no such opportunity ever presented itself ; money was wanted for life, for the payment of debts, and, therefore, in spite of his illness and sometimes on the day after a fit, he would have to work and hurry and hardly have time to read through the manuscript, because it had to be sent in to time, so that he might receive money for it as quickly as possible. Never in all his life (except when he wrote '*Poor Folk*') was Feodor Mikhaylovich able to write anything at his leisure, without needing to hurry or to think out the details of a novel and thoroughly to reason out the plan—in short 'create' a work. Fate never sent any such happiness to Feodor Mikhaylovich, and yet it was always his greatest dream, which alas ! was unattainable (Ed. : *written in between the lines:* 'and what high moral satisfaction my darling would then have experienced ! ')

" Yes, Feodor Mikhaylovich's perpetual poverty, the eternal lack of means, was a real misfortune in our life. It was a misfortune in the economic sense too ; whereas Turgenev, who was always well provided for, knew that his work would be hotly contested for by various periodicals and that he would receive 500 roubles a sheet for it (the highest price paid at that time), Feodor Mikhaylovich, who was absolutely unprovided for, had to offer his work to the periodicals, and since the one who offers work must always lose, he received considerably less. In this way he only received 150 roubles a sheet for his novels '*Crime and Punishment*,' '*The Idiot*' and '*The Possessed*,' and 250 roubles for '*The Hobbledehoy*,' and it was only for his last novel '*The Brothers Karamazov*' that he was paid at the rate of 300 roubles a sheet. And how he suffered at the thought that the '*Russky Vestnik*' (where his novels usually appeared) might refuse his novel for various reasons, and perhaps accept the work of another writer. And then Feodor Mikhaylovich would be tormented by the thought of how we should live through the time until the novel appeared in print and he could receive payment for it. Yes, Feodor Mikhaylovich, unprovided for as he was, had to live through many cheerless years, and we should be surprised that he was able to write those 'formless' novels in such trying circumstances and with such an aching heart. I remember how often my darling husband had to deny himself of the simplest daily necessities and the most modest pleasures. Very often when he was busy with some urgent work, he would say to me, after hearing of some outstanding play or concert: 'You know, Anya, you need only wait until I have finished this work and then we can go to this play.' I used to agree, but when he had finished the work and was free to go out to some play or concert I would suggest that he went alone, and I used to invent some excuse for myself: either I wasn't feeling well or else I was afraid to leave the children. Feodor Mikhaylovich would refuse to go alone and would say sadly and sometimes with annoyance: 'You never come, you always refuse. But I should so like to have a change, to be refreshed, to go with you to a theatre, to laugh together and gather fresh impressions' " (ED.: *quoted from manuscript*).

In Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky's Reminiscences, published by G. P. Grossmann (Gosizdat, 1926), this passage was written with greater reservation and in more general terms. It speaks of writers in general, whereas in this passage Turgenev is mentioned in contrast to Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky. This present version is more vivid and more frank.

179. Dostoyevsky's personal correspondence and meetings with Nekrassov were renewed in the spring of 1874 after a considerable break, which was repaired by Nekrassov.

Nekrassov's letters to Dostoyevsky in 1874 in connection with the printing of "*The Hobbledehoy*" in the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*" have, for the most part, been preserved, and were published together with Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky's replies in the Centrarkhiv Edition: "*From Dostoyevsky's Archives: Letters of Russian Writers*," Moscow, Gosizdat, 1923.

180. "*Mikhayl and Nikolaevich*." Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky was very careful about other people's names, and in this published correspondence there is not a single occasion where he calls anyone by the patronimic, and we can, therefore, consider this to be a slip of the pen. It should be read as "Mikhayl Nikolaevich," *i.e.* Snitkin, Anna Grigorievna's cousin. But if two people were meant, then they are Mikhayl Mikhaylovich Junior, F. M.'s nephew (see Note 132), and Mikhayl Nikolaevich Snitkin.

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 4TH, 1875.

181. *Alexis*—Dostoyevsky's youngest son. He did not become famous. He was born in Staraya Russa on the 12th August, 1875, and died in Petersburg on May 16th, 1878. Lyubov Feodorovna Dostoyevsky speaks of his sudden death, which was a shock to Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky, in a separate Chapter XV. "*Little Alexis*" in "*Dostoyevsky portrayed by his Daughter.*" In the next letter Dostoyevsky calls him "Incognito."

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 6TH, 1875.

182. *Saltykov, Mikhayl Evgrafovich*, was acquainted with Dostoyevsky as early as 1862 when Saltykov became a contributor to the "*Sovremennik*" in 1863. Dostoyevsky and he had conflicting ideas. This "polemic storm" was reflected in Dostoyevsky's feuilletons: "*A young pen,*" "*Again a young pen,*" "*Mr. Shchedrin, or the split amongst the Nihilists,*" "*The fragment of a novel,*" "*Shchedrodanoy.*" These articles by Dostoyevsky were reprinted by K. P. Grossmann in the twenty-third volume of Dostoyevsky's collected works of the Prosveshchenie edition. M. E. Saltykov's letters (three letters) and the short history of his relationship with Dostoyevsky has been told by N. K. Piksanov in the Centrarkhiv edition of "*Letters of Russian Writers,*" pp. 99-104. It can be seen from these letters that Saltykov was again on good terms with Dostoyevsky, having forgotten, as N. K. Piksanov maintains, "the bitterness of polemics." And the following year he wrote a letter to him requesting him to send a short story to the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski.*"

183. *V. S. Soloviev*—Under the pseudonym of "Sine Ira" placed the feuilletons "*Our Periodicals*" in the St. Petersburg "*Vedomosti*" (Nos. 32 and 58).

184. *L. Tolstoy's* novel "*Anna Karenina*" was appearing at that time in the "*Russky Vestnik*" (1875, Nos. 1-4, and 1876, Nos. 1-4, No. 12, and in 1877, Nos. 1-4). "*The Morning of a Landowner*" appeared in the "*Otechestvennye Zapiski*" (1856, No. 12).

185. *Kornilov, Ivan Petrovich* (b. 1811), was in the Guards, and later in Eastern Siberia in the Ministry of Education. He was a collector of old Russian and Slavonic manuscripts.

186. *V. G. Avseyenko's* article on "*The Hobbledehoy*" appeared in the "*Russky Mir,*" No. 27, on Wednesday, 29th January, 1875, under the heading "*Sketches of Current Literature.*" In giving a detailed estimate of Dostoyevsky's work in connection with the new novel, to which he devoted this feuilleton, Avseyenko drew the following conclusion, which was both final and offensive to Dostoyevsky's pride, "If we are to consider the sensual depiction of French novelists as being poisonous for society, then we must consider literature which keeps the reader in the dark atmosphere of the underworld to be still more poisonous. . . ."

187. *Lamansky Porfiriy*—an old friend of Dostoyevsky. He was a member of the Petrashevsky Circle. He died in 1875.

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 7TH, 1875.

188. *Kostomarov, Nikolay Ivanovich* (1817-1885). A historian, a member of the Secret Ukranian Society in the '40's (the Cyrillo-Methodian Brotherhood), was deprived of the rights of teaching and was exiled to Saratov. Later he was allowed to live in Petersburg and to write and lecture at the University. He was interested in the history of local national movements and made a special study of the history of the Ukraine. Later he wrote histories of Pskov, Novgorod, Stepan Razin and others.

189. *Krestovsky, Vsevolod Vladimirovich* (1849-95), a writer, author of the famous novel, "*Petersburg Hovels*." He spent his time deriding the men of the '60's.

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 8TH, 1875.

190. This is, no doubt, Vsevolod Sergeyevich (see Note 122).

191. *Soloviev, Vsevolod Sergeyevich's* tale "*Chernaya Roshcha*" appeared in the "*Pchela*," in 1875.

192. The literary feuilleton "*Thoughts on Current Literature—something about Dostoyevsky's novels in general—'The Hobbledehoy,' a novel by F. M. Dostoyevsky, Part I.*" signed by "The Ordinary Reader," appeared in the "*Birzhevye Vedomosti*," No. 35, 1875.

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 9TH, 1875.

193. *Slavyansky*—Slav Committee: Dostoyevsky was a member of the Committee. He was its delegate in 1880 at the Pushkin Celebration and had to pay a subscription.

194. "*The Lovers*"—the Petersburg section of the Lovers of Spiritual Enlightenment; Dostoyevsky was interested in their work.

195. We do not know what the bet was which Dostoyevsky had made.

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 10TH, 1875.

196. *Korsh*—probably *Evgeny Valentinovich*, the lawyer.

TO THE LETTER OF FEBRUARY 12TH, 1875.

197. *Lamansky, Vladimir Ivanovich* (1833-1912)—a famous Slavist, who propagated Slavophile ideas about the peculiarities of the Slavonic race and its culture in various articles, and who prepared public opinion for the union of the Slavs.

198. *Koni, Alexandr Feodorovich*, a famous lawyer (b. 1844-) (see Notes 99 and 107).

199. *Poretsky, Alexandr Ustinovich* (1819-1879). A writer. The official editor of the "*Epokha*."

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 14TH, 1875.

200. *Kazansky*. It is difficult to know which one exactly is meant. Three are known, all nephews of A. F. Kumanin.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 25TH, 1875.

201. From 1874 Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky used to go to Ems to take the waters.

202. There is a book by A. Suvorin in Dostoyevsky's library, "*Remarkable Russian People*," short stories published in 1874.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 29TH, 1875.

203. *Komarovsky, Egor Evgrafovich* (1803-1875), father-in-law of the poet Venevitinov.

204. *Vyazemsky, Petr. Andreyevich* (1792-1878), a poet and a close friend of Pushkin. He was then 85 years old. Vyazemsky did not know Dostoyevsky and had no correspondence with him.

205. *Aksakov*. Possibly Nikolay Petrovich Aksakov (1848-1909), who was famous at that time. He was a poet and a publicist on religious-philosophic questions.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 10TH/22ND, 1875.

206. *Ilovaysky, Dmitry Ivanovich* (1832-1919)—a historian. Famous as a writer of articles of a conservative character: responsible for an "official" text-book of history in schools.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 13TH/25TH, 1875.

207. We are unable to find this periodical in the libraries of Moscow.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 21ST/JULY 3RD, 1875.

208. *Hirschtorn, A.*—a doctor, author of a book "*Ems and its Springs*," St. Petersburg, 1874.

209. This letter written by Dostoyevsky is unknown in print.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 27-28TH/JULY 9-10TH, 1875.

210. Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky writes the following in her reminiscences about the publication of the notice of Dostoyevsky's illness: "I received a letter from Petersburg on the 23rd June in which I was told that a notice had appeared in the '*Petersburgskie Vedomosti*' about Feodor Mikhaylovich's serious illness. Disbelieving the contents of the letter, I ran to the reading room of the Mineral Springs, looked up the papers for the day before, and in No. 159 of the said paper I found the following notice in the local news:

"'We have heard that our famous writer Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky is seriously ill.'"

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 6TH, 1875.

211. See Note 152.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 13TH/15TH, 1876.

212. Neither the original of this letter nor a copy has been found.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 21ST/AUGUST 2ND, 1876.

213. *Eliseyev, Grigory Evlampievich* (1824-1880). Publisher of the "*Russkoe Slovo*" and "*Delo.*"

214. *Belogolovov, Nikolay Andreyevich* (1832-1895). A doctor who treated Nekrassov for many years; he left his reminiscences about his meetings with writers (First Edition, 1897).

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 26TH/AUGUST 7TH, 1876.

215. *V. S. Soloviev's* article about the June number of the "*Diary of a Writer*" appeared on June 11th in No. 189 of the "*Russky Mir,*" under the title of "*Contemporary Literature. F. M. Dostoyevsky and Emile Zola on Georges Sand.*" The first chapter of the Diary was devoted to Georges Sand "on the occasion of her death." In No. 196 of June 11th there appeared another article by Soloviev: "*Thoughts on the Eastern Question,*" an answer to the second chapter of the "*Diary of a Writer*" for June 1876.

TO THE LETTER OF AUGUST 2ND/14TH, 1876.

216. *Yazykov, Mikhayl Alexandrovich* (1811-1885). Manager of the Novgorod Excise Office. He was one of Turgenev's intimate friends.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 6TH, 1877.

217. *Alexandrov, M. A.*—printer, left reminiscences about his meetings with Dostoyevsky between 1872 and 1881. See "*Feodor Mikhaylovich from the Recollections of a Printer's Typesetter*"—"*Russkaya Starina,*" 1892, IV.-V.

218. *Marie Nikolaevna*—Mikhayl Nikolaevich Snitkin's sister and cousin of Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 7TH, 1877.

219. The feuilleton about Mme. Kornilov which appeared in the "*Severny Vestnik*" is not in the Moscow libraries. Dostoyevsky was most interested in her lawsuit and wrote about it in his "*Diary of a Writer,*" October 1876 (Chap. I.) and December (Chap. I.), and 1877, April.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 15TH, 1877.

220. *Prikol.*—The estate belonging to Anna Grigorievna's brother. Ivan Grigorievich Snitkin.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 20TH, 1878.

221. *Soloviev, Vladimir Sergeyevich* (1853-1900). Famous philosopher-idealist, poet and literary critic. According to Anna Grigorievna, Soloviev

in spiritual character reminded Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky of a friend of his youth, Ivan Mikhaylovich Shidlovsky, who had a good influence over him. Dostoyevsky hinted at this in "*The Possessed*." Shidlovsky's life and personality—a typical figure of the '30's, has been portrayed in an interesting little book by M. A. Alekseyev, "*An early friend of Dostoyevsky*," Odessa, 1921.

222. *Lavrov, Vukol Mikhaylovich* (1852-1912). Publisher and translator. Dostoyevsky describes him in his letter of May 27th, 1880.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 22ND, 1878.

223. Not Prokhorovshchikov, but *Porokhovshchikov*, Alexander Alexandrovich, a Moscow merchant. He was the publisher of the newspaper "*Minuta*" and others. M. E. Saltykov wrote the following to Nekrassov on the October 13th, 1876, on the subject of Porokhovshchikov's "Pretendership": "There are various rumours current here about deputations who presented themselves in Livadia and demanded war. And among other things there is quite a homeric tale about a certain swindler, Porokhovshchikov, who without anyone's authorisation went as a deputy to Moscow, and to the Governor-General Dolgoruky's surprise sent him telegrams about his stay in Livadia. He insisted that a special railway carriage should bring him to Moscow, and telegraphed to certain stations that he would arrive at such and such a time. Consequently deputations presented themselves to him. This is almost a repetition of Revizor (Gogol's comedy: "*The Government Inspector*," Chatto and Windus, London, 1926), (M. E. Saltykov's Letters, 1845-89. Ed. by N. V. Yakovlev, Gosizdat, 1924).

224. *Madame Novikov—née* Kireyev, Olga Alekseyenva (1840-1921), Slavophile publicist; wrote chiefly about Anglo-Russian relations and signed her articles with the initials "O. K."

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 29TH, 1878.

224. (*a*) *Amvrossy*. Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky saw the Elder Amvrossy three times in the Optina Pustin and twice he talked with him alone. According to Anna Grigorievna it was about "how we grieve and weep over the loss of our little boy, who died a short time ago." The talks with the Elder touched Dostoyevsky, and they are reflected in his novel "*The Possessed*" in the conversation between the mother and the Elder.

TO THE LETTER OF NOVEMBER 7TH, 1878.

225. *Kashkin, Vladimir Dmitrievich*—owned a bookshop and a private library in Moscow.

226. *Tsitovich, Pavel Petrovich*—was at that time Professor of Civil Law in the University of Novorossisk. Dostoyevsky had evidently read his much debated pamphlet, "*New Ways for protecting Communal Land Ownership*" (Odessa, 1878).

TO THE LETTER OF NOVEMBER 9TH, 1878.

227. *Arkhipov, Ivan Pavlovich* (1839-1897)—professor of technical chemistry at the Moscow University.

228. It is difficult to say which particular case interested Feodor Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky—there were no important political cases at the time.

229. *Markevich, Boleslav Mikhaylovich* (1822-1884)—novelist. He had the "modest" reputation of being a man "without prejudices and a conservative writer."

230. *Lily's Inventions*—evidently a publication which F. M. wanted to bring out. Perhaps they are extracts from his works suitable for small children. His intention was not realised either in that or in the next year.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 19TH, 1879.

231. Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky liked to collect autographs of Russian writers—a small number of these is now in the Dostoyevsky Archives at the Centrarkhiv. There are autographs of Pushkin, Zhukovsky, Gnedich, Koltsov, Nikitin and others. Some of them have not yet appeared in print.

TO THE LETTER OF JULY 28TH/AUGUST 9TH, 1879.

232. *Nil*—the Nil Monastery, eight miles from the town Ostashkov, Government of Tver.

TO THE LETTER OF AUGUST 1ST/13TH, 1879.

233. *Mme. Philosofov, Anna Pavlovna* (née *Dyagilev*) (1837-1909). A famous liberal social worker. At the end of the '60's she was an active supporter of the movement for the higher education of women; she worked a great deal at the time of the Samara Famine, 1873-74. Thanks to the energy of Mme. Philosofov and others, lectures for women were started in Petersburg; she was one of the organisers of a series of societies whose object was to raise the educational standards of women. For details about her acquaintance with F. M. Dostoyevsky see "*A. P. Philosofov and her Times*," by A. V. Tyrkova (Mrs. Harold Williams), Petersburg, 1915.

TO THE LETTER OF AUGUST 16TH/28TH, 1879.

234. The Dostoyevskys bought their own house in 1876 in Staraya Russa: F. M. sends letters direct to the house.

TO THE LETTER OF AUGUST 19TH/SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1879.

235. "*The Plan*"—Anna Grigorievna Dostoyevsky's plan for her journey to inspect the land which Dostoyevsky had inherited after the death of his aunt, and about which there was a lawsuit at that time.

TO THE LETTER OF AUGUST 27TH/SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1879.

236. Dostoyevsky's Letters to Pobedonostsev written from Ems on August 9th/21st and August 24th, 1879, have been preserved; evidently

the second letter of the 24th August is meant here (published in the Krassny Arkhiv, Vol. II. 1923).

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 23RD/24TH, 1880.

237. *Marie Alexandrovna.* Alexander II.'s wife. She died on May 22nd, 1880.

238. " *The Pushkin Celebrations* " (May-June, 1880) were undoubtedly an outstanding event in the life of Moscow Society, and it is natural that they should have attracted the attention of " the ruling spheres." A special ledger has been preserved in the archives of the former secret section of the Moscow Governor-General's office for the year 1880, No. 179, of the inventory. It was begun before the unveiling of the statue and before the arrival of the delegates, namely the 21st May, 1880, under the expressive and descriptive heading : " In consequence of a letter from the Chief of the Supreme Administrative Committee, concerning the measures to be taken against the prevention of manifestations at the unveiling of the Pushkin statue in Moscow."

The ledger begins with a letter from M. T. Loris-Melikov, the head of the said Commission, addressed to V. A. Dolgorukov, the Governor-General of Moscow.

" Confidential. 18th May, 1880. 446. St. Petersburg.

SIR, Prince Vladimir Andreyevich.

The unveiling of the statue of A. S. Pushkin is due to take place in Moscow on the 26th May. Bearing in mind that the aforementioned ceremony will attract a considerable influx of people, not only of the local inhabitants but also from other towns, and that it might serve as a pretext for anti-Government demonstrations, I, acting on instructions given to me by my superiors, turn to your Highness with the humble request to undertake in secret all necessary measures to prevent any illegal demonstrations, and to establish the requisite supervision over such people who come under suspicion in that respect.

Kindly inform me of the arrangements, which you consider are essential for this particular purpose.

I remain,
Your obedient servant,
COUNT LORIS-MELIKOV."

The following resolution was written in Dolgorukov's handwriting in blue pencil :

" I have already given orders and I shall notify you of them in due course. Count Loris Melikov."

Detailed correspondence between the Governor-General of Moscow and the Chief Inspector of the Police and the Head of the Moscow Gendarmerie concerning this matter has been preserved. As a result of this correspondence " the methods of prevention " were determined by them. These methods and the plan of action were stated in Dolgorukov's Letter to Loris Melikov : this letter embodies all the correspondence and gives a general picture of the anticipated measures to be taken by the police.

Confidential.

" Sir, Count Mikhayl Tarielovich.

I have pleasure in informing you, in reply to your Highness's letter of the 18th ultimo (1880), under No. 447, about the secret measures to be taken by the Moscow Superintendant of the Police as a result of my instructions, to prevent any illegal disturbances and the establishment of suitable supervision over persons, who attract suspicion on to themselves and who might give rise to any anti-Government demonstrations at the unveiling of the statue of the poet Pushkin. The police have been instructed by a circular to establish as from the 1st of the month of June a daily inspection by police officers of all hotels and furnished rooms so that all empty rooms may be under special observation and every incoming tenant be registered on lists, which are to be handed in each evening by the officers on duty to the headquarters ; to inform the Moscow Branch of the Gendarmerie, so that persons arriving at hotels or furnished rooms shall be known to the police as well as to the Gendarmerie ; also, all police officers in charge of sections have been advised of the necessity of watching closely all houses where students gather or where suspicious characters could hide, and to keep a close watch on them and to report anything immediately ; and, likewise, the police have been instructed to pay especial attention to identity papers presented for registration by people arriving here at such time, and in general to observe all suspicious characters. Apart from this, the head of the Moscow Branch of the Gendarmerie has been furnished with a list of people expected in Moscow as delegates from various institutions and societies to be present at the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue. Military foot and horse patrols have been ordered to be in all parts of the town from the 5th to the 9th June, but on the day of the unveiling of the statue there will be a sufficient number of police and a special reserve on the Square of the Strastnoy Monastery. Apart from these measures, necessary instructions about the need for keeping a close watch have been given to all police officers and officers in charge of sections, and also to certain known persons. Besides these instructions given to the out-door police service on behalf of the head of the Moscow Branch of the Gendarmerie, there has been established, on my suggestion, a secret watch over those people who might prove to be undesirable, and there will also be present trusted people amongst those taking part in the ceremony.

I remain, Honoured Sir,
Your obedient servant, etc.,
No. 1660,
3rd June, 1880."

239. *Yuriev, Sergey Andreyevich* (1821-1888). A literary man, translator of Shakespeare and Spanish dramatists. President of the Society of Lovers of Russian Letters from 1878-1884—Editor between 1880-1885 of V. M. Lavrov's periodical " *Russkaya Mysl*," which had a slight Slavophile tendency—Dostoyevsky's relations with S. A. Yuriev began in 1887 when Yuriev was publishing the " *Besseda*." Yuriev invited Dostoyevsky to collaborate in the " *Besseda*." Dostoyevsky gave his consent and used to meet Yuriev. In 1878 Yuriev invited Dostoyevsky to contribute to the

" *Russkaya Mysl.*" The Pushkin ceremony was the cause of their correspondence, which led to conversations in Moscow (see the Collection "*In Memory of S. A. Yuriev*," published by friends of the deceased, Moscow, 1890, p. 277). Four of F. M. Dostoyevsky's letters have been preserved and published in the above-named collection. Yuriev was intimate with many famous contemporaries.

240. *Lavrov, Vukol Mikhaylovich*—started the publication of the periodical "*Russkaya Mysl*" in 1880.

241. *Aksakov, Nikolay Petrovich*—the Secretary of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters between 1878-1880. See Note 205.

242. *Barsov, Elpidifor Vassilivich* (1837-1919)—ethnographer and archaeologist, collector of ancient manuscripts. Member of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 25TH, 1880.

243. *Zverev, Nikolay Andreyevich* (1850-1911).—Professor at the Moscow University. He held the Chair of Historical Jurisprudence. Later Senator and Member of the State Council.

244. *Brother Andrey*—Andrey Mikhaylovich Dostoyevsky. Like all Feodor Mikhaylovich's brothers his name was entered into the third part of the Genealogical Register for the Government of Moscow, as his father held the rank of a military staff surgeon. The descendants of Mikhayl Mikhaylovich and Feodor Mikhaylovich have also been entered.

245. *Masha and Nina Alexandrovna Ivanov*—Dostoyevsky's nieces, Vera Mikhaylovna Ivanov's children.

246. *Zolotarev, I. F.*—one of the oldest members of the Slav Charitable Society and the second delegate of the Society at the Pushkin celebrations.

247. *Sukhomlinov, Mikhayl Ivanovich* (1828-1901)—academician, a literary historian.

248. *Gattsuk, Alekseyevich* (1832-1891)—archaeologist, publisher of the "*Gattsuk*" newspaper and calendar.

249. *Viskovatov, Pavel Alexandrovich* (born 1842)—professor of Russian Literature at the University of Dorpat. Delegate from that University at the unveiling of the Pushkin statue. Dostoyevsky did not hold a very flattering opinion of him, which is proved by his letter to A. N. Maykov (August 16th/28th, 1867) in which he tells the story of having met a certain Russian in Dresden, who always lived abroad and only came to Russia for three weeks each year to receive his money. . . . "His wife and children have become quite German. I asked him why he had expatriated himself, and he answered with irritating insolence : 'Here there is civilisation, but in Russia—barbarism. Also, there are no nationalities here ; I was in a train yesterday and I could not distinguish a Frenchman from an Englishman or a German.' This man belongs to the young progressives," Dostoyevsky adds, "and yet I believe he keeps aloof from everyone. By living abroad they turn into growling and disdainful dogs."

250. I. S. Turgenev's speech was made on June 7th at the meeting of the Society of Lovers of Russian Letters: it was printed in the "*Vestnik Evropy*," No. 7, 1880.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 25TH/26TH, 1880.

251. *Polivanov, Lev Ivanovich* (1813-1899)—a pedagogue, director of a private school; between 1878-80 temporary secretary of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters, member of the Committee for the Unveiling of the Statue of Pushkin.

252. *Rubinstein, Nikolay Grigorievich* (1835-81). Director of the Moscow Conservatoire.

253. *Bessonov, Petr. Alexeyevich* (1828-1898). Librarian to the University of Moscow. Secretary of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters. Later Professor of Slavonic Languages at University of Kharkov.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 27TH, 1880.

254. All Pushkin's children were present at the Pushkin Ceremony—the sons, Alexander A. and Grigory A., and the daughters, Maria A. Hartung and Countess Natalia A. Merenberg.

255. *Pavlishchev, Lev. Nikolaevich* (b. 1834)—son of Pushkin's sister. Author of reminiscences about his uncle.

256. *Soloviev, Kashkin, Presnov and Morozov*—Moscow booksellers. Soloviev became owner of Bazunov's shop on the Strastnoy Boulevard.

257. *Grigorovich, Dmitry Vassilievich* (1822-99). Famous writer, deputy from the Literary Fund at the Pushkin Celebrations.

258. *Markevich, Boleslav Mikhaylovich.*—The second part of his trilogy, the novel "*Crisis*" appeared in the "*Russky Vestnik*" in 1880.

259. *Tolstoy's* "madness" was evidently his absorption in religious philosophical questions and his abandonment of artistic work. Just at that time, in 1880, Tolstoy had published "*A Critique of Dogmatic Theology*." He wrote "*A Brief Exposition of the Gospels*" in 1880, and other religious works, which appeared in 1881. We know that L. N. Tolstoy refused to take part in the Pushkin Celebrations, and expressed himself curtly on the subject by saying "It's all a farce."

260. *Annenkov, Pavel Vassilievich* (1812-87)—a literary critic. A friend of I. S. Turgenev.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 27TH/28TH, 1880.

261. *Countess Mengden*, Zinaida Nikolaevna (*née* Burtsev)—perhaps the wife of the Brigade Commander of the First Horse Guards Division, Major-General Count George Feodorovich Mengden.

262. *K. K.*—the Grand Duke Konstantin Konstantinovich.

263. *Natasha*—Dostoyevsky's niece, Nataliya Alexandrovna Ivanov (b. 1867). Vera Mikhaylovna's youngest daughter.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 28TH/29TH, 1880.

264. *Kovalevsky, Maxim Maximovich* (1851-1916)—famous historian of law, and a sociologist. Professor at Moscow University between 1877-87, where he held the Chair of State Law.

265. *Pushkin, Anatole Lvovich*—A. S. Pushkin's nephew.

266. *Chayev, Nikolay Alexandrovich.* Temporary President of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters.

267. *Nikolay of Japan*—Nikolay Kassatkin (1836-1912), Bishop of Reval, head of the Russian Orthodox Mission in Japan, later Archbishop in Japan.

268. *The Vicarious Bishop Aleksey*—Aleksey Lavrov-Platonov (1829-1890), Bishop of Mozhaisk, second Vicarious Bishop of Moscow, later Archbishop of Vilensk and Litovsk.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 30TH, 1880.

269. *Saburov, Andrey Alexandrovich* (1837-1916)—Minister of Education after Count D. A. Tolstoy.

270. *Engelhardt, Anna Nikolaevna* (1835-1903)—translator, daughter of famous lexicographer N. P. Makarov, wife of a publicist and model farmer, Alexander Nikolayevich Engelhardt. Dostoyevsky had known her for many years. He told E. A. Stackenschneider that at one time eight years ago her eyes used to haunt him. Later in Moscow, during the Pushkin Celebrations he frequently visited her. (See from E. A. Stachenschneider's "*Diary*," "*Golos Minushego*," 1919, Nos. 1-4, p. 136). And actually in F. M.'s Letters to Anna Gregorievna, written from Moscow between May and June 1880, in which he describes the Pushkin Celebrations, he mentions A. N. Engelhardt and meetings with her several times. In 1880 A. N. Engelhardt was called from Moscow to St. Petersburg by Stasyulevich, and in the first days of November she appeared in Petersburg as collaborator of Stasyulevich's newspaper. In Dostoyevsky's notebook ("*The Diary of a Writer*," 1881), there is a note of her address in F. M.'s handwriting. She was occupied with literary work from 1861.

TO THE LETTER OF MAY 31ST, 1880.

271. In F. M.'s personal archives there is one manuscript by N. V. Gogol—his letter to I. S. Aksakov from Rome, March 1841. Evidently F. M. did not receive it as he was at the Pushkin Celebrations in Moscow, and I. S. Aksakov enclosed it later in his letter to F. M. dated September 30th, 1880. Anna Grigorievna gives this information in her inscription on the envelope of this Gogol letter.

272. *Lopatin*—probably Lev. Mikhaylovich (1855-1920), late professor at the Moscow University, a philosopher-idealist.

273. *Gayevsky, Viktor Pavlovich* (1826-1888)—An advocate in Petersburg, one of the founders and chief active members of the Literary Fund, a Pushkinist, deputy from Petersburg Department of Russian Musical Society of the Petersburg Conservatoire and Literary Fund.

274. *Krayevsky, Andrey Alexandrovich* (1810-89)—famous journalist, publisher of the " *Otechestvennye Zapiski* " and the " *Golos,*" deputy from Petersburg Town Society and the Literary Fund at the Pushkin Celebrations.

275. " *Orinka* "—evidently this is the nickname for Orest Feodorovich Miller—a famous professor and investigator of Russian Literature (1833-89). Miller was an adherent of the mythological interpretation in the study of folklore.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 2ND/3RD, 1880.

276. The meetings of the representatives who had arrived for the Pushkin Celebrations took place in the mornings in the flat of Ivan I. Maslov, Manager of the Department for the Crown Lands. I. I. Maslov was one of Turgenev's friends, Turgenev used to stay with him in later years, and on this occasion he was staying with him too.

277. *Samarin, Ivan Vassilievich* (1817-1885)—A famous actor of the Moscow Little Theatre.

278. What the contents of F. M.'s note were is unknown. F. M. was deprived of the status of the nobility in 1849 as a State criminal and was condemned to penal servitude for the Petrashevsky affair. After his exile he was reinstated to the right to hereditary nobility in 1858. In the archives of the Moscow Deputies' Councils there is a separate ledger of documents relating to the question of Dostoyevsky's exclusion from the register of the Moscow nobility (*The case of the Archives of the Moscow Deputies Council relating to State criminals Pleshcheyev and Dostoyevsky,* 1850, *No.* 62, *begun July 12th,* 1850, *concluded September 1st,* 1850, 12 pages). There are two documents in that ledger which are of interest to us. (1) A copy of the order of the Minister of the Interior to the Moscow Civil Governor about the Imperial order depriving Pleshcheyev and Dostoyevsky as State criminals of all rights of nobility, together with details of their offence and the form of punishment, and (2) the report of the Governor of the Government of Moscow addressed to M. F. Golitzin. The text of these documents has been published in the periodical " *Krassny Arkhiv,*" 1923, Vol. I.

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 3RD/4TH, 1880.

279. *Soloviev*—a barrister. There were two Solovievs, both barristers, in Moscow at that time.

280. *Grot, Yakov Karlovich* (1812-1893)—academician, linguist, historian of Russian literature, and publisher of " *Russian Writers of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries.*" Member of the Committee for the erection of a statue to Pushkin.

281. *Bartenev, Peter Ivanovich* (1829-1912). Publisher " *Russky Arkhiv,*" first biographer of Pushkin. Collector of material and reminiscences about Pushkin.

282. *Kalachev, Nikolay Vassilievich* (1819-1885)—Historian senator, Manager of the Moscow Archives of the Ministry of Jurisprudence, Initiator of the Archive Reforms in the 1870's.

283. *Pisemsky, Aleksey Feofilaktovich* (1820-1881)—a famous author.

284. *Suvorin, Aleksey Sergeyevich* (1834-1912)—famous journalist, publisher of the "*Novoye Vremya.*"

285. *Burenin, Viktor Petrovich* (1841-1919)—poet and journalist, literary critic of the " *Novoye Vremya.*"

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 5TH, 1880.

286. *Lentovsky, Mikhayl Valentinovich*—a theatrical promoter.

287. *Melnikov, Ivan Aleksandrovich* (1831-1906). Famous singer, baritone. Artiste of the Petersburg Mariansky Theatre, Petersburg.

288. *Kornilov, Feodor Petrovich* (1809-1895). Member of the Committee for the erection of a statue to Pushkin, who entrusted it to the town on the day of the unveiling. A member of the State Council, and Secretary of State.

289. There were 106 delegates at the unveiling of the statue.

290. *Prince Oldenburg—Peter Georgevich* (1812-1881). President of the Committee for the erection of a statue to Pushkin.

291. *Nassau*—Countess Natalie Alexandrovna Merenberg (1836-1913). Pushkin's daughter and the morganatic wife of Prince Nicholas of Nassau.

292. *Ostrovsky, Alexander Nikolaevich* (1823-1886)—famous dramatist.

293. *Pleshcheyev, Aleksey Nikolaevich* (1825-1893)—a famous poet, deputy from the newspaper " *Molva* " at the Pushkin Celebrations.

294. *Gaideburov, Pavel Alexandrovich* (1841-1895)—journalist, publisher of the paper " *Nedelya.*"

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 7TH, 1880.

295. On the 6th June the Town Council gave a dinner to the delegates who had arrived for the unveiling of the statue ; it was held in the Assembly Rooms of the Nobility. That same day the Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters arranged a literary musical evening. Turgenev read Pushkin's poem, " *The Cloud.*" The first festive meeting of the Society of the Lovers of Russian Literature took place on June 7th and the subscription dinner of the same society took place after it.

296. *Madame Tretyakov*—the wife of Paul Mikhaylovich Tretyakov (1832-1898), the founder of the picture gallery.

297. *Mme. Golokhvastov,* probably Olga Andreyevna, *née* Andreyevksy, an authoress, the wife of Paul Dmitrievich Gologokhvastov, the author and social worker.

298. There is an entry in F. M.'s own handwriting on p. 84 of a notebook —Diary, 1881, under the heading " Fits in 1879-80 " :

" 10th October '78.
28th April '79.
13th September '79.
9th February '80.
14th March '80.

" 7th September '80, of the fairly severe kind at a quarter to nine, thoughts broken, living in the past, thoughtful, dreamy, feeling of guilt, sprained a small bone in the back or injured a muscle.

" 6th November '80, at 7 a.m., in my first sleep a fit of an average sort, but condition was very hard to bear and continued almost for a week. My constitution is less able to stand the strain with every fresh fit and the effect is all the greater. *N.B.* It has begun to thaw very rapidly since 6th September. It lasted a very long time, nearly a fortnight. After a too early winter the last fit occurred on the 6th/7th September, it coincided with a great change in the weather from a long and mild summer to cold and rain."

TO THE LETTER OF JUNE 8TH, 1880.

299. In a letter of 13th June, 1880, to Countess S. A. Tolstoy (the widow of the poet, Count A. K. Tolstoy), the day after his return from Moscow, F. M. writes interesting material about the impression his inspired speech produced : " Would you believe it—after my speech many people in the audience wept, embraced each other and promised each other to be better in the future, and that was not the only effect. I heard many stories from people quite unknown to me, who thronged round me and told me literally with frenzied words what an impression my speech had made on them. Two grey haired old men came up to me and one of them said : ' We have been enemies for twenty years and for twenty years we have been doing evil to each other, but now after your speech we have made up our quarrel and have come to tell you this.' They were total strangers to me. I had many such things said to me, and I was so shaken and worn out, that I was ready to faint like the student who when he was brought to me by his fellow student fell down in a faint on the floor at my feet out of sheer delight. . . . And how many women came to see me at the Loskutny Hotel (some did not give their names). They came to kiss my hand."

300. Madame L. F. Nelidov writes : " Everyone remembers that wave of the hand and the kiss sent by Turgenev to Dostoyevsky at the moment when he (Dostoyevsky) spoke in his speech of Liza in ' *The Nest of Gentlefolk*.' Everyone knew their unfriendly relationship and this was one of the best moments of these amazing celebrations " ("*Vestnik Evropy*," 1909, Book 9, p. 236). But later on, on July 15th, 1880, Turgenev, according to V. V. Stassov, confessed to him that he hated Dostoyevsky's speech about which thousands of people and almost the whole of the intelligentsia were raving, and he said how unbearable were the lies and falseness of Dostoyevsky's speech, his mystical utterances about the " Russian All-man," about the " Russian All-Woman Tatiana," and all the rest of Dostoyevsky's transcendental and excessively mystical talk. " Turgenev was most upset and very annoyed at this amazing enthusiasm, which affected not only the whole of the Russian crowd, but also the whole of the Russian intelligentsia " (V. V. Stassov, " *Twenty Letters from Turgenev, and my acquaintance with him,*" " *Severny Vestnik,*" 1888).

301. *Tretyakov, Sergey Mikhaylovich* (1834-1892). Paul Mikhaylovich's brother. He was the Mayor of Moscow.

302. The second festive meeting of the Society of Lovers of Russian Letters took place on the 8th June in the Assembly Rooms of the Nobility. Dostoyevsky's speech was not printed in the "*Russkaya Mysl*" or the "*Russky Vestnik*," but in the paper "*Moskovskie Vedomosti*," No. 162, and later it appeared in a separate issue of Dostoyevsky's "*Diary of a Writer*" in 1880.

TO THE LETTER OF AUGUST 12TH, 1880.

303. F. M. was interested in the sale of his works. There are records kept by him in many exercise books of the sale of the new volumes as they appeared. Thus in an exercise book for the "*Diary of* 1881," F. M. totalled up the various amounts of money he had received for the sale of his works between 1877-1880. In that same exercise book there are entries of the sales of the "*Diary for* 1880"; the last entries were made by F. M. two days before his death, *i.e.* on January 26th, 1881; it was then too that he made entries about the sales of the "*Brothers Karamazov*," "*The Possessed*" and "*The Idiot*." F. M. kept a record from the middle of August and continued it in October, November and December, 1880.

INDEX.

The figures in italics refer to the numbers of the Notes ; the figures in roman refer to the pages in the text.

	NOTES.	PAGES.
Achenbach.		257, 262, 264.
Adelheim.		314.
Agrafena.		215, 226.
Aksakov, I. S.	*23*	5, 48, 172, 174, 240, 246, 262, 295, 296, 298, 299, 306, 309, 311, 315, 320, 321, 323.
Aksakov, N. P.	*205, 241*	294, 296, 298, 299.
Alexandra.	*113*	72, 79, 86, 92, 95, 97, 98, 99.
Alexandrov, M. A.	*217*	231, 233, 235, 319.
Anfissa.		256, 276, 324.
"*Anna Karenina.*"	*184*	179, 182, 196.
Annenkov, P. V.	*260*	202, 303, 321, 323.
Arkhangelsky.	*131*	78, 83.
Arkhipov, I. P.	*227*	253.
Averkiev, D. V.	*64*	48, 49, 50, 67, 307, 309.
Avseyenko, V. G.	*186*	153.
Baranov, E. A.		192.
Barch, I. M.	*85*	59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 94.
Barsov, E. V.	*242*	294.
Bartenev, P. I.	*281*	316.
Bazunov, A. F.	*1*	107, 152, 174, 179, 252.
Beethoven.		193, 217, 218, 277, 305.
Belinsky, V. G.	*32*	15.
Belogolovov, N. A. Dr.	*214*	220.
Belov, E. A.	*136*	85.
Bergeman, Mme.		282, 286.
"*Besseda.*"	*71*	48, 63, 67.
Bessonov, P. A.	*253*	181, 300.
"*Birzhevye Vedomosti.*"		156.
"*Boris Godunov.*"		308, 312, 316, 318, 319, 320.
Botkin, Dr.		207.
Bretzel, Dr.	*137*	86, 106, 111, 114.
"*Brothers Karamazov, The.*"	*178*	257, 262, 282, 295, 297, 299, 300, 302, 303, 304, 305, 309, 310, 321, 322.
Bunting.	*150*	104, 163, 165.
Burenin, V. P.	*285*	316, 318.
Cadet, Dr.		106.
Chayev, N. A.	*70, 266*	48, 308, 315, 316, 318.
Cherepin.	*176*	149.
Cherkessov.		237.
Chicherin.		266.
"*Covetous Knight, The.*"		308, 312, 313, 316.
"*Crime and Punishment.*"	*178*	15, 21, 36, 87, 161, 251.
"*Death of Pushkin, The.*"		312.

	NOTES.	PAGES.
"*Diary of a Writer, The.*"	*215*	179, 204, 210, 212, 213, 215, 216, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 228, 230, 233, 234, 235, 237, 239, 251, 324, 325.
Dimitriev.		237.
Dmitrevsky.	*124*	74, 76.
Dolgoruky, Prince.		252, 293, 297, 299, 300, 302, 304.
Dostoyevsky, A. (son).	*181*	205, 208, 209, 212, 215, 221, 237, 240, 254, 280.
Dostoyevsky, A. M. (brother).	*102, 244*	70, 280, 287, 288, 295.
Dostoyevsky, F. F. (son).	*63*	47, 49, 50, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 61, 63, 65, 66, 67, 68, 71, 74, 75, 77, 78, 80, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 88, 92, 96, 99, 100, 106, 107, 112, 113, 117, 118, 121, 128, 129, 132, 134, 142, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 159, 164, 166, 168, 169, 170, 172, 174, 186, 189, 201, 205, 208, 209, 212, 214, 215, 221, 222, 226, 230, 237, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 245, 254, 256, 257, 260, 261, 262, 264, 267, 271, 272, 274, 277, 282, 283, 286, 287, 289, 294, 296, 324, 325.
Dostoyevsky, F. M. (nephew).	*12, 110*	3, 8, 69, 72, 73, 74, 281.
Dostoyevsky, L. F. (daughter).	*52*	38, 39, 41, 42, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 71, 74, 75, 77, 78, 80, 82, 83, 85, 86, 88, 92, 96, 99, 107, 108, 112, 113, 117, 121, 128, 129, 132, 134, 144, 145, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 159, 164, 166, 168, 169, 170, 172, 174, 186, 189, 192, 201, 205, 209, 212, 215, 221, 222, 237, 239, 240, 243, 245, 254, 256, 257, 260, 261, 262, 264, 267, 271, 272, 274, 276, 277, 283, 286, 287, 291, 294, 296, 324, 325.
Dostoyevsky, M. (father).	*55*	40.
Dostoyevsky, M. M. (brother).		11, 69, 70.
Dostoyevsky, M. M. (nephew).	*133*	83, 85, 103, 104, 143, 150, 163, 169, 170.
Dostoyevsky, N. M. (brother).	*90*	66, 68, 71, 94, 160, 170, 230, 232, 238, 242.
Dostoyevsky, S. F. (daughter).	*33*	23, 24, 25, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 36, 37.
Egorov.		237.
Eliseyev, G. E.	*213*	219, 220, 224, 226, 227, 229, 231.
Emperor Alexander.		293.
Emperor William.		117, 173, 174, 186, 188.
Empress Alexandra Feodorovna.		120.
Empress Marie Alexandrovna.	*237*	293, 303.
Engelhardt, A. N.	*270*	309, 312, 318.
"*Epokha.*"		161.
"*Fidelio.*"		108, 217.
Frerich, Dr.		106, 108, 111, 222.
Gaideburov, P. A.	*294*	319.
Gambetta.		142, 176, 179.
Gattsuk, A.	*248*	298.
Gayevsky, V. P.	*273*	311, 318.

	NOTES.	PAGES.
Georgievsky.		150.
Gladkov.	*126*	76, 97.
Glama, Dr.	*86*	59, 60.
Glazunov.		237.
Gogol, N. V.	*271*	204, 311.
Golenovsky, A. M.	*84*	58, 169.
Golitzin.		262.
Golokhvastov, Mme.	*297*	321.
" *Golos.*"		104, 151, 156, 174, 188, 267, 273, 278.
Goncharov, A. I.		305, 325.
Gotsky.		190.
" *Grazhdanin.*"	*153*	69, 78, 79, 81, 84, 87, 105, 150, 152, 153, 162, 174, 179, 186, 188, 202, 262, 266, 283.
Gribbe, A. G.	*155*	107, 109, 161, 176.
Gribbe, A. K.	*155*	107, 119, 128, 132, 140, 142.
Griboyedov, A. S.		295.
Grigorovich, D. V.	*257*	302, 303, 307, 309, 310, 311, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318.
Grossmann, Dr.		138.
Grot, Y. K.	*280*	316.
Gubin.		104, 105, 132.
Gubonin.		104.
Gutentag, Dr.		111.
Hahn, Baron.		222.
Herzen, A. I.	*38*	27.
Hinterlach, Mme.	*67*	48.
Hirschtorn, A. Dr.	*208*	194.
" *Hobbledehoy, The.*"	*156, 159, 171, 178, 179, 186*	110, 112, 153, 156, 169, 185.
Huber.		308.
" *Idiot, The.*"	*42, 178*	32, 34, 35, 103.
Ilin, Mme.		307.
Ilovaysky, D. I.	*206*	182.
" *Insulted and Injured.*"		233.
Issaev, P. A.	*14*	3, 6, 79, 85, 94.
Issakov.		237.
Ivanchin-Pissarev, M. S.	*21*	5.
Ivanov, A. A.	*15*	3, 94.
Ivanov, A. P.	*20*	5.
Ivanov, E. P.	*5, 9, 92*	2, 5, 6, 48, 67, 68, 69, 71, 238, 240, 241, 244, 247, 253, 254, 294, 295, 296, 300, 303, 305, 307, 308, 309, 310, 312.
Ivanov, M. A.	*11, 98*	3, 5, 68, 71, 102, 253, 254, 296, 300, 305, 307.
Ivanov, N. A.	*245, 263*	296, 305.
Ivanov, S. A.	*6, 97*	2, 3, 5, 50, 68, 69, 71, 102.
Ivanov, V. A.	*104*	71.
Ivanov, V. M.	*4, 65*	48, 50, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 102, 244, 248, 249, 253, 254, 255, 287, 295, 296, 307, 310, 319.
Ivanov, Y. A.	*13*	3, 5, 254.
Jaquelard.		256, 274, 277, 286.
Job, Book of.		181.
Josephine.	*49*	34.

	NOTES.	PAGES.
Josselin.	*47*	34.
"*Journal de St. Petersbourg.*"	*207*	185, 267.
Junge, E. F.	*7*	2.
K. K., Grand Duke.	*262*	305.
Kalachev, N. V.	*282*	316.
Karepin, A. P.	*68*	48.
Kashkin, V. D.	*225, 256*	249, 251, 295, 302.
Kashpirev, S. S.	*154*	76, 83, 107, 156.
Kashpirev, V. V.	*111*	72, 76, 106, 169.
Kassatkin, Bishop N.	*267*	308, 315.
Katkov, M. N.	*8, 161*	2, 4, 5, 14, 15, 17, 20, 21, 22, 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 42, 43, 44, 45, 48, 49, 50, 67, 102, 120, 122, 126, 201, 243, 244, 245, 246, 248, 249, 250, 252, 253, 254, 255, 293, 295, 296, 297, 299, 300, 303, 304, 305, 306, 312, 314, 316, 319, 321.
Katkov, S. P.		252.
Kaulbach.		108.
Kazansky.	*114*	69, 73.
Kazansky.	*200*	168.
Kekhribardzhi.		237.
Khlestakov.		204, 205.
Khmyrov, D. N.	*16*	3, 296.
Klein.	*134*	83, 85, 93, 164.
Klets.	*119*	74.
Kolli.		257, 262, 264.
Komarovsky, Count E. E.	*203*	172.
Koni, A. F.	*198*	162, 168.
Konopytin.		237.
Kornilov, E. P.	*219*	234.
Kornilov, F. P.	*288*	318.
Kornilov, I. P.	*185*	153, 157, 158, 160.
Korsh, E. V.	*196*	94, 104, 159, 168, 169, 170.
Koshlakov, Dr.		106, 111, 119, 123, 126, 131, 133.
Kostomarov, N. I.	*188*	155.
Kovalevsky, M. M.	*264*	306, 313, 314, 316, 320, 321.
Kozhanchikov.		163.
Kranichfeld.		257.
Krayevsky, A. A.	*274*	311.
Krestovsky, V. V.	*189*	155.
Krylov, I. A.		286.
Kublitsky, M. E.	*163*	126, 129, 130, 175, 195.
Kukarekin.		192.
Kumanin.		69.
Kuzmin.		237, 257.
Lamansky, P.	*187*	153.
Lamansky, V. I.	*197*	162.
Latkin.	*30*	7.
Lavrov-Platonov, Bishop A.	*268*	308, 315.
Lavrov, V. M.	*222, 240*	244, 294, 296, 298, 301, 302, 303.
Lebedev.		233.
Lentovsky, M. V.	*286*	318.
Leontiev, P. M.	*19*	4, 49, 50, 102.
Lermontov, M. Y.		308.
"*Letters from a Dead House.*"	*174, 177*	147, 149, 150, 252.

	NOTES.	PAGES.
Likhacheva, Mme.		227.
Lomonosov, M. V.		246.
Lopatin, L. M.	*272*	85, 311, 313, 315, 318.
Lovers of Spiritual Enlightenment.	*194*	158.
Lukeriya.		177, 226.
Lyubimov, N. A.	*10*	2, 3, 4, 67, 249, 251, 252, 253, 254, 262, 264, 266, 271, 276, 284, 295, 296, 303, 314.
Mamontov.		237.
Markevich, B. M.	*229, 258*	253, 303, 304, 314.
Matusevich.		105.
Maykov, A. N.	*24, 41a*	5, 30, 36, 42, 44, 104, 105, 153, 156, 158, 160, 161, 168, 169, 170, 308, 317, 319, 321.
Melnikov, I. A.	*287*	318.
Melnikov-Pechersky, P. I.	*144*	103.
Melnitsky.		215.
Mengden, Countess.	*261*	305.
Meshchersky, V. P.	*108, 116*	72, 74, 76, 79, 83, 84, 88, 89, 92, 97, 102, 103, 105, 152, 167, 169, 188, 238.
Miller, O. F.	*149, 275*	104, 312.
Milyukov, A. P.	*27*	5.
"*Misfortune of Being Clever, The.*"		295.
Morozov.	*256*	302, 308, 310.
Moshnin.		321.
"*Moskovskie Vedomosti.*"		49, 114, 125, 179, 189, 244, 267, 273, 278, 293, 314.
Mozart.		277.
Muraviev.		315.
Myasnikov.	*99*	68.
Nadein, M. P.	*148*	103, 104, 163.
Nassau, Countess N. A. M.	*291*	318.
Nastya.		86.
Nataliya.		82, 83, 95.
Navrotsky.		254.
"*Nedelya.*"	*149*	104.
Nekrassov, N. A.	*161, 175, 179*	122, 147, 148, 150, 152, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 167, 168, 179, 187, 195, 216.
Nikolaev.		233.
Novikov, Mme.	*224*	246, 295.
"*Novoye Vremya.*"		156, 210, 225, 227, 235, 325.
Obraztsov.	*130*	78, 81, 83, 87, 89.
Offenbach.		182.
Ogarev, N. A.	*37*	27, 28.
Ogloblin.		236.
Oldenburg, Prince P. G.	*290*	318.
Orth, Dr.		106, 111, 112, 119, 130, 134, 137, 138, 141, 143, 145, 147, 191, 195, 201, 207, 209, 210, 213, 219, 224, 230, 261, 263, 264, 265, 273, 278, 280, 292.
Ostrovsky, A. N.	*292*	55, 254, 318.
"*Otechestvennye Zapiski.*"	*179*	140, 153, 156, 158, 166, 179, 195, 219.
Ovsyannikov, V. G.		235, 236, 237.

	NOTES.	PAGES.
Panteleyev, P. F.	*173*	147, 148, 157, 159, 162, 163, 325.
"*Paul and Virginia.*"		315.
Pavlishchev, L. N.	*255*	301, 304, 307, 309.
"*Pchela.*"	*191*	156.
Pechatkin.	*125, 140*	76, 78, 87, 90, 163, 240.
Perov, V. G.	*95*	67, 68.
Petrov.		232.
Philipov, T. I.	*118*	74, 76, 77.
Philosofov, A. P.	*233*	272.
Pisemsky, A. F.	*283*	202, 316
Pleshcheyev, A. N.	*69, 293*	48, 319.
Pobedonostsev, K. P.	*132, 236*	79, 87, 234, 292.
Polivanov, L. I.	*251*	298, 309, 311, 313, 316.
Polonsky, Y. P.	*162*	124, 129, 317.
Polyakov, B. B.	*66, 100*	48, 50, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 76, 94, 104, 105, 106, 107, 132, 157, 158, 159, 167, 169.
Popov.		237.
Poretsky, A. U.	*199*	162, 188.
Porokhovshchikov, A. A.	*223*	246.
"*Possessed, The.*"	*178*	92, 93, 149, 251.
Praskovya.		107, 215.
Presnov.	*256*	245, 302.
Prokhorovna.		86, 95, 99, 149, 159, 205, 231, 235, 238.
"*Prophet, The.*"		316, 319, 321, 323.
Pushkin, A. S.	*238*	115, 293, 298, 299, 300, 302, 305, 306, 308, 309, 313, 316, 319, 320.
Pushkin's children.	*254*	301.
Pushkin, A. L.	*265*	307, 309.
Putsykovich, V. F.	*117*	76, 79, 92, 105, 152, 154, 162, 167, 168, 169, 174, 179, 187, 231, 246, 259, 261, 262, 264, 266, 268, 283, 292.
Rassokhin.		249, 253, 254, 255.
Ratynsky.		231.
Rauchfuss, Dr.		84.
Reisler.	*30*	7.
Repetilov.		295.
"*Revizor.*"		204.
"*Robert the Devil.*"		109.
Rokhel, A. A.	*75*	51, 53, 246, 272.
Rokhel, K. P.		260, 265, 271, 274, 277.
Rolland, Mme.	*46*	34.
Rubinstein, N. G.	*252*	298, 299, 300.
Rumyantsev, Father John.	*78, 106*	54, 71, 77, 118, 132, 161.
"*Russkaya Mysl.*"		294, 295, 296, 297, 303, 304.
"*Russkaya Rech.*"		254.
"*Russky Mir.*"	*186, 215*	153, 225.
"*Russky Vestnik.*"	*80, 91, 178*	4, 39, 50, 63, 66, 107, 150, 153, 169, 174, 179, 182, 244, 245, 268, 302, 305.
Saburov, A. A.	*269*	309.
"*St. Peterburgskie Vedomosti.*"		104, 152, 156.
Salayev.		239, 240.
Saltykov, M. E.	*182*	152, 153, 162, 202.
Samarin, I. V.	*277*	313, 316.
Sazonovich.		256.
Semennikov.		237.

	NOTES.	PAGES.
" *Severny Vestnik.*"		234.
Shakhovskoy, Prince.		250, 252.
Shalikov, Princess.		119, 120, 124, 126, 128, 142, 201.
" *She Bear, The.*"		316, 321.
Shenk, Dr.	*76*	51, 52, 54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 64, 75, 106, 114, 132, 134.
Sher.	*101*	69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 94, 254, 287, 290.
Shevyakov.	*145*	103.
Shulman.		254, 255.
Simonov, Dr.		152, 153, 155, 156, 158, 160, 162, 163, 222.
Slav Charitable Society.	*193*	158, 229, 297, 311.
Slivchansky, Prince.	*128*	97, 100, 101.
Sluchevsky, K. K.	*158*	115.
Smelkov, I., Archpriest.	*79*	54, 61, 63, 64, 80, 107.
Smirnov.		69.
Snitkin, A. N.	*17, 50*	3, 6, 21, 35, 38, 44, 51, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 73, 75, 79, 81, 82, 84, 89, 90, 92, 97, 99, 100, 101, 150, 151, 152, 177, 212, 218, 222, 245, 248, 293, 305, 312, 314.
Snitkin, Grisha I.	*135*	84, 99.
Snitkin, I. G.	*18, 51, 141*	3, 38, 44, 45, 58, 59, 60, 62, 72, 73, 75, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 94, 96, 99, 132, 148, 150, 166, 167, 168, 177, 183, 186, 189, 192, 241.
Snitkin, Dr. M. N.	*87, 88*	62, 63, 64, 161, 170, 234, 239.
Snitkin, M. N.	*218*	232, 234, 235, 236, 238, 239, 325.
Snitkin, O. K.	*74, 165*	50, 51, 54, 56, 57, 58, 60, 77, 78, 81, 87, 89, 90, 99, 167, 177, 192, 247.
Society of the Lovers of Russian Letters		182, 195, 299, 300, 306, 308, 310, 314, 316, 319, 322, 323.
Sokovnin.		105.
Soloviev, V. S.	*122, 183, 221*	76, 77, 225, 237, 244, 247.
Soloviev, Vs. S.	*122, 190*	152, 156, 164.
Soloviev (barrister).	*279*	316.
Soloviev (bookseller).	*256*	249, 251, 302.
Sorokin.		192.
" *Sovremennye Izvestiya.*"		73, 74.
Stackenschneider, A. A.	*167*	134, 138, 139, 141, 142, 145, 146.
Stavrovsky.		290.
Stellovsky.	*58*	43.
Strakhov, N. N.	*115*	74, 85, 90, 104, 105, 107, 122, 153, 156, 158, 160, 161.
Strauss.		182.
Sukhomlinov, M. I.	*247*	298.
Suvorin, A.	*202*	169, 227.
Suvorin, A. S.	*284*	316, 317, 318, 319.
Svatkovsky, M. G.	*82*	55, 57, 58.
Svatkovsky, P. G.	*83*	55, 60.
Tachalov.		124, 172, 220.
Thurn and Taxis, Princess of.		188.
Titzner, Dr.		258, 259.
Tolstoy, Leo	*184, 259*	150, 153, 157, 182, 188, 303, 305.
Transhel, A.	*109*	72.
Tretyakov, P. M.	*96*	67, 321.

9/5

	NOTES.	PAGES.
Tretyakov, S. M.	*301*	323.
Trishin.	*127*	76, 78, 79, 94, 165, 201, 202.
Troshchin.	*140*	90.
Tsitovich, P. P.	*226*	249.
Turgenev, I. S.	*151, 152, 178, 211, 250, 300*	104, 202, 298, 303, 305, 306, 308, 311, 313, 314, 316, 318, 320, 321, 323.
Tyutchev, F. I.	*138, 139*	88, 89, 308, 312.
Vargunin.	*140*	90, 147, 164, 165.
Varlamov.		73, 87.
Vasiliev.		246.
Vesselovsky.	*94*	67, 68, 69, 70, 74.
Vilikin.		104, 108.
Viskovatov, P. A.	*249*	298, 307, 308, 309, 312, 313, 314, 316, 317, 319.
Vladislavlev, M. M.	*31*	8, 64, 87.
Voskoboynikov, N. N.	*73*	49.
Vrangel.	*30*	7.
Vyazemsky, P. A.	*204*	172.
Wagner.		277.
Weinberg.		229.
" *Western Slavs, The.*"		229, 316
Wolff, M. O.	*142*	92, 93, 104, 107, 156.
Yanovsky, S. D.	*22*	5.
Yazikov, M. A.	*216*	229, 319.
Yuriev, S. A.	*239*	244, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 301, 302, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 311, 313, 314, 316, 318, 319, 323.
Zaenchkovsky.		105.
Zamyslovsky.	*140*	90.
Zheromsky.	*103*	69, 70, 71, 94.
Zizerin, G. P.		325.
Zola, E.		213, 216.
Zolotarev, I. F.	*246*	297, 304, 309, 312, 313, 316, 318, 319.
Zverev, N. A.	*243*	294.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS GLASGOW.

DATE DUE

#47-0108 Peel Off Pressure Sensitive

3 5134 00154612 2

PG 3328 .A5 D53 1930a
Dostoyevsky, Fyodor, 1821-
1881.
The letters of Dostoyevsky
to his wife

8[redacted] DOSTOEVSKII
[redacted] The letters of Dostoyevsky
to his wife.

[redacted]

[redacted]
[redacted]

DEMCO

S0-CEE-001